July 13, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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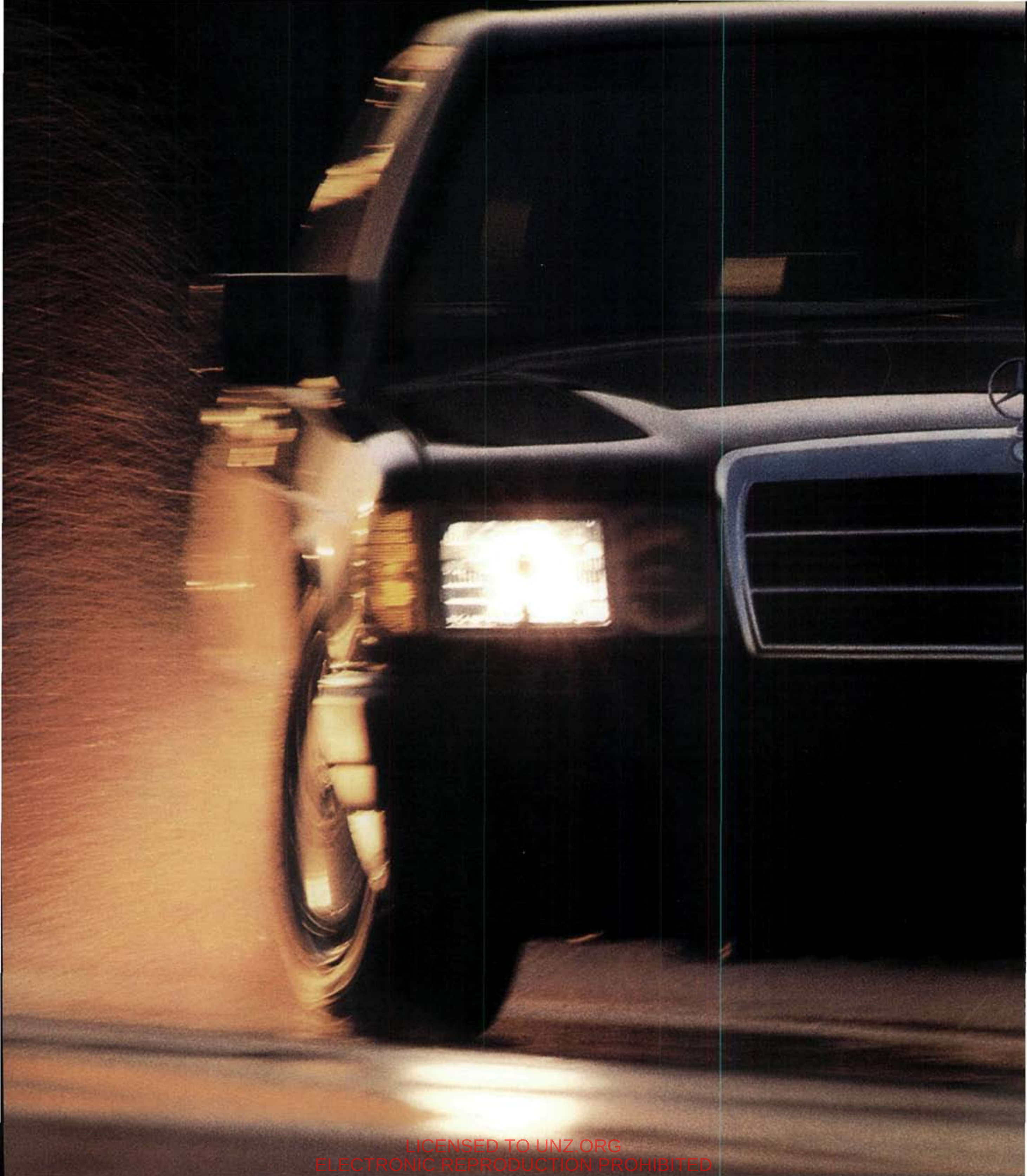

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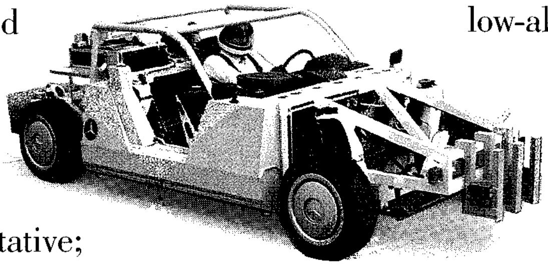

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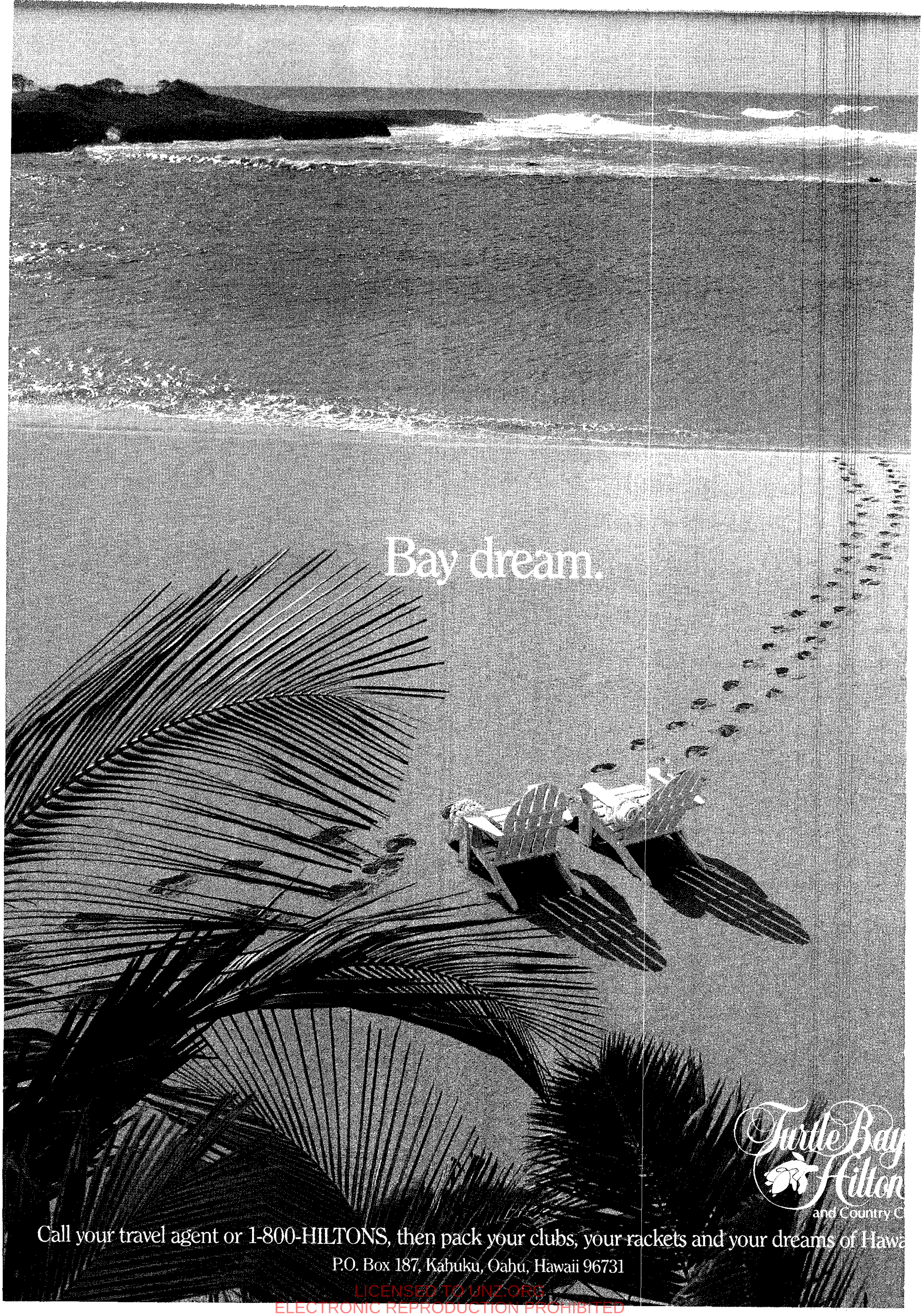
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beirut—A play by Alan Bowne. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Philip Sterling, John Randolph, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters. The move from a tiny theatre at the Public to a larger one allows the show to spread out a bit, without in any way diminishing its force or dimming its brilliance. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's treatise on identical twins and mistaken identity has become the occasion for the extraordinary juggling of the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the clowning of many another gifted hand. Robert Woodruff directed. (6/15/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, July 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 26.)

Dreamgirls—A return engagement of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Educating Rita—Milo O'Shea plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Kitty Sullivan the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Hard Times—A play by Stephen Jeffreys, adapted from Dickens' novel of the same name. The second of four productions by American regional theatre companies in the Amer Theatre Exchange festival, this one c from the Berkeley Repertory Thea (Theatre 890, Broadway at 19th St. Mon through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays a Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturda 3. Closes Saturday, July 25. For informa about tickets, call 242-0800.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to—Jackie Mason's material consists al entirely of outrageous insults addresse Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, Wasps. For more than thirty years, Ma audiences—that is, his victims—have f him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the ter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atki 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays thr Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 Sundays at 3.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite pro tion by the Royal Shakespeare Compa Christopher Hampton's adaptation of scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlo Laclos. With fine performances by Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Bu and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Ho Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) sic Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tues through Saturdays at 8. Matinées We days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays a

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **gi regards to broadway,** a musical loosely a ed by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "I Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through S

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Ambassador College

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"THE BELFAST TUNE" (POEM) . . . . Joseph Brodsky
A REPORTER AT LARGE (SOUTH AFRICA—PART I) . . . . . William Finnegan
"MEADOWLARK COUNTRY" (POEM) . . . . Amy Clampitt
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THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . Pauline Kael
A CRITIC AT LARGE (WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS) . . . . John Updike
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) . . . .

COVER: *Barbara Westman*

DRAWINGS: *Leo Cullum, James Stevenson, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Robert Weber, Mick Maslin, Bernard Schoenbaum, Dana Fradon, Charles Saxon, Frank Mod Jack Ziegler, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly, Gahan Wilson, Edward Frasci William Steig, Stuart Leeds, William Hamilton, Al Ross, Lee Lorenz, War Miller*

THE NEW YORKER
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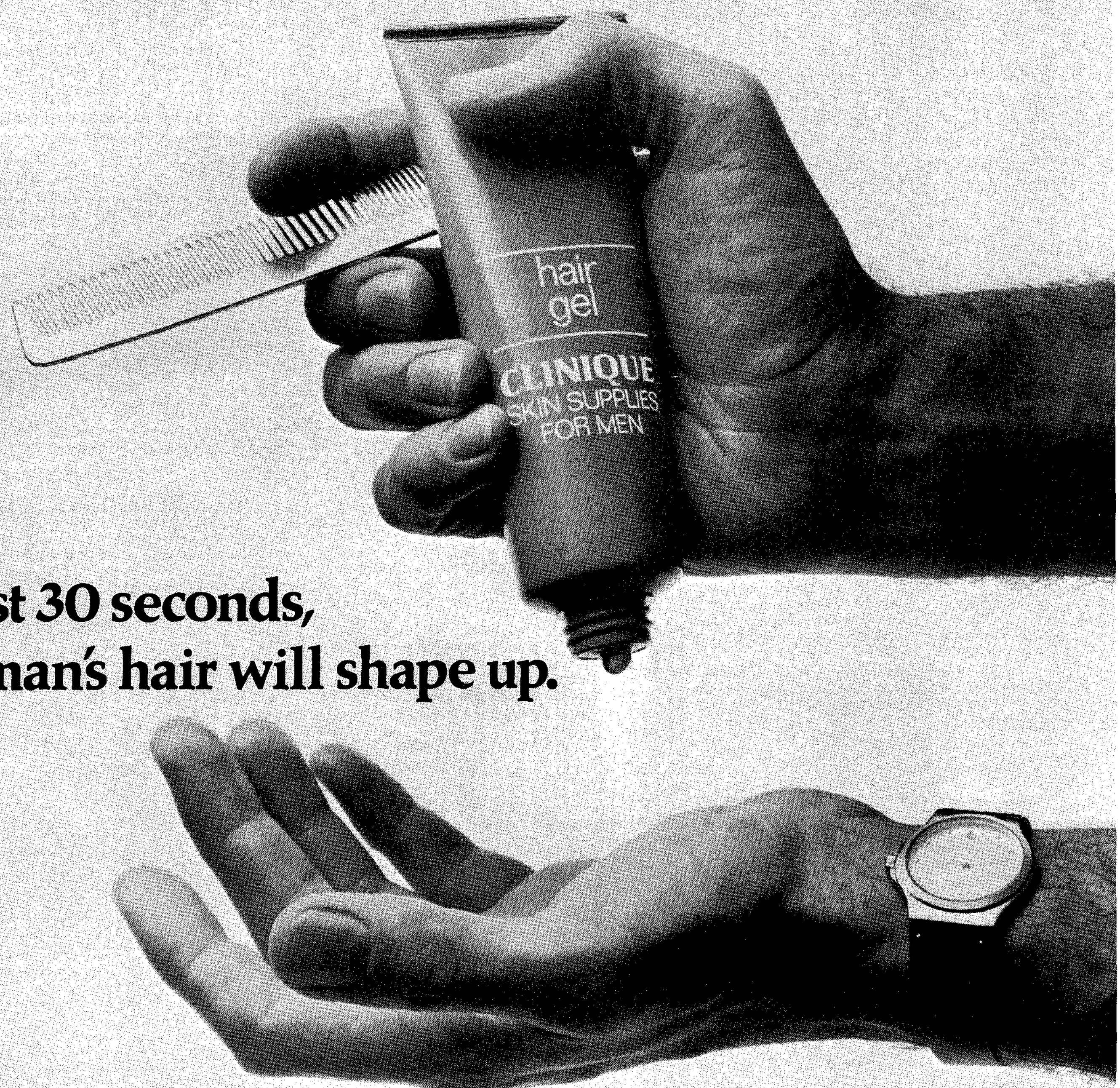

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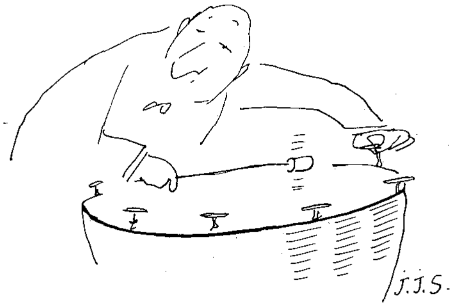

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days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Redthroats—This one-man show, written and performed by David Cale, is essentially a conversation-starter; it's a four-part monologue, lasting a little over an hour, about a young man's coming of age and escape from his working-class roots in the North of England. The material is familiar but Mr. Cale uses his considerable talents as a mimic to present it in a fresh and original way. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, July 18.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, sublime clown, acrobat, mime, and juggler, will be appearing here for a limited engagement with his two stalwart partners, Doug Skinner and M. C. O'Connor. Performances begin Friday, July 10, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 9. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, July 8, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 9, at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE COMMON PURSUIT:** Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach those standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,320 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays throu Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; a Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Sh bert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the so parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pa son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-74 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Frida and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Su days at 8:30.)

DANCE

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances. Wedn day and Thursday evenings, July 8-9, a Wednesday matinée, July 15: Act I "Romeo and Juliet," *divertissements*, and A II of "Spartacus." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Ju 10; Saturday matinée and evening, July and Monday and Tuesday evenings, July 14: "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Wednesday throu Friday evenings, July 15-17, and Saturd matinée and evening, July 18: "Gisell (*Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.* Ev nings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fa type is used to pick out a few of the more no ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians a night-club proprietors live complicated li that are subject to last-minute change; it therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar a restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yo self doing is probably generated by the m sicians, who perform amidships on a rail in platform. Pianist **DANNY MIXON'S** trio will on hand Friday and Saturday, July 10- and on Friday and Saturday, July 17- guitarist **JOHN BASILE** sails in with his cre which features **TOM HARRELL,** a fine trump er. Sets begin Sundays through Thursda at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturda at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)– neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge Chelsea, near the flower and fur marke *Joan Cushing, a Washington, D.C., sing* pianist-satirist, performs at six-thi Wednesdays through Saturdays; musi humorist Michael Garin goes to work eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (4 8592)—On the back wall of this club, th is a little neon version of the Manhatt skyline, with a crescent moon and two st attendant upon it—one of the best examp of inert-gas folk art we know of. A Latin-ja mini-fest is in progress: flutist **DAVE VALENTI** quartet is here, along with David Benoi foursome, through Sunday, July 12, a starting Tuesday, July 14, Dominican pian **MICHEL CAMILO** and his trio trade sets w Cuban percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARI** band. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (22 6300)—Music for many kinds of people, cluding unreconstructed folkies, art-ro types, stray Deadheads, and members of t **CHRIS ISAAK** fan club. Isaak's music is styliz down-in-the-dumps rockabilly; his person main address is a "Blue Hotel" down t street from "Heartbreak Hotel." His son which he says he writes in the dark, are i peccably made mood pieces, and he's a go enough actor and singer (his voice ow something to Roy Orbison) to make you l lieve that he believes them. Isaak, who gr up in Stockton, California, and is handso as all getout (he looks a little like the you Chet Baker, the School of Cool Jazz trumpet whom he admires), will be here Monday a Tuesday, July 13-14, along with Uncle Bo sai, a folk trio from Seattle. The rest of t schedule: Wednesday, July 8, **BUST POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday, Ju 10, **NRBQ, MOJO NIXON,** and Skid Roper; Sunda July 12, **DO' A;** Wednesday, July 15, Ma Jones and Don Dixon; and Friday and Satu day, July 17-18, Bill Bruford's Earthwor Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eig and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (22 6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborho bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, eloquent and swinging, works with **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, July 11; on Monday, July 13, **STEVE KUHN** and **RON CARTER** take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** is here through Sunday, July 12, and starting Tuesday, July 14, the Solomonic Quartet (trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH**, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN**, bassist **WILBUR MORRIS**, and drummer **CHARLES MOFFETT**) will play some wise postmodern jazz. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**DICK WELLSTOOD** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar, playing whatever comes into his head. James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Jeffrey Moss ("Rubber Duckie"), Thelonious Monk, Jelly Roll Morton, and J. S. Pierpont ("Jingle Bells") all come tumbling out at one time or another. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Fridays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. The lineup: Wednesday, July 8, pianist **JIM MC NEELY'S** trio; Thursday through Sunday, July 9-12, pianist-singer **MOSE ALLISON'S** trio; Tuesday, July 14, pianist **VALERIE CAPERS'** trio; and Wednesday, July 15, vibraphonist **DAVE SAMUELS'** group. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. Nat Jones mans the keyboard through Saturday, July 11; **HAL SCHAEFER** takes over on Tuesday, July 14. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. The jukebox features Joe Williams, Cootie Williams, and Kitt Moran, who sings here in person Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays are claimed by bop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his threesome. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Pianist Peter Malinverni and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** work together through Saturday, July 11; **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** swing it starting Tuesday, July 14. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. **JERRY LEE LEWIS**, who likens his life to "a damn good country song," sings, leers, and plays blustery piano on Thursday and Friday, July 9-10. On Tuesday, July 14, West Texas rocker **JOE ELY** shares the stage with **WEBB WILDER & THE BEATNECKS**, a Nashville-based *rockabilly* band whose motto is "Work hard, rock hard, eat hard, sleep hard, grow big, wear glasses if you need 'em." Wilder, a tall, bespectacled gent, has a hefty but flexible baritone, suitable for singing a jokey number about a hot-rodding girl whose daddy is a mobile-home magnate, or Steve Earle's anti-handgun parable, "The Devil's Right Hand." Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors that double as advertisements for vintage whiskeys. **NELLIE LUTCHER**, a seventy-one-year-old singer, pianist, and composer ("Hurry On Down," "He's a Real Gone Guy"), who decorates whatever she sings with hot-mama yelps, little-girl "whee"s, buzzing scat, and sundry noodling-around sounds, performs through Saturday, July 11, along with singer **ELLA MAE MORSE**. Starting Tuesday, July 14, a fourteen-piece orchestra composed of Benny Goodman alumni will play Goodman arrangements. Shows at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Saturday, July 11, King Diamond and Trouble; Thursday, July 16, Andy Summers; and Saturday, July 18, **TODD RUNDGREN**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday, July 8, saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** and pianist **HORACE PARLAN**; Thursday, July 9, reggae singer **PABLO MOSES**; Friday, July 10, **TABOU COMBO**; Saturday, July 11, Black Stalin; Tuesday, July 14, **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO**, a Mamou, Louisiana, band led by former Clifton Chenier sideman **STANLEY DURAL, JR.**; Wednesday, July 15, Urban Blight; and Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. Danish guitarist Pierre Dørge directs his New Jungle Orchestra through Sunday, July 12, and on Tuesday, July 14, genial bebopper **JAMES MOODY** arrives with his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

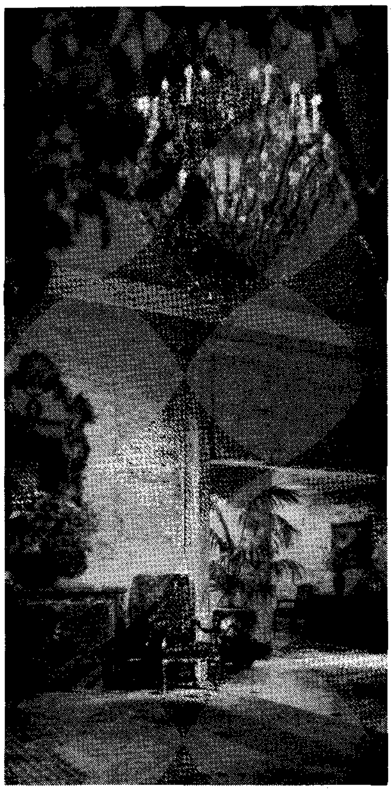
SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek soul-and-jazz room. The Intruders, a Philadelphia vocal group, perform Thursday through Saturday, July 9-11, and on Thursday, July 16, flutist-singer Bobbi Humphrey begins a three-night visit. Music after nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Wednesday, July 8, Life in a Blender and the Special Guests; Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, Valerie Wellington, a twenty-three-year-old conservatory-trained blues singer; Sunday, July 12, the **SURREAL MC COYS**, a real New York country band; Monday, July 13, a bunch of bands, including Loup Gurou and Combo Limbo, plus **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE**, the pulchritudinous, double-jointed chanteuse and multi-instrumentalist, who likes to play the piano with various parts of her bod, including all ten of her classically trained fingers; Tuesday, July 14, the Nails; and Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Chicago blues titan **OTIS RUSH**. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Adept salsa bands perform in the refectory-like downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty; on July 13, **RAY BARRETTO'S** orchestra shares the stage with Frankie Ruiz's ensemble and flutist Nestor Torres. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play lively piano-bass duets every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** Bach-to-blues trio is also present. Music from around ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th

PARK AVENUE
WILL BE ON SALE
THIS SUMMER!



Uptown has been marked down. The exclusive Regency Hotel of Park Avenue is trimming its summer room rate to just $140, single or double occupancy.* Those who know New York know this is a reason to call.

*July 1 through September 9; based on space availability in superior room category; advance reservations required.

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St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **KEVIN EUBANKS,** a young Philadelphia-born guitarist, who prepped with Art Blakey, McCoy Tyner, and Sam Rivers, leads a quintet through Sunday, July 12, and on Tuesday, July 14, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** descends the stairs with his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, *smaller room, where jazz musicians hold* sway. Trumpeter Manny Duran heads up a combo through Sunday, July 12, and starting Wednesday, July 15, Vinnie Knight sings with a trio led by tenor sax man **HAROLD OUSLEY.** Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** work with pianist **JOHN HICKS,** through Saturday, July 11, and with **LARRY WILLIS** starting Monday, July 13. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, July 8, at 8.

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS—With the Georgia Satellites and the Del Fuegos. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, July 8, at 8.)

MADONNA—Madison Square Garden. Monday, July 13, at 8. (A benefit concert.)

MANU DIBANGO—With his orchestra. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, July 17, at 8.)

ROBERTA FLACK—With Noel Pointer. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, July 18, at 8 and midnight.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

FRANCIS BACON—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Twenty drawings, dating from 1974 to 1986, using such techniques as grid systems and fingerprint patterns. Through July 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JAMES DE PASQUALE—Crossword-puzzle paintings. Through July 24. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

ELIZABETH DWORKIN—Abstract drawings (in paint, pastel, charcoal) from the past fifteen years. Through Friday, July 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

WILLIAM GARBE—Watercolors and charcoal drawings of crabs, lobsters, swans, and other aquatic animals. First one-man show in New York. *Through Friday, July 10.* (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

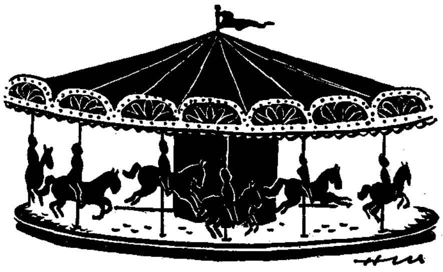
GILBERT AND GEORGE—New works. Through Wednesday, July 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID HACKER / ERIC DE LA COVA—Drawings by a sculptor. / Sculptures. Through July 31. (Plumb, 81 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PETER PINCHBECK—Recent oils of overlapping geometric shapes. Through Saturday, July 11. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

WILLIAM TILLYER—Loosely executed, vibrant watercolors of the English countryside. Through Friday, July 10. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

ANDY WARHOL (1930-87)—One of the artist's final works is a repeat-pattern painting—the kind that's like a sheet of postage stamps—whose subject is da Vinci's "Last Supper." Through July 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)



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DRAWINGS FROM FRANCE 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through July 31. . . . **AVENUE B GALLERY,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: *Conceptual works by* Paik, Nauman, Sherman, Ireland, Holzer, Warhol, and others. Through July 26. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Figurative and abstract works on canvas and paper by Roxi Marsen, Hedda Sterne, Graham Campbell, and others. Through July 27. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Americans Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through July 31. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway: Among the works in the current exhibit are sculptures by Donald Lipski and paintings by Peter Fletcher and Susan Laufer. Through July 31. . . . **GOOD,** 39 Great Jones St.: Works that are labor intensive but understated in effect, by nineteen artists—Günther Umberg applied fifty coats of finish to his black canvas, you can see yourself in Barry X Ball's highly polished gold-leaf painting, and the surface of Kathleen Montgomery's wax-and-graphite floor sculpture has the uniformity of cast metal. Through Friday, July 10. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Four Bay Area artists—painters Squeak Carnwath, Michael Gregory, and Roger Hankins, and sculptor Rick Soss. Through July 24. . . . **KENT,** 41 E. 57th St.: Richard Hamilton, Richard Artschwager, Nancy Dwyer, TODT, Justen Ladda, and others are represented by paintings combining text and images taken from the mass media. Through Aug. 14. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and drawings of landscapes by Louisa Chase, Freya Hansell, Richard Kalina, and others. Through July 21. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of interiors (some with figures) by Sylvia Allen, Debra Bermingham, Elizabeth Sidamon-Eristoff, and Kathryn Waters. Through Friday, July 17. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from the sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. *Through July* 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART,** 584 Broadway: Paintings, works on paper, sculptures, and videos by forty-nine Cuban émigré artists, including Tony Mendoza, Maria Brito-Avellana, and Luis Cruz Azaceta. Through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **PERLOW,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Summer activities reflected in paintings and drawings, such as Larry Rivers' large colored-pencil drawing of his family out on the lawn and a 1980 oil by Balcomb Greene called "White Sand." Through Sept. 8. . . . **PINDAR** 127 Greene St.: One painting each by twenty winners of a national competition; the late John I. H. Baur was the judge. He awarded the grand prize to realist painter Phyliss Purves-Smith, who has eighteen works on view. Through Saturday, July 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6.) . . . **ROSS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings by fifteen New York artists, among them George McNeil, June Leaf, and Agnes Denes. Through July 30. . . **RYAN,** 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: American prints, 1900-40—Blanche Lazzell Charles Sheeler, Robert Gwathmey, and others. Through Saturday, July 11. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SHARPE,** 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Nonobjective sculptures and painting brought together because they all, according to the gallery, "flaunt their materiality." By John Duff, Thomas Nozkowski, Robin Rose Ruth Vollmer, and Tad Wiley. Through Saturday, July 18. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM** 24 E. 81st St.: Figurative paintings and drawings by Milton Avery, John Graham Alex Katz, Irvin Tepper, and others. Through July 31. . . . **WASHBURN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Fou oils by Marsden Hartley, four watercolors by John William Hill, two oils each by Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur G. Dove, and severa other paintings by Americans. Through Friday, July 10. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St. Works by Alice Aycock, Hans Haacke, Barbara Kasten, Mel Kendrick, and others Through July 25. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WOOD,** 127 Spring St.: Images o fire conceived by seven painters and fiv sculptors, including Tom Hatch, Robert Longo, and Ken Tisa. Through July 25. (Ope Saturdays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., a 57th St.: Six abstract paintings on paper by Peter Flaccus, four dark-wax floor sculpture by Rona Pondick, and abstract ink drawing from 1981 to '82 by Helen Miranda Wilson Through July 31.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery member can also be seen at **ALEXANDER,** 59 Wooster St . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **DE NAGY** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 415 Wes Broadway. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St. . . . **MARCUS** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MC KE** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St (Closed Mondays.) . . . **P.P.O.W,** 337 E. 8th St near Avenue C. (Opens at 1 Wednesday through Saturdays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W 57th St. . . . **STEINBAUM,** 132 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

REBECCA BLAKE—Prints, films, and videos by commercial photographer whose work is seen in *Vogue* and who does rock-and-roll videos Through Friday, July 17. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SHIRLEY BURDEN—The Brooklyn Museum ha mounted a show of thirty of his prints. Se below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

DAVID JOYCE—Installations combining life-siz photographic cutouts with actual objects; on involves a man (photo) sitting in a chai (real) watching TV (real). Through July 31 (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GUSTAVE LE GRAY (1820-82) **AND HENRI LE SEC** (1818-82)—The Metropolitan Museum ha mounted an exhibition of works by thes paper-negative pioneers. See below, unde "Museums," for dates and times.

JOE MALONEY—Photographs of the Delawar River in upstate New York, stone houses i Philadelphia, and monuments in Washington D.C. Through July 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E 57th St.)

CINDY SHERMAN—The Whitney Museum wil have a ten-year survey of her photographs See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE EIGHTIES—About hundred prints by fourteen artists who hav eschewed the documentary tradition in photography; their works fall into three categories: symbolic, representational, and experimental. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

'ROUP SHOWS—At the **BURDEN,** 20 E. 23rd St.: Prints by contemporary Latin-American photographers. Through July 25. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **LIEBERMAN & SAUL,** 155 Spring St.: Works by gallery artists and others, among them Zeke Berman, Katherine Fishman, Michael Spano, and Brian Wood. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LAURENCE MILLER,** 138 Spring St.: Painted photographs by Bayat Keerl, Arnulf Rainer, Thomas Barrow, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **303 GALLERY,** 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A: Photographs by Andrea Fraser and others; a video by Marianne Weems; photographs and sculptures by Fareed Armaly. Through July 25. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

ETROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints) and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

USEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Marie Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open free on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30.

UGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Starts Friday, July 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

:OOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints of Ellis Island from the fifties by Shirley Burden. Through Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

MERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

MERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through Friday, July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of drawings done by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire, which is considered his crowning achievement. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing what he called his "war against the box" philosophy of architecture. Through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth-century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

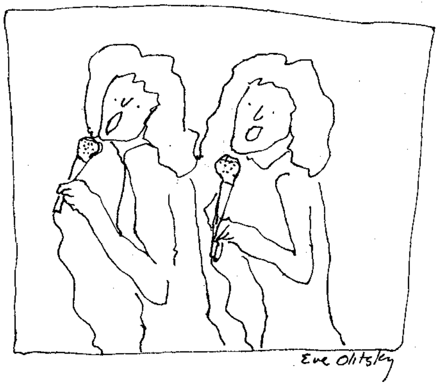
(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

PERFORMING GARAGE, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651—Black-Eyed Susan in a solo performance of Ethyl Eichelberger's opera "Saint Joan." Wednesday through Friday, July 8-10, and Sunday, July 12, at 8; Saturday, July 11, at 8 and 10.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, July 8, at 1. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday and Friday, July 9-10, at 7:30; Saturday, July 11, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will begin at 12:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Yankees of the sixties and seventies); and Sunday, July 12, at 1:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Thursday and Friday, July 16-17, at 7:35, and Saturday, July 18, at 7:05.



RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays and Fridays, at 1. Races begin at 3 on Fridays, and there is no racing on Tuesdays. Through Monday, Aug. 3. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Fridays, at 1:30. Races begin at 3 on Fridays. Through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY RACE COURSE,** McKee City, N.J.: Nightly, except Tuesdays and Sundays, at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The United Nations Handicap, Wednesday, July 15.

TENNIS—Volvo Tennis/New Jersey. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Monday through Friday, July 13-17, at 1 and 7; semifinals Saturday, July 18, at 1; finals Sunday, July 19, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

TROTTING—At the **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 8-10, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, July 11-12: "The Student Prince," with alternating casts; conducted by Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 15: "La Traviata," with Marilyn Mims, John Stewart, and Pablo Elvira; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 16: "Tosca," with Elizabeth Holleque, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 17: A new production of a double bill of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, Frederick Burchinal, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 18: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, Stanley Cornett, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 18: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, and Scott Reeve; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Wednesday, July 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Marilyn Horne, soprano; Alicia de Larrocha, piano; and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Winds and the Sylvan Winds. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 10-11: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Miss Horne and Dawn Upshaw, sopranos, and the Mostly Mozart Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12: André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 13: The Emerson String Quartet, with assisting artists. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 14-15: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alexander Toradze, piano, and Frank Peter Zimmermann, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16: The Ravinia Institute Players. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18: Helmuth Rilling conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Jane Bunnell, mezzo-soprano; Scot Weir, tenor; and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nightly at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7, except on Wednesday, July 8, and Sunday, July 12. Through Saturday, Aug. 22.)

TYROLIAN CHAMBER CHOIR—A thirty-five-member group from Wörgl, Austria, appearing here for the first time. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, July 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

NOTE—Abel Carlevaro, guitar, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1

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E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, July 22, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued in the order that written applications are received on Monday, July 13 (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **RICHARD II**, with Peter MacNicol. The first of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, July 19. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Raymond Leppard is conducting the first in a series of three programs, with Philip Myers, horn. **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx: Wednesday, July 8, at 8. . . . ¶ John Nelson will conduct the second program. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Monday, July 13, at 8 (with the Salvation Army Band). . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens: Wednesday, July 15, at 8. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN,** the Bronx: Thursday, July 16, at 8. . . . **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn: Friday, July 17, at 8.

Riverside Park Rotunda—Wednesday and Thursday, July 8-9, at 7: The Riverside Shakespeare Company in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 4 (rain date, Sept. 9): Pé-De-Boi. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 7 (rain date, July 20): Chamber Sound. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin.)

Central Park Bandshell—Thursday, July 9, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8: Isabel Benet, Forces of Nature, and Bebe Miller and Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 3: The Henry Threadgill sextet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 3: Yomo Toro. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8: The Crowsfeet Dance Collective and Yves Musard. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 3: Leroy Jenkins' Sting. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

Prospect Park Bandshell—The first two of three programs by the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC**—Friday, July 10, at 8: David Amram conducting and acting as horn soloist, with Paquito d'Rivera, clarinet and saxophone. . . . Saturday, July 11, at 8: Anton Coppola conducting, with Marisa Galvany, soprano, and Harry Theyard, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8 (rain date, July 20): Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians, and Johanna Boyce and her company.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Saturday, July 11: Freddy Jackson and Ray, Goodman & Brown, with Najee. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 14-15: The Moody Blues and 'Til Tuesday. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17: Santana and the Neville Brothers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Third World. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing three concerts. Broadway show tunes. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Saturday, July 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ Songs from operettas. (Seaside Park, Brooklyn. Tuesday, July 14, at 7:30. . . . Damrosch Park. Saturday, July 18, at 8.) For rain-date information, call 333-5333.

Music Cruises—Concerts on excursion boats. Monday, July 13, at 6:30: The Gadd Gang. . . . Tuesday, July 14, at 6:30: Manny Oquendo's Libre. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8:00: Ben E. King. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer and Rafail Sobolevsky—Flute and violin, with Charles Abramovic, piano. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, July 14, at 7.)

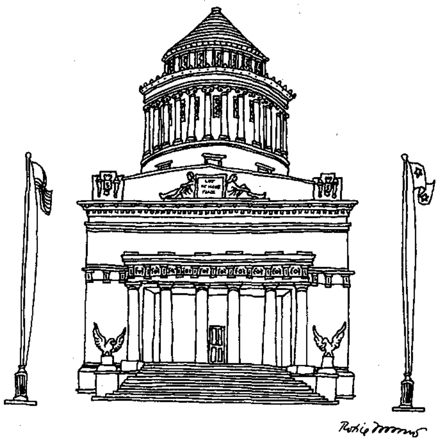
Washington Square Park—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Ole Bøhn, violin, and Mr. Schuman, oboe. The first in a series of five weekly programs. (Tuesday, July 14, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Square S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Summerfare—Opening performances of a three-week season. **FRANKFURT BALLET**—"Artifact," a full-length work: Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, July 12, at 6. . . . ¶ "Big White Baby Dog," "Skinny," and "Same Old Story": Thursday, July 16, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 8:30. . . . **TEATRE DE LA CLACA,** of Barcelona, presenting "Mori el Merma," by Joan Miró and Joan Baixas: Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, and Thursday and Friday, July 16-17, at 8:30, and Sundays, July 12 and 19, and Saturday, July 18, at 6:30. . . . **STEPHEN PETRONIO DANCE COMPANY:** Saturday, July 11, at 5. . . . **MOZARTNU,** a work performed by two dancers from Spain: Saturday, July 11, at 10 P.M., and Sunday, July 12, at noon. . . . **MARIE CHOUINARD,** in a solo dance performance: Saturday, July 11, at 11 P.M. . . . **DON GIOVANNI,** Mozart's opera, conducted by Craig Smith and directed by Peter Sellars: Wednesday, July 15, and Friday, July 17, at 8, and Sunday, July 19, at 2:30. . . . **COMPANIAS DIVAS,** of Mexico, presenting "Donna Giovanni": Thursday, July 16, at 8:30; Saturday, July 18, at 9; and Sunday, July 19, at 3:30. (State University of New York at Purchase. For information about tickets and about round-trip transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Caramoor Music Festival—Thursday, July 9, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Raymond Leppard conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Peter Orth, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 5:30: Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Scott Kuney, mandolin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Barry Douglas, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Two in a series of weekly concerts. Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Yoav Talmi conducting, with Ilya Grubert, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, wit Claudio Arrau, piano. (Waterloo Villag Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Through Sa urday, July 25.)



Norfolk Chamber-Music Festival—Friday, Jul 10, at 8:30: The Fine Arts Quartet, wit Ward Davenny, piano, and Keith Wilso clarinet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:3 The Fine Arts Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1 at 8:30: Syoko Aki, violin; Luis Garcia-R nart, cello; Jesse Levine, viola; Thom Nyfenger, flute; Joan Panetti, piano; an William Purvis, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1 at 3:30: Fenno Heath directing Mendel sohn's oratorio, "Elijah," with soloists, t Litchfield County Choral Union, and Orche tra New England. (Norfolk, Conn. Throu Saturday, Aug. 8. For information abo tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

Tanglewood—Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: T King's Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at The Empire Brass. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Sym phony, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Satu day, July 11, at 8:30: Gennady Rozhdes vensky conducting, with Dimiter Petk bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Edo Waart conducting an all-Mozart progra with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Thursda July 16, at 8:30: The Vermeer String Qua tet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 7: Members the Boston Symphony, in a chamber-mus program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Ge nady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Bost Symphony, with Viktoria Postnikova, pian . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: Genna Rozhdestvensky conducting, with Fra Peter Zimmerman, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Ju 19, at 2:30: Hiroshi Wakasugi conducti with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Lenox, Mas Through Sunday, Aug. 30. For informati about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Berkshire Choral Festival—The first two in series of five weekly concerts by a chorus more than two hundred members, the Sprin field Symphony Orchestra, and soloists. Satu day, July 11, at 8: Richard Westenbu directing a Vivaldi-Mozart program. . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8: John Oliver recting Brahms' Requiem. (Berkshire Scho South Egremont, Mass. 1-413 229-3522.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Through Satu day, July 11: Yoshiko Chuma and the Scho of Hard Knocks, and the Wendy Perr Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sa urday, July 14-18: Merrill Ashley and Jo Meehan, with the Pillow Ballet Ensemb (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursday at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29. For i formation about tickets, call 1-413 24 0745.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Perfo mances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** in a seas that runs through Saturday, July 2 Wednesday evening, July 8: "Swan Lake "In G Major," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursd matinée, July 9: "Chaconne," "In G Major and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 9: "Swan Lake "Ecstatic Orange," and "I'm Old Fashioned . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 10: "Walpurgi nacht Ballet," "Concertino," "La Sonnan bula," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 11: "Chaconne "In G Major," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturda evening, July 11: "Swan Lake," "Ecstat Orange," and "I'm Old Fashioned. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 14: "Les Genti hommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Op 19/The Dreamer," and "Scotch Symphony. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 15: "Squa Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "Stravinsk Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday matiné July 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Les Genti hommes," "Concertino," and "Fanfare." . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 16: "Les Genti hommes," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms Handel." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 17: "L Petits Riens," "Agon," and "Vienna Waltzes. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 18: "Les Peti Riens," "Agon" and "Brahms/Handel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 18: "Squa Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," an "Scotch Symphony." (Saratoga Spring Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. For info mation about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)

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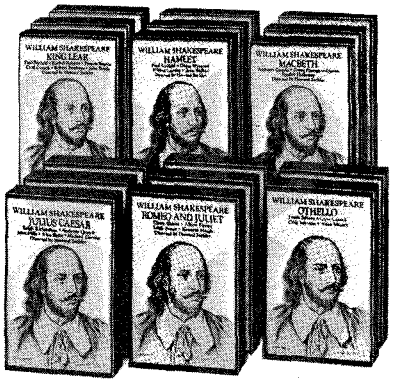

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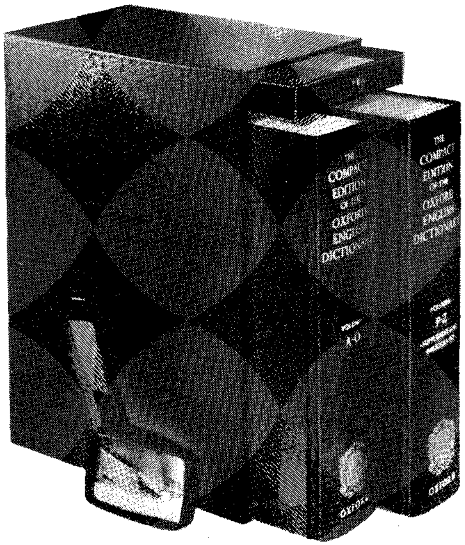

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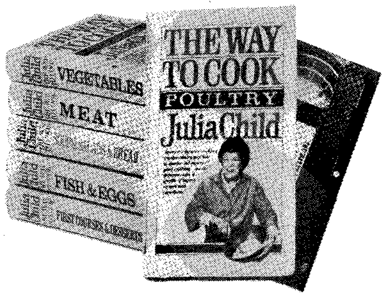

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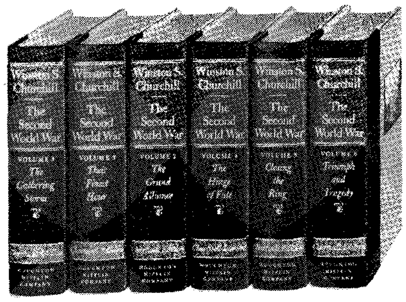

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 9: At 6, "Show Boat" (1951; directed by George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and Marge and Gower Champion; at 8, "Rose Marie" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Allan Jones; and, at 10, "Girl of the Golden West" (1938; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
July 10: At 6, "New Moon" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Mary Boland; at 8, "The Firefly" (1937; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones; and, at 10:15, "The Cat and the Fiddle" (1934; William K. Howard), with Jeanette MacDonald, Ramon Novarro, and Charles Butterworth.
July 11-12: At 4, "The Student Prince" (1929; Ernst Lubitsch), with Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer; at 6, "New Moon" (1940); at 8, "The Firefly;" and, at 10:15, "The Cat and the Fiddle."
July 14-16: At 6, "Rio Rita" (1929; Luther Reed), with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, and Bert Wheeler; at 8, "Bitter Sweet" (1940 †); and, at 10, "New Moon" (1930; John Conway), with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.
From July 17: At 6, "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; at 8, "The Great Waltz" (1938 †); and, at 10, "The Congress Dances" (1932; Erik Charrell), with Lillian Harvey and Conrad Veidt.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 10: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†). From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Roxanne" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 9: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

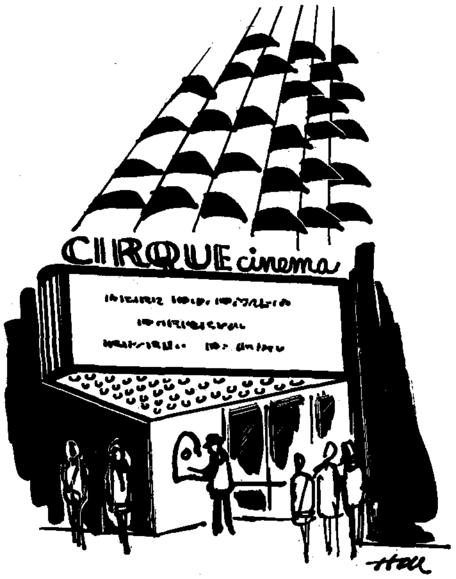
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Believers" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 16: "Personal Services" (†).
From July 17: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Straight to Hell" (†). From July 15: "Good Morning, Babylon" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani), with Vincent Spano and Joaquim de Almeida.



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Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido. From July 17: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too!" (Alan Clarke).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Dragnet." From July 10: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through July 9: "River's Edge" (†).
From July 10: "The Whistle Blower" (Simon Langton), with Michael Caine, Nigel Havers, and James Fox.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Karma" (1985; directed by Ho Quang Minh; in Vietnamese).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).
Theatre 2: "River's Edge" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 4: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.
Theatre 2: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp); and (evenings only) "Spaceballs."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 16: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).
From July 17: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Roxanne" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 16: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).
From July 17: "Eat the Peach" (Peter Ormrod).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Withnail and I" (Bruce Robinson).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jean de Florette" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†). From July 17: "La Gran Fiesta" (Marcos Zurinaga; in Spanish and English).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp). From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 4: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "River's Edge"

(†). From July 17: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Blue Velvet" (†). From July 10: "The Believers" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Lethal Weapon" (†). From July 10: "The Squeeze" (directed by Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 4: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 5: Through July 9: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 4: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 9: "The Believers" (†).
From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 17: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

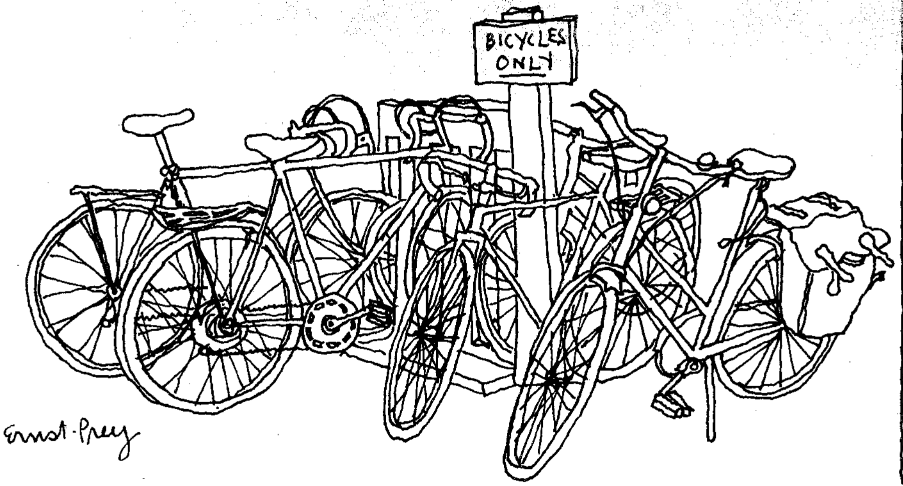
REVIVAL HOUSES

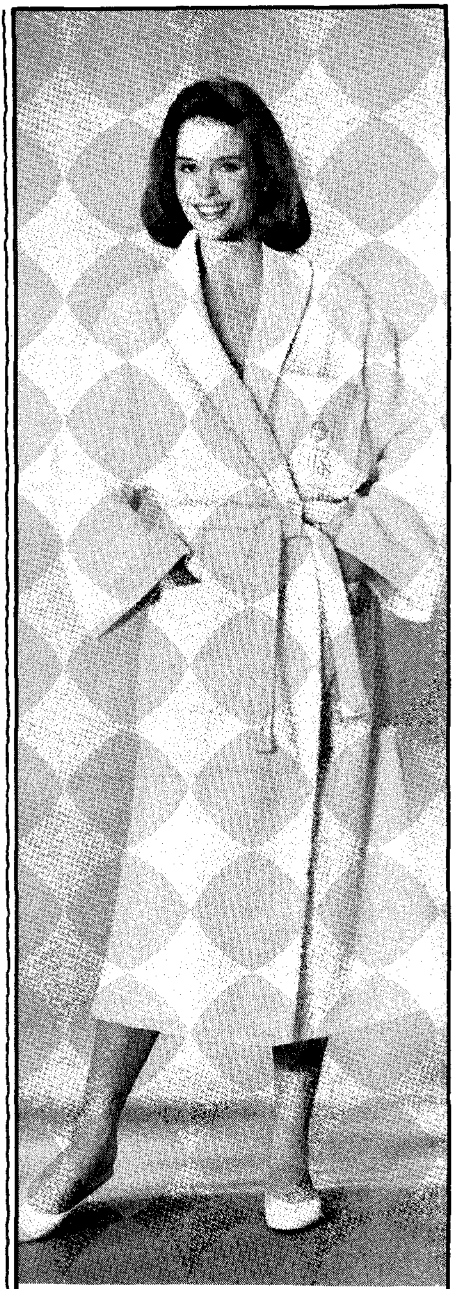
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 9: "Repulsion" (1965; directed by Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
July 10-11: "Cocaine Cowboys" (1979; Ulli Lommel), with Jack Palance; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).
July 12: "The Story of Adèle H. (†); and "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux.
July 13-14: "The Last Woman" (1976; Marco Ferreri; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Turkish Delight" (1973; Paul Verhoeven), with Rutger Hauer.
July 15-16: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.
July 17-18: "Stavisky" (†) and "Borsalino" (†).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 8: "Animation Celebration" (1987), a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries.
July 9: "The Festival of Claymation" (1987), a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.
July 10-11: "The 19th International Tournee of Animation" (1986).
July 12-13: "Antonio Gaudí" (1984; Hiroshi Teshigahara), a documentary; and "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love" (1977; Harry Rasky), a documentary.
July 14: "Variety" (1985; Bette Gordon); and "Private Practices: The Story of a Sex Surrogate" (1986; Kirby Dick), a documentary.
July 15: "Sadie Thompson" (1928; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson, Walsh, Lionel Barrymore, and Blanche Frederici; and "A Woman of Paris" (†).
July 16-18: "The River" (1951 †); and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 11: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
July 12-13: "Anna Karenina" (1948; Julien Duvivier), with Vivien Leigh and Ralph Richardson; and "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (†).
July 14-15: "A Yank at Oxford" (1938; Jack Conway), with Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Dark Journey" (1937; Victor Saville), with Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh, Robert Newton, and Joan Gardner.
July 16-18: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946; Gabriel Pascal), with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger; and "Fire Over England" (1937; William K. Howard), with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and Raymond Massey.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 8: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "Man on a Tightrope" (1953; Elia Kazan), with Fredric March, Gloria Grahame, and Terry Moore.
July 9: "Home of the Brave" (1986; Laurie Anderson), with Anderson; and "Burroughs" (1984; Howard Brookner), a documentary.
July 10-11: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
July 12: "Parsifal" (†).
July 13: "Absolute Beginners" (1986; Julien Temple), with Eddie O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie; and "Labyrinth" (1986; Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
July 14: "Elvira Madigan (†); and "The Duellists" (1978; Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel.
July 15: "Viva Zapata!" (†) and "Blues in the Night" (†).
July 16: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961,





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Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden.

July 17-18: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "The Boys in the Band" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 8: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

July 9: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Brian Keith.

July 10-11: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

July 12: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950; Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton), with Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson; and "Mogambo" (1953; John Ford), with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Grace Kelly.

July 13: "Carnival in Flanders" (†); and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).

July 14: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "King Rat" (1965; Bryan Forbes), with George Segal, Tom Courtenay, and James Fox.

July 15: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

July 16: "The Left Handed Gun" (†); and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976; Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson.

July 17-18: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.

Theatre 1: July 10 at 2:30: "The Smiling Lieutenant" (1931; directed by Ernst Lubitsch), with Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, and Charles Ruggles. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6 and July 11 at 2: "The Wild Party" (1929; Dorothy Arzner), with Clara Bow and Fredric March. . . . ¶ July 11 at 5 and July 12 at 2: "Skippy" (1931; Norman Taurog), with Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan, Mitzi Green, and Jackie Searl. . . . ¶ July 12 at 5: "The Smiling Lieutenant." . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: "The Virginian" (1929; Victor Fleming), with Gary Cooper, Walter Huston, Richard Arlen, and Mary Brian. . . . ¶ July 13 at 6 and July 14 at 2:30: "The Dance of Life" (1929; John Cromwell), with Nancy Carroll and Hal Skelly. . . . ¶ July 14 at 6: "The Virginian." . . . ¶ July 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Street of Chance" (1930; John Cromwell), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2:30: "The Blue Angel" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich, and Hans Albers. . . . ¶ July 17 at 6 and July 18 at 2: "Paramount on Parade" (1930; staged by ten directors, including Dorothy Arzner and Ernst Lubitsch), with an all-star cast of that day (Fredric March, Clara Bow, Jack Oakie, and Skeets Gallagher, to mention a few). . . . ¶ July 18 at 5: "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), with the Marx Brothers.

Theatre 2: July 9 at 6:30 and July 11 at 4: "Melek Leaves" (1985; Jeanine Meerapfel; in German, with English subtitles), with Melek Tez. . . . ¶ July 16 at 6:30 and July 18 at 4: "1 Berlin-Harlem" (1974; Lothar Lambert and Wolfram Zobus; in German, with English subtitles), with Conrad Jennings and Claudia Berry.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Aug. 1: "Columbia Pictures Television: The Studio and the Creative Process," a program of selected episodes from dramatic series, situation comedies, anthology series, TV movies, and mini-series produced over the past thirty-five years at the studio. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Through July 23: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings Tuesdays at 12:30, 2:45, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:45. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—A program of films in which one or another of the seven deadly sins makes an appearance. July 8 at 8: Sloth—"Oblomov" (1980; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 9 at 8: Pride—"The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt. . . . ¶ July 15 at 8: Anger—"Fury" (1936; Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8: All of them—"Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 8: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ July 9: "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, E. G. Marshall, Geraldine Page, and Maureen Stapleton. . . . ¶ July 10: "Down Argentine Way" (1940; Irving Cummings), with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda. . . . ¶ July 11: "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple. . . . ¶ July 14: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, and Raymond Burr. . . . ¶ July 15: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, and Angela Lansbury. . . . ¶ July 16: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Meryl Streep, and Michael Murphy. . . . ¶ July 17: "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda. . . . ¶ July 18: "Murder She Said" (1962; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (316-7563)—"The King of Kings" (1927; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Ernest Torrence, and Joseph Schildkraut. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (July 15 at 8.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A program of five films by Hou Hsiao-hsien. July 9 at 3: "The Boys of Fengkuei" (1984; in Mandarin, with English subtitles) and "Son's Big Doll" (1984; in Taiwanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 9 at 7: "Dust in the Wind" (1987; in Mandarin and Taiwanese; with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 16 at 3: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die" (1985; in Mandarin, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 16 at 7: "A Summer at Grandpa's" (1984; in Mandarin and Taiwanese, with English subtitles). (For information about tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 284.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—"Drums Along the Mohawk" (1939; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert, and Edna May Oliver. (July 12 at 2.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt, Andrew Porter, and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Believers—John Schlesinger's occult thriller is set in a vile, hellish New York City—one of his specialties since "Midnight Cowboy." In this picture, about a widowed police psychologist and his young son, who are threatened by a human-sacrifice cult, Schlesinger seems right at home: in the no man's land between pop sociology and sheer exploitation. Scenes designed to demonstrate the horrors of urban alienation and high-level greed alternate with ones that show us, up close, spiders crawling out of a hole in a woman's face, chickens being slaughtered, snakes wiggling around in a bowl of human entrails in the city morgue—that sort of thing. The high seriousness of the tone makes the pulp material far more loathsome than it would be in a schlock horror movie. Schlesinger has never been more effective or more hateful. With Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and a fine supporting cast that features Robert Loggia, Jimmy Smits, Harris Yulin, Lee Richardson, and the alarming Malick Bowens. Screenplay by Mark Frost, from Nicholas Conde's novel "The Religion;" terrific cinematography by Robby Müller.—T.R. (Plaza, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Movieland; through July 9. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting July 10.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—Jeanette MacDonald (born in 1903) is meant to be a proper, inexperienced English girl of eighteen, and Nelson Eddy, who could never manage dash or fire (he always looked pained from the effort), is supposed to be a Viennese rake. This is by no means the worst of the MacDonald-Eddy love-duet films—the songs are still mostly by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again"—but this isn't one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed from Lester Samuels' adaptation of Coward's operetta. The cast includes George Sanders, Ian Hunter, and Felix Bressart. (Public Theatre; July 14-16, at 8.)

Blues in the Night (1941)—Jazz and melodrama, in a fermented mixture. Directed by Anatole Litvak and written by Robert Rossen, this self-serious, overheated Warners picture about the life of travelling musicians was released just before Pearl Harbor. Richard Whorf is the tormented pianist who cracks up, and Betty Field is the bad, bad girl who not only leads him astray but kills Lloyd Nolan, and is herself killed in a car crash with Wallace Ford. Whorf's band includes Elia Kazan; the vocalist is Priscilla Lane. The songs are by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. Also with Jack Carson, whose trumpet playing is by Snooky Young; and Jimmy Lunceford and his band. Whorf's piano playing is dubbed by Stan Wrightsman. (Thalia SoHo; July 15.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Criterion Center; through July 9.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. —P.G. (Cinema Village; July 17-18.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party, but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. With Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill. (Thalia SoHo; July 17-18.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—It is a day in 1616; a Spanish regiment comes to a town in occupied Flanders. The cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay, Louis Jouvet, Jean Murat, Alerme, and Micheline Cheirel. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13.)

Devil in the Flesh—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio. In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through July 16.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity, set in the late nineteenth century. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. Based on an actual double suicide; Widerberg wrote the script, directed, and also edited. In Swedish. (Thalia SoHo; July 14.)

Full Metal Jacket—With Matthew Modine, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and National Twin.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer, as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the soprano Miliza Korjus, as the other woman, are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dmitri Tiomkin. There's a great howler of a sequence in which Strauss, riding in a carriage with Korjus, hears the *clip-clop* of the horses' hooves, the hunters' horns, and the chirping of the birds, and he composes "Tales from the Vienna Woods," which she proceeds to sing. The cast includes Lionel Atwill, Herman Bing, Hugh Herbert, Minna Gombell, Henry Hull, and Curt Bois. The script is by Walter Reisch and Samuel Hoffenstein, from Gottfried Reinhardt's story. (Public Theatre; starting July 17, showings at 8.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, and Elisabeth Depardieu; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

The Left Handed Gun (1958)—Arthur Penn's first film, adapted by Leslie Stevens from a television play by Gore Vidal, has some of the violent, legendary, nostalgic qualities of his later "Bonnie and Clyde." A young, great-looking Paul Newman plays Billy the Kid as an ignorant boy in the sex-starved Old West. There's a foreshadowing of the sensibility

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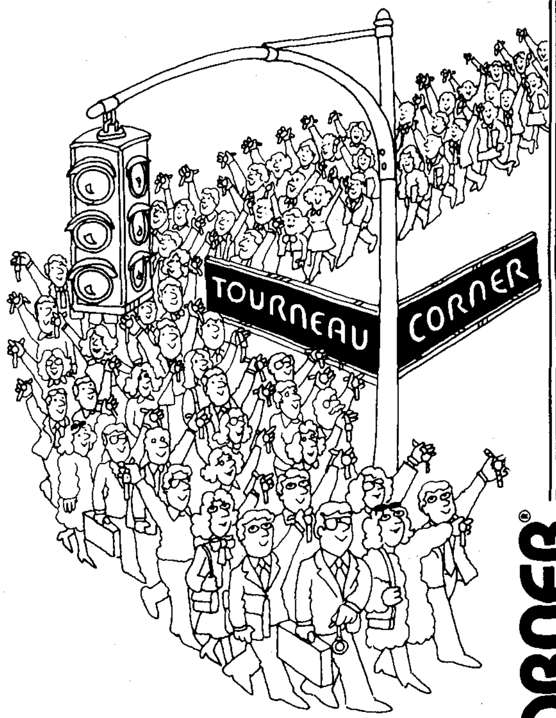

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that shaped "Bonnie and Clyde" when Billy's shotgun blasts a man right out of one of his boots. The man falls in the street, but his boot remains upright; a little girl starts to giggle at the boot and doesn't get very far—her mother slaps her, and that slap is the seal of the awareness of horror. With Hurd Hatfield, Lita Milan, John Dehner, Denver Pyle, Nestor Paiva, John Dierkes, and James Congdon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Criterion Center; through July 9.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Parsifal (1983)—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is a rich and beautiful production—thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful; it embraces and presents those abundant, varied elements from which Wagner's most profound opera was distilled—his life, his reading, his thinking, his passions, his response to art and nature, his earlier compositions. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German.—A.P. (Thalia SoHo; July 12.)

Personal Services—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). Julie Walters seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (D. W. Griffith; through July 16.)

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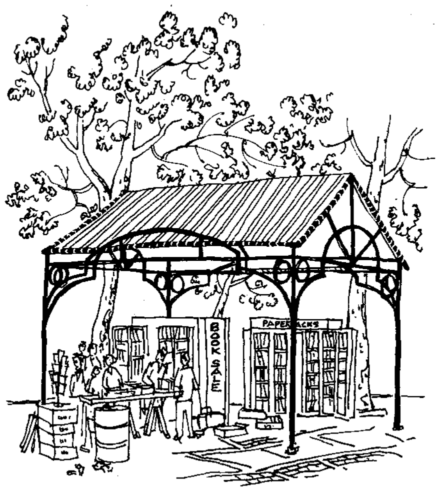
Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through July 16. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting July 17.)

The River (1951)—Jean Renoir's first color film, made in India, in English, was adapted from Rumer Godden's novel about a British family in India. It's a poetic study of the contact of two civilizations. Renoir sees India with Western eyes—eyes so sensitive and highly trained that his vision of India is a mythic poem set in the midst of the Indian river of life. This river encompasses death in a way that American audiences tend to find disturbing. Rumer Godden's themes and story line are part of the texture, interwoven with the ritual feasts, the festivals, and the rhythms of native music. The theme (outsiders in a culture) meshes perfectly with the director's own position as a moviemaker in India, and visually the film is serenely yet passionately beautiful. With the dancer Radha, Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, Adrienne Corri, Patricia Walter, Arthur Shields, and Thomas Breen. (Film Forum 2; July 16-18.)

River's Edge—Teen-age anomie and the indifference of selfish, corrupt adults. The subject might suggest a movie made for TV if it weren't for the explicitly sexual pulp elements and the woozy poetry. The script, by Neal Jimenez, which takes off from an incident in Milpitas, California, in 1981, appears to have been conceived as an exploitation melodrama, but the director, Tim Hunter, has a fuzzy, naturalistic approach, and the movie is a slack mixture of "important" and mediocre—a blur that viewers can project onto. Big-bellied John (Daniel Roebuck), a high-school pothead, strangles his girlfriend, Jamie, and leaves her lying nude on the riverbank. Soon all the members of his pack of six or seven stoned kids have viewed their dead friend, but nobody speaks of notifying the authorities, because Layne (Crispin Glover), the high-strung leader of the group, pressures them to believe that it would be a violation of their code to let any adults know about what happened. The movie doesn't deal with the facts of the Milpitas case (where the murderer was black). It tells us next to nothing about why John killed Jamie and shows us very little of how the other kids react to her death. Then this vacancy at the heart of the film is used as proof of the kids' heartlessness. Glover gives a weird, grimacing, hand-waving performance; other garish elements include Dennis Hopper as a one-legged ex-biker dope dealer who waltzes with an inflatable sex doll and Joshua Miller as a malicious twelve-year-old who drowns his baby sister's dolly. Also with Keanu Reeves, Ione Skye, and Jim Metzler as the teacher. Cinematography by Frederick Elmes. (6/15/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through July 9. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through July 16.)



The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone (1961)—The Tennessee Williams novella is about an aging widow, a proud, coldhearted bitch, who learns that sex is all that temporarily saves her from the meaningless drift of her existence. And so she picks up young men and pays them. José Quintero, who directed the film version, and Gavin Lambert, who wrote the adaptation, seem to think this idea so daring and unusual that they fumble around with it. "The Roman Spring" is so insistent about the "shocking" mechanics of buying love that this is what the film seems to be about, and by trying so diligently to make Mrs. Stone (Vivien Leigh) sympathetic and understandable the moviemakers kill all interest in her. As the young man Mrs. Stone becomes addicted to, the boyish young Warren Beatty shows his gift for slyness. The cast includes Lotte Lenya, Ernest Thesiger, Coral Browne, Jill St. John, and Jeremy Spenser. (Regency; July 12-13.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, a white plane with a red-circle nose, a white-on-white animal in the snow. Even the buildings and the skies are silvery white, and the slightly acrid neo-Gershwin score, by Stephen Sondheim, enhances the design. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the international king of crooks, the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his origins and his past, who lives as if he had no memories, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), who lives secure in the protection that class provides. Stavisky's adventurism, which weakened France and helped to destroy her in the Second World War, is also balanced against the revolutionary hopes of Leon Trotsky, exiled by Stalin, who was living near Fontainebleau. But Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. Each shot, each camera movement, is thought out in design terms; Resnais has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun, the cinematography by Sacha Vierny. With Anny Duperey, François Périer, Michel Lonsdale, Claude Rich, and Gérard Depardieu as a young inventor. In French. (Cinema Village; July 17-18.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim" and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut had never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, a daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Cinema Village; July 12.)

Straight to Hell—The big shock of Alex Cox's punk spaghetti Western is that it's completely inoffensive. The movie, cast with rock musicians and other friends of the director, looks like a kids' costume party, and its punkishness is weirdly innocent. The manic performances seem to have been fuelled by junk food and candy bars: bandits grin, in Leone-like closeups, and we realize that these are lawless men in a world where life is cheap and dental hygiene a mere memory. Every now and then there's a good idea, but the bad and the ugly are much better represented. With Sy Richardson, Joe Strummer (formerly of the Clash), Courtney Love, Dick Rude, the Pogues, and Elvis Costello. (There are silly cameos by Dennis Hopper, Grace Jones, and "Stranger Than Paradise" director Jim Jarmusch.) The screenplay is credited to Cox and Rude, though most of the picture has the feel of strenuous, feeble improvisation.—T.R. (Cinema I; through July 14.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie—a wonderful potboiler. It's a rouser. The architectural remnants of the era (including solid traces of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright) have been refurbished to provide a swaggering showcase for the legend. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, 86th Street Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Before the rifles of that infamous concealed regiment get poor Zapata (Marlon Brando), John Steinbeck's script has thoroughly done him in. Land and liberty, the simple slogans of the Mexican civil wars of 1911-19, are transformed into the American liberal clichés of 1952 and phrased in that slurpy imitation of simplicity and grandeur which some high-school English teachers and TV producers call "poetry." The virtues of the production are in Elia Kazan's headlong direction: some of the scenes have startling immediacy; the fighting is first-rate; even the phony folklore holds one's interest. And the actors are fun to watch: there's the magnetic young Brando (age twenty-seven) impersonating a great revolutionary leader—an illiterate young titan, a peasant and a thinker (and, in the time-worn actor-peasant tradition, he screws up his face when he has to think). And there are Anthony Quinn, Jean Peters, and Joseph Wiseman. (Thalia SoHo; July 15.)

The Witches of Eastwick—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*. (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this. With Veronica Cartwright as an unlucky puritan. Cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (6/29/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gramercy, Beekman, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies.—P.G. (Film Forum 2; July 15.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"WHAT is it with the *bus*?" a woman from the Lesbian Herstory Educational Founation asked her friend. It was about our o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, nd the Gay/Lesbian Pride parade was making its way west along Waverly Place. "Is that the end of the parade?" A big, empty, undecorated tour bus had somehow been allowed to travel ight in the middle of the marchers all he way down Fifth Avenue. "Martz Lines," it said in red script on the side. n fact, there was a lot more parade to ome behind the bus—the Canadian gays, for instance, in their red-and-white maple-leaf uniforms, had yet to make the turn off Fifth Avenue—and nobody ever did figure out what the bus was doing there.

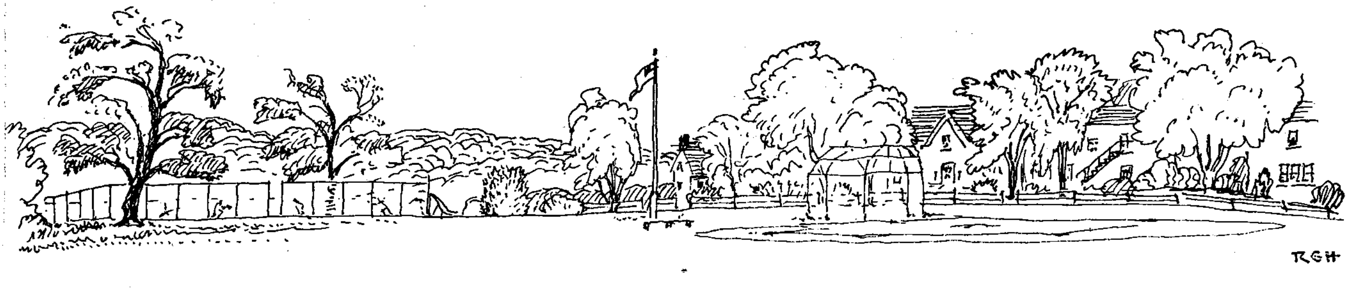
"I think it's from Philly," her friend aid. (The bus had Pennsylvania icense plates.) They were standing on he sidewalk, propping up posters of esbian heroines: Mabel Hampton, the octogenarian crusader; Lorena Hickok, he Roosevelt-era journalist; the English novelist Bryher.

"We've got to watch it about the g-l's," the first woman said as he watched various groups go by. "GLAC, GLIB, GLOM, GLID," she went on, referring to a certain sameness in he acronyms of a lot of gay and lesbian groups. "Got to get some more *variety* there." Then she spotted a friend among the Albany lesbians, and in a moment she was part of the parade.

The television cameras overlooked the mystery bus and the herstorians, but then they overlooked most of the parade. Their images of it were, as often happens, false—or, at least, incomplete. To the eye of the TV camera, the parade was a group of provocatively dressed gays, some nasty confrontations with bigots, and a party at the end. In reality, the confrontation with "counter-demonstrators," at Fiftieth Street, took up half a block and five minutes, and was as thoroughly rehearsed and as predictable as professional wrestling. The real parade was strikingly undramatic: wide, broken ranks of men and women trudging down Fifth Avenue in shorts and sneakers. The marchers came along in hundreds of individual groups: lesbian and gay Catholics, lesbian and gay Seventh-Day Adventists (five of them), lesbian and gay Lutherans (three of those), Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gay Concerns, lesbian and gay Quakers (more than you could count), Witches and Pagans for Gay Rights, Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, the Long Island chapter of Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (they wore socks and leather shoes with their shorts), SAGE (Senior Action in a Gay Environment), which provides services for senior gays, and had the best cheer of the parade—"Two four six eight: How do you know your grandpa's straight?" But, aside from the obvious differences of age, every group behind its banner looked more or less like every other group behind *its* banner. For that matter, almost everybody who was in the parade looked more or less like everybody who wasn't in the parade.

As a spectacle, therefore, the parade was just ordinary. Either the flamboyant side was subdued this year or else the parade just doesn't seem so flamboyant any longer. The female impersonators who were dressed as Boy George looked like Boy George, and the ones dressed as Marilyn looked like Madonna. "Unity Through Royalty Through the Ages," read the sign on a float of drag queens. They were doing their best, but a man pretending to be a woman while riding on the back of a truck looks, from a New York sidewalk, just like a woman riding on the back of a truck.

Some of the marchers felt vulnerable. Joe Avena, the head of the Lesbian and Gay Big Apple Corps Band, which was marching at the very front, remarked before the parade began, "If there's somebody out there with a shotgun, he might as well just hit the nail on the head—and that's us." But there weren't any shotguns. For that matter, once the parade had passed St. Patrick's Cathedral the crowds (which the *Times* estimated at a hundred thousand, or five times the number of marchers) weren't just friendly—they *were* the parade. The membrane between marchers and



watchers was completely permeable. Friends recognized friends and came out of the parade for a hug. Or else someone watching might decide to step down from the curb and join the marching. At one point, just before three o'clock, when a moment of silence was to begin, two young men holding hands and balancing a ten-speed bike stepped out and started walking down Fifth Avenue. They got an ovation.

Parades in New York are usually masquerades. Their common pretense is that for the length of time it takes to walk up or down Fifth Avenue a number of people whose lives are virtually indistinguishable from those of their neighbors are really a tribe: Irish, Germans, Jews. And nobody feels threatened by the tribalism, because everybody knows that it's just for the afternoon. But the point of the gay-pride parade has always been different: not that these people marching are, above all, homosexuals but that these homosexuals marching are, above all, people—Catholics and Jews and grandpas and Seventh-Day Adventists. And so the lack of parade discipline, the easy passage between marchers and watchers, seemed entirely appropriate. "A ritual of normalcy," the writer Richard Goldstein calls the parade, and so many people's insistence on observing the ritual at a time when so many gays are sick or dying seemed immensely brave.

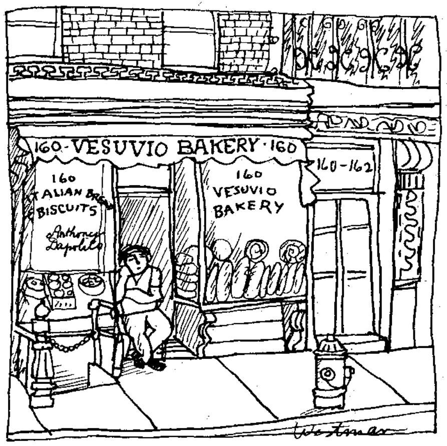
The TV cameras even got the balloons wrong. At three o'clock, ten thousand helium balloons were released outside the Public Library. Most of the balloons carried messages of remembrance of friends who had died of AIDS. On television that night, you saw the memorial balloons released and soaring up, unimpeded. But that's not what happened. A moment after the balloons were let go, a sudden gust of wind pressed down on them and pushed them back into the canyon of the Avenue, close to the pavement. When a helium balloon comes close to your hand, you can't help reaching for it. A lot of people did reach for balloons. They held on to them until the wind changed, and only then let them go.

• •

Wimps

A NUMBER of physicists today are convinced that most of the universe is made of unknown matter—something completely unlike the protons, neutrons, and electrons that combine to form the atoms that, in turn, form galaxies, stars, planets, and people. They call this alien stuff the Dark Matter. Whatever it is, it is probably all around us and possibly inside us, and may make up as much as ninety-nine per cent of the universe. The idea that what we call ordinary matter is to the universe what a dusting of snow is to the Himalayas is one that physicists find both discouraging and exciting: it's discouraging to have to admit that in the late twentieth century you still do not know what most of the universe is made of, and exciting because if you could discover what most of the universe is made of you might win a Nobel Prize. The race to find the Dark Matter has begun. A group of ten physicists, half of them graduate students and postdoctoral fellows, is looking for it right now at Brookhaven National Laboratory, in eastern Long Island. The head of the group, Adrian Melissinos, thinks that if the Dark Matter pervades the universe it must be floating around Brookhaven.

We went to Brookhaven recently to see how the search for the Dark Matter is going, and were struck by the informal look of the place—a jumble of modern and not so modern buildings and rotten old house trailers standing around a forest of pitch pines and scarlet oaks. A thin, bearded graduate student we met, named Walter Wuensch, who is a member of the Melissinos group, explained that the Dark Matter may consist of a type of ubiquitous invisible particle known as an axion. Nobody knows whether the axion exists. It belongs to a general class of hypothetical particles known as wimps —an acronym for "weakly interacting massive particle." Wimps—in particular, axions—might be everywhere here on earth and among the stars. If they are, they flow through ordinary matter without disturbing it, which why they are wimps. There might be hundred trillion axions in a cubic cen timetre of otherwise empty spac Galaxies might be flotsam drifting i an ocean of wimps. So Adrian Meliss nos and his group have built a wim detector, for what they call thei Galactic Axion Experiment.



Mr. Wuensch took us to Buildin No. 904, a box made of cinder block and painted a color that he referre to as "hideous green." "After th Second World War, they manufac tured liquid hydrogen in this build ing," he said as he led us inside. "Th windows were designed to blow ou into the woods in case of an explosio and the roof was supposed to sort hop up and down." We stopped i front of a machine embedded in th floor—the wimp detector. A youn woman was standing on a stepladd near the top of the machine working some cables with a wrench. "Walter, she said, "we need to know how muc more power is in those lines."

Mr. Wuensch introduced her as Su sanna De Panfilis, a postdoctoral fel low, and then he said to us, "Th experiment is really for us grad stu dents and postdocs. As you can se we get to screw up on our own." H explained how the wimp detecto works. It's a stainless-steel cannist nine feet high and three feet acros sunk vertically into the ground an half filled with liquid helium. A gian superconducting magnet—a coil wire wound like a spool of thread— sits at the bottom of the cylinde drowned in the liquid helium. A cop per can is plugged into the hole in th center of the coil and is permeated by strong magnetic field. If a stead breeze of axions happens to be passin through the material world, the when they hit the lines of the magneti field they should produce a vibratio inside the copper can—a harmoni note that could be heard as a micro wave hum at some specific frequency The note would be terribly faint, but i you attached an exquisite amplifier t the can and listened you might hea the music of the axions as they flowe through.

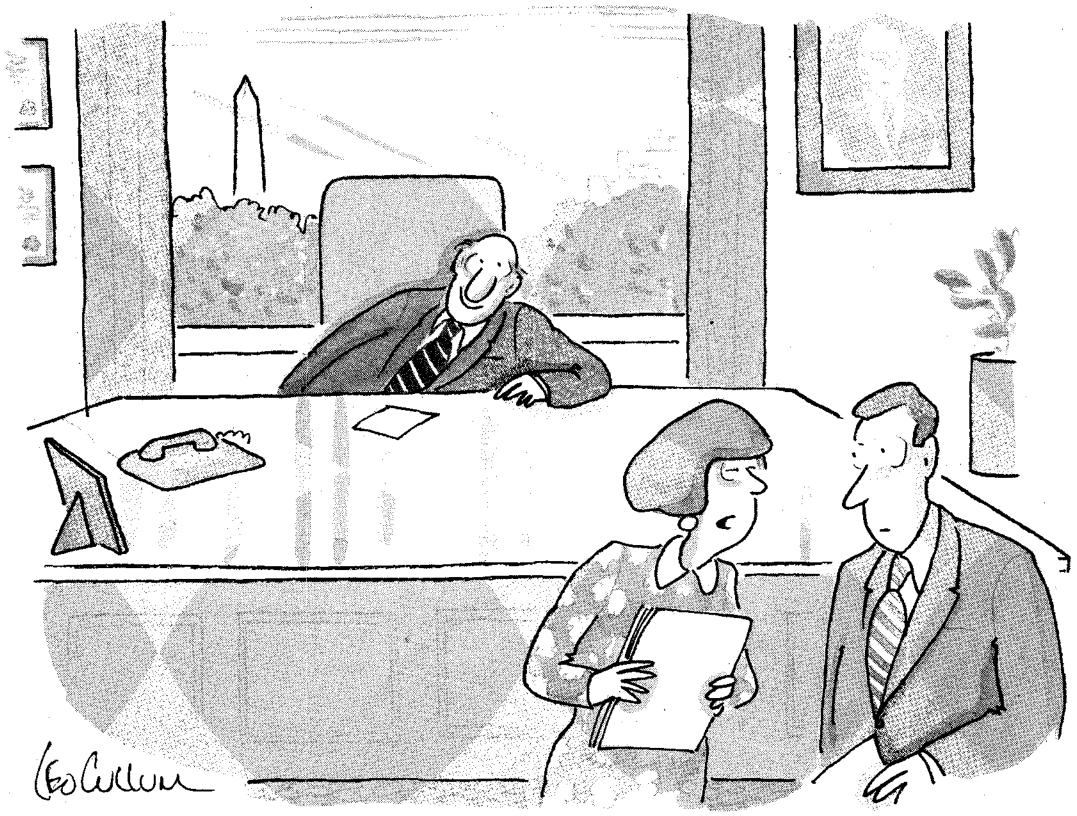
"We're on the edge of technology, Mr. Wuensch said. "Or maybe a littl beyond the edge."

On a nearby table was one of th copper cans; it was sixteen inche high—about the size of a potato-chi can. Mr. Wuensch picked it up. " build these," he said. "This thing ha resonant frequencies, just like an or-n pipe, except that the sonances are electromag- tic, not acoustical. So e have to tune it, in der to listen to different icrowave frequencies, cause we don't know the equency of the micro- ave signal that the axions ight produce." He picked a translucent rod. This is a single crystal synthetic sapphire. It's venty-two inches long d six-tenths of an inch diameter. These things st thousands of dollars ch." He explained that e wimp detector has a ockwork motor that owly draws the sapphire d through the can. This nes the can to different icrowave frequencies, hile a computer listens.

We noticed a coiled ap- ratus inside a paper bag. What's that?" we asked.

"That's a vacuum clean- I'm trying to rebuild," said. "It has nothing to with the experiment."

A key part of the Ga- ctic Axion Experiment is the am- ifier, and Mr. Wuensch showed us example—a tiny copper box, plated ith gold, sitting in the middle of workbench. "This is a state-of-the- t amplifier," he said. "Susanna is ilding this one. You'd better not uch it."



"I don't know if it's toward Iran, Iraq, or what, but ever since lunch he's been tilting."

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Susanna De Panfilis climbed down om the wimp detector in order to ow us her amplifier. She had dark, avy hair, and she was wearing a pink irt and a Guess? skirt, and had a ring of pearls around her neck. Her mplifier was about the size of a atchbox. She pointed with a pair of veezers to various components. "The ansistors are right there," she said. Those small guys. Over here, these re capacitors and inductors. Those reen guys are resistors. These funny ttle guys are diodes." Each of the arts was the size of the dot on this i." Using the tip of the tweezers, she icked up a tiny ring. "That's a little agnet. Can you see it?" She tapped he tweezers, and the magnet fell back nto place. "I can do the soldering in bout three days."

We asked where she had learned ow to build an amplifier like that.

"If you need to learn something, ou just learn it," she said.

She grew up in Rome, she told us, and became interested in physics when she was about seven years old. The mother of a friend of hers was a physicist. "She taught me how to draw a picture of an atom. I said, 'Oh, that's really great! You can make connections to the planets and the sun with that.' "

Most of the Galactic Axion team gathered in the laboratory later that day to run some tests on the machine. Adrian Melissinos was there—a genial man wearing half-glasses, who had a wide, amused smile. Susanna De Panfilis climbed all over the wimp detector, making adjustments with an allen wrench and issuing instructions to Walter, who was working some control panels. "Naw, that's too much!" she called to him. "Now! Now it's perfect."

Adrian Melissinos said to us, "A colleague of mine at Berkeley calls this a Copernican experiment, in that it would be a revolution if we found this Dark Matter. So what if the astronomers find one new galaxy? The question is whether we are engulfed in axions. Whether there is a sea of Dark Matter all around us." Unfortunately, he went on, the machine was probably not sensitive enough to detect any axions, but there was always a chance. "Why do the experiment?" he said. "It's fun. Therefore, it's worth doing. One took part in the race."

Mr. Wuensch threw a switch, whereupon a small electric motor began to spin at the top of the wimp detector, and started a crankshaft turning. "This mechanism moves the sapphire rod," he explained. "The rod moves pretty slowly—in about two weeks it will have gone sixteen inches. We call that a sweep. The computer listens twenty-four hours a day as we sweep through the microwave frequencies." So far, he said, the detector had heard a few enigmatic signals that might emanate from satellites orbiting the earth, but not a whisper of a wimp.

Unique Concept

BASICALLY, a Zimmer Motor Coach is an elegantly appointed gasoline-powered executive suite, and, basically, Rich Fleischer, Frank Karlsson, and Rich Karlsson, who run a Rochelle Park, New Jersey, outfit called Execucoach and came up five years ago with a nine-passenger design that "offers the utility of a boardroom while maintaining all the style, status, and appeal of a true limousine,” are the kind of guys who will bring a Zimmer Motor Coach Executive Cruiser model to your apartment building, park it outside long enough to cause rubbernecking traffic delays and loud honking on your block, and then drive you around for a while. The particular Executive Cruiser model that Rich, Frank, and Rich have been using in their recent low-key marketing efforts has a twenty-nine-foot silvery exterior, which makes it look like a commuter-train locomotive that has wandered off the tracks, and, inside, it has seventy-five inches of headroom, pillowy gray leatherette armchairs in a spacious lounge, a twenty-inch color television set with remote control, an advanced videocassette player, an AM/FM cassette stereo sound system with individual headphones, a compact-disk player, an intercom that permits discreet, static-free communication between the rear of the spacious lounge and the driver's seat, twenty feet away, a built-in ice bucket and bottle holder, a smoke-detector system and fire extinguisher, a thermometer, a barometer, a hydrometer, and the optional automatic beverage dispenser and optional refrigerator. The optional restroom and galley (including the optional microwave oven) have been omitted from this model, but if you wanted to own those options plus all the standard features you could give Rich, Frank, and Rich about a hundred thousand dollars and they could arrange it.

But you don't have to own a Zimmer Motor Coach to enjoy a Zimmer Motor Coach, because Rich, Frank, and Rich also operate a charter service. Execucoach can provide a highly skilled professional driver to transport you and a bunch of your buddies to your senior prom or to a bachelor or bachelorette party or to Atlantic City. Once the Execucoach people are satisfied that you're good for the seven or eight hundred bucks that an evening on wheels is going to run you, you're free to spend your time enjoying a nice bottle of white wine, or watching a movie, or experiencing enhanced viewing pleasure by looking out the custom-designed fully tinted wraparound safety-glass windows, or passing out in one of the pillowy gray leatherette armchairs because you're having too good a time.

When you're with Rich, Frank, and Rich, if you don't mind listening they don't mind talking about their experiences at Execucoach. First Rich F. speaks, then Frank speaks, then it's back to Rich F., then back to Frank, and so forth. Usually, Rich K. drives. While he idles in traffic, people approach the driver's window and sa “What's this?” and “Oh, wow!” an “What would something like thi run?” and “Is this privately owned? Rich K., who has at his disposal a six way power seat, a steering wheel th tilts, cruise control, and a healthy supply of business cards, replies “For small deposit, it can be yours” and “I you ever need it, give us a call.”

Rich F. says, “It's like riding in corporate jet on the ground. That the whole theory of what we've dor here. A limousine really doesn't answer the questions that this answers– it doesn't solve the problems. Such having a meeting like the one we' having now. In a limousine, to have meeting like this we'd be toe to to our knees would be hitting, we'd hav crouched to get into it. We call this boardroom on wheels.”

Frank says, “This vehicle is th only vehicle of its kind to really rid like an automobile.”

Before Rich F. and Frank K. an Rich K. came along, nobody had mustered the wisdom or the human decency to wed the limousine concept t the recreational-vehicle concept usin front-wheel drive, comfort-controlle rear tandem air suspension, and a For drivetrain.

Rich F. says, “This vehicle won offend anybody. You wouldn't as certain C.E.O.s to get int a *van*. They just wouldn do it. But our vehicl doesn't have that problem And yet it doesn't hav that ostentatious attitud that a lot of limousine have. It has a nice, democratic feel.”

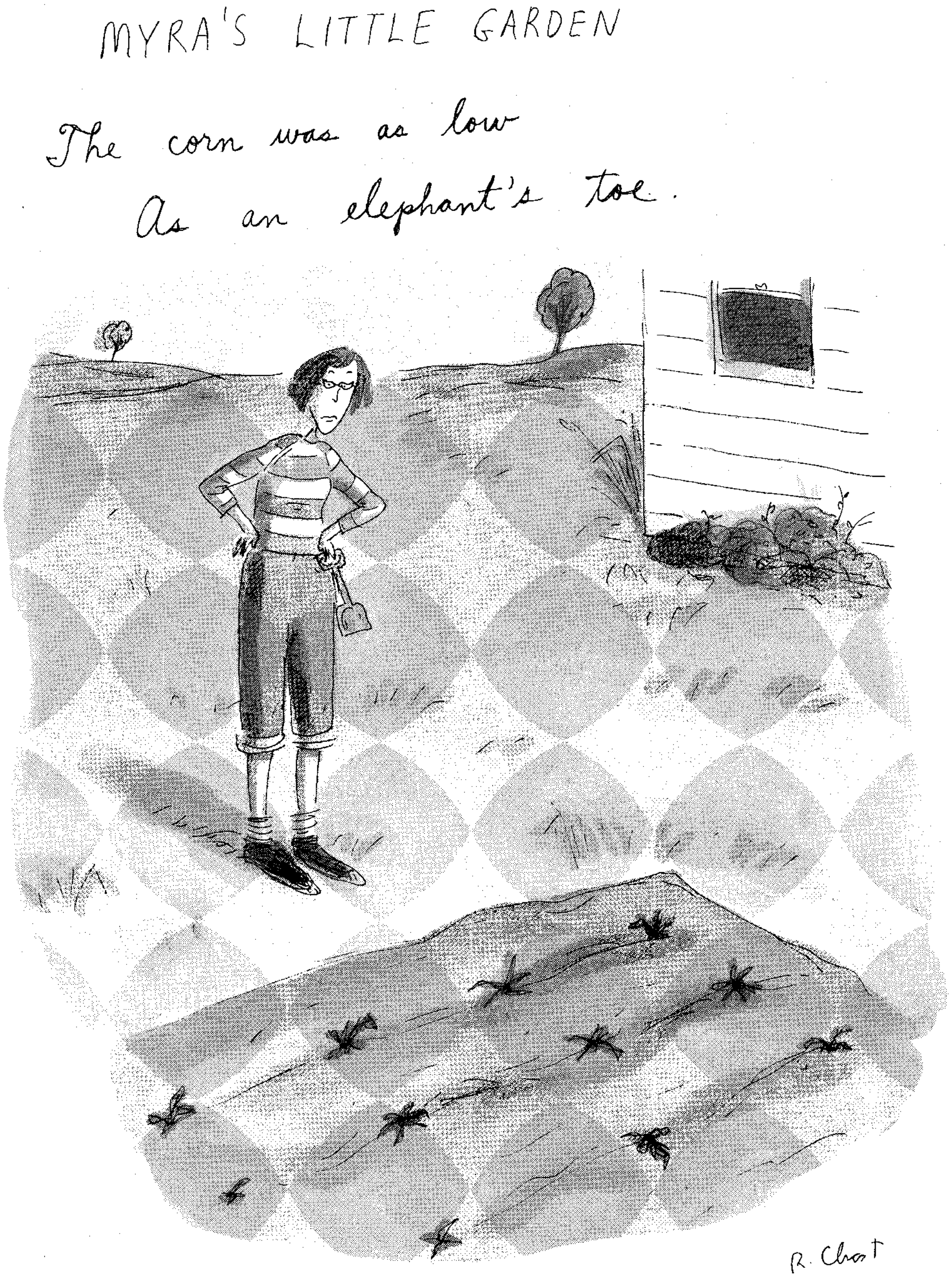
Frank says, “The concept was ours. After w came up with it, we discovered that the Zimmer Corporation was building recreational vehicle with chassis that was suitabl for what we were trying t accomplish. We showe them our design, and the liked the idea so much tha they abandoned their R.V and now they build th new vehicle exclusively And we have a deal wit them to market the product.”

Rich F. would love t tell you the names of th many fine companies tha Execucoach does busines with, but he doesn't think

“Ah, Fergie and Di!”

t's a good idea without first getting he companies' permission. Fortunatey, Lou Rawls, the popular singer, has given Rich, Frank, and Rich complete sanction to use his name—to announce that he's a Zimmer Motor Coach owner. What Lou likes to do s— Say he's flying somewhere for an ngagement, he sends his crew ahead n his vehicle, and when he gets there t's available to drive him from the airport to his hotel and then from his hoel to the site of his engagement. Lou uses it as a waiting room and he uses it ust as standard transportation. Lou eally knows how to use it.

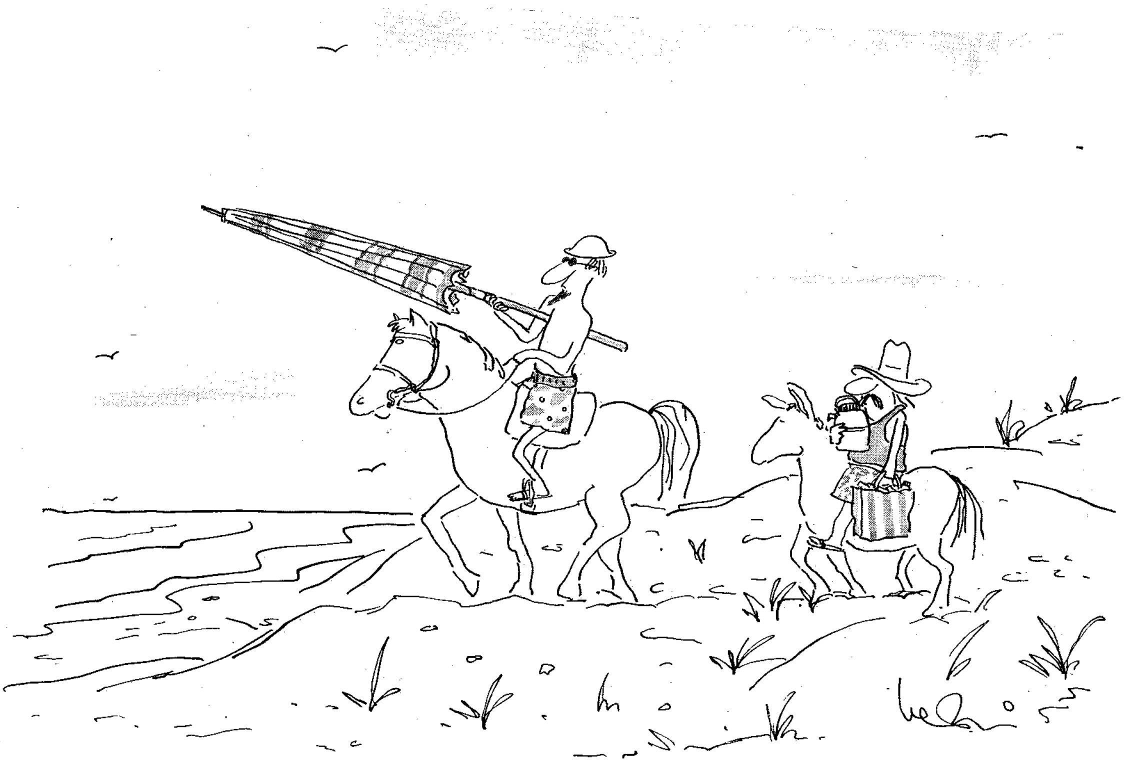
Most people bring up the question of gas mileage. The answer to the gas-mileage question is "Eleven to twelve miles on the highway." In the city, with the air-conditioning on, you get maybe eight or nine miles to the galon. If you're cool, comfortable, and aking care of important business, gas mileage shouldn't be such a big prioriy, but Rich, Frank, and Rich are not dissemblers, so they're up-front on the gas-mileage question. Rich, Frank, and Rich agree that nobody's perfect. So maybe one Executive Cruiser does have blackwall tires. Rich F. is up-ront about that, too. Rich F. says, "I don't think a limousine should ever go anywhere without whitewall tires. It's ust a mistake we made. Stupidity. We'll fix it."



The New Statue of Liberty

ERNST NEIZVESTNY, who designed the New Statue of Liberty, is ixty-one years old and comes from the Soviet Union. He has designed the world's largest sculpture (a lotus blosom at the Aswan Dam, in Egypt) and he world's largest bas-relief (at the Institute of Technology and Electroncs in Moscow). When he is not makng colossal statues, he has colossal visions, which he paints in acrylics. A recent series of paintings, for instance, s devoted to the theme of the dance. It ncludes a "Dance with Death," a "Dance with Fire," a "Dance with Fish," a "Dance with Egg," and an "Unfinished Dance." Neizvestny is small and powerful-looking, and his English is telegraphic but impassioned. He is a brave man. When Khrushchev was in power and went once to mock an exhibit of "modern" art, Neizvestny told him, "You may be Premier, but not here in front of my works. Here I am Premier, and we shall discuss as equals." In 1976, Neizvestny emigrated to America. He had become very successful in Russia (Khrushchev ended up commissioning him to make his tombstone), but he felt that in the West he would have greater freedom to work on his masterpiece—a colossal statuary group called "The Tree of Life." Ever since, Neizvestny has lived on the southern fringe of SoHo, working on "The Tree of Life" and other sculptures and on paintings. His studio is one of the street hearths of SoHo; the lights are almost always on, even very late at night. Since Neizvestny no longer has the patronage of a large state with a taste for monumental sculpture, his representative, Isaac Tourel, has to search the world for monumental commissions.

Six mayors of Taiwan cities commissioned the New Statue of Liberty, and they came to New York recently to meet with Neizvestny and see what it looked like. The six mayors are accustomed to travelling together, and when they are introduced on a formal occasion they line up immediately in descending order of size. Five are men, one is a woman. Their translator introduces them by name, throwing in the populations of their cities. As they are introduced, they step forward one at a time, clasp their hands over their heads, and give their hands a shake, like former champions being introduced before a prizefight. Though their English is limited, they can tell if someone has said "Taiwan" when he ought to have said "Republic of China," which they pronounce as one



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word. If, say, Ernst Neizvestny thanks the people of Taiwan for giving him the commission for the New Statue of Liberty, one of the mayors will step forward and say, politely but firmly, "Republicofchina."

An interim result of the intersection of the six mayors and Ernst Neizvestny is now on exhibit at the Nakhamkin Gallery, on Greene Street—a model, about five feet high, of the New Statue of Liberty. The statue will sit on an island in the harbor of the city of Kao-hsiung. There is no island in the harbor of Kao-hsiung, but, as one of the mayors recounts, when he pointed this out to Ernst Neizvestny, Neizvestny said, "Then we will build one." The statue sits on a tripartite structure. At the bottom is a solid, irregular-shaped base, which represents Confucian thought. A star-shaped base comes next, representing the national symbol of Taiwan. Above that is a soaring stem of machinelike forms, representing technology. Bursting out of the stem is a colossal male nude, carrying a lamp in its right hand. The male nude has enormous deltoids, a caved-in stomach, and broad Eurasian features. It represents the Spirit of the Third World liberated by technology and rising up to greet the next century. There will be several laser beams inside the lamp of the New Statue of Liberty for projecting Taiwanese patriotic symbols onto the clouds above the statue. While that happens, the national anthem of the Republic of China will be broadcast from inside the colossus. There will be three observation decks in the new statue—one in the stem, one in the giant's right deltoid, and one up in the lamp. At the moment, the statue has Mr. Universe proportions, but when Ernst Neizvestny makes the actual colossus he wants to find a new canon of proportion, correct for Oriental figures. "Like Polyclitus or Phidias did for Greeks, only for the Chinese," he says. He admires Bartholdi's original but feels that it is insufficient for our time. "It is a Greek-fashioned thing. This will be super-modern. I want to make something other."

Three kinds of people came to the unveiling of the model of the New Statue of Liberty. There were those people who go to any gallery opening on Greene Street. They tend to be fashionably dressed, and unsympathetic to the ambitions of colossal figural sculpture. These people did a lot of muttering, and compared the statue with an obstacle on a miniature golf course. (There are automobile entrances in the Confucian base which invite this comparison.) Or they said, "Hey, Lipchitz meets Schwarzenegger." There were som of the more worldl members of th Russian-émigré ar community in Ne York, who smoked bri pipes and looked at onc sage and amused. An finally, there were fanatical admirers c Neizvestny—for instance, Major Wayn Yakes, an Army physician stationed i Denver, who came a the way to New York t see the New Statue c Liberty. Major Yake compares Neizvestny t Michelangelo. "In th art schools of Russia there's an intense fundamentalism," he sai when he was asked t talk about Neizvestny "Not like here, whe it's anything goes That's why a Russia artist can come here an in no time at all he's selling in the fiv figures. They have a quality of intens creationism. They can do exactly wha they want, because they're fundamentally sound. Like Dalí."

Ernst Neizvestny's mother wa there, too. She recalls the first mod for a colossal sculpture that he eve made. He was four. It was during time in Russia when bread was scarc His aunt gave him a twist of challah and while her back was turned h quickly molded it into a soaring sculptural form. His aunt was angry, bu his mother was proud.

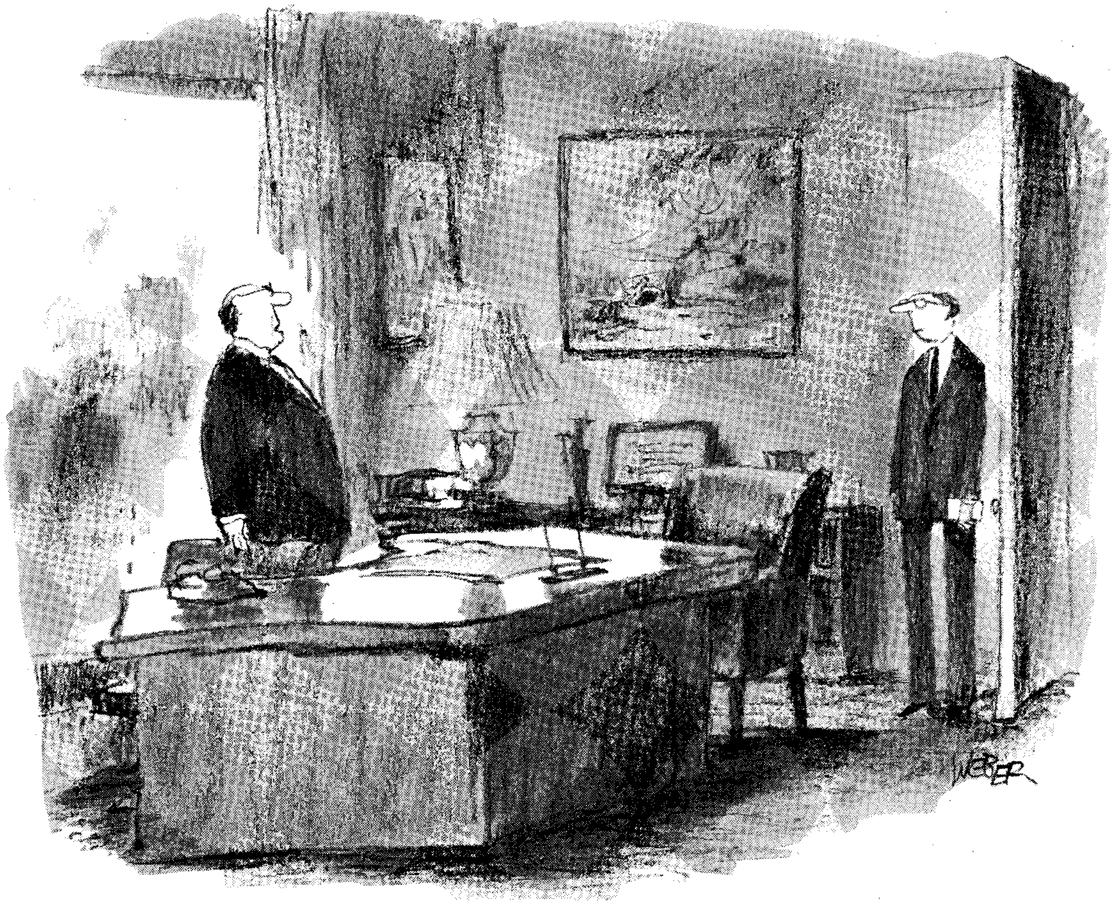
Ernst Neizvestny, for his part, i proud of his mother's achievements a an artist. Three years ago, she won a award for poetry in West Germany At the party in honor of the Nev Statue of Liberty, he boasted to stranger, in English, about her achievement, and then repeated to his mother in Russian, what he had just said. Sh began to scold him fiercely, in Russian. He looked sheepish, and explained, "She says, 'Ernst, that wa three years ago. Do not talk about i anymore. You and I, we do not look back. We only look forward.'" According to her son, if she is asked which she prefers, her son's colossus or Bartholdi's, she says, "I not competition. Never too many Libertys."

THE LAST SEGMENT

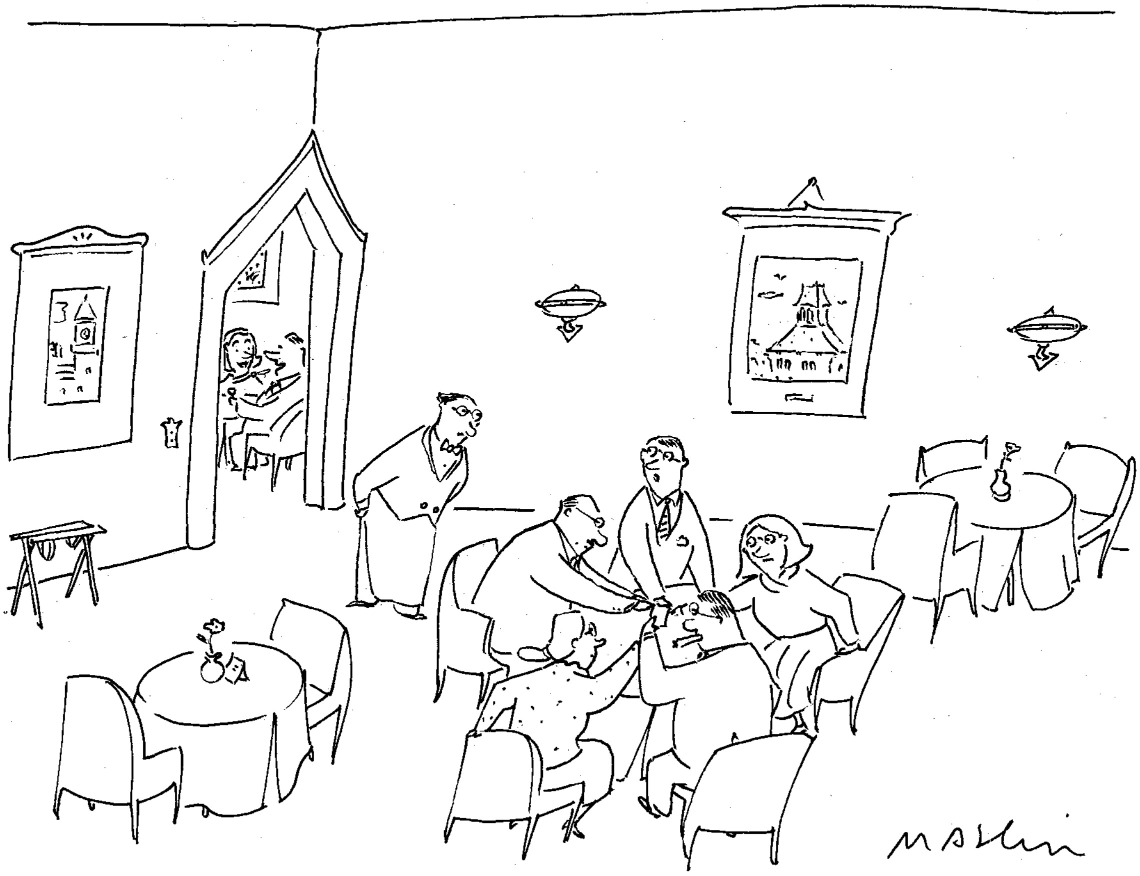
AT a signal from the sound room, the tapes stopped spinning, and one by one the big thousand-att lights winked and darkened. hen Mary hugged Murray, and Ted me over and hugged them both, and en Lou, usually so uncomfortable ith physical displays, took all three a bear hug that had them gasping r breath through their tears. Then rant came onto the set and announced that he had bought each of em an Arabian pony, which they uld ride whenever they wanted. hen from someplace offstage two chnicians came in carrying—literlly carrying—Sue Ann. She had been cheerful all day, but when she appened to see "MARY TYLER MOORE IOW CANCELLED" in black-and-hite in a newspaper headline, the full ality finally hit her, and she colpsed. Members of the live audience ere weeping and calling out the ames of their favorites, but security uards standing three-deep kept all but e most persistent behind the front il. Thousands more waited outside the rain to pay their spects to executive roducer Stan Daniels; e at a time they were dmitted, given a few conds, and ushered ut. The representative om Courier-brand tub nd tile cleaner provid-d a cake seven tiers igh (one tier for each ason on the network), ecorated with the titles f every episode and pped with exact repcas of the main charcters whittled from asswood by an old an from the Ozarks hom Murray had met hile driving crossountry. Ted and Lou, ho had never been uch closer off camera an on, stood staring own at the buffet table, ide by side. When Ted urned and haltingly ffered Lou the blazer e had worn on the how since the beinning, both men's houlders began to hake, and they sobbed openly. Then Mary made a speech. She told everybody that she loved them and would always remember them, and if they ever felt they needed her, all *they had to do was think of her and* she would be there. Then she repeated the whole speech in fluent sign language, her hands trembling slightly in the waning light.

Then the staff carpenters, working with a delicacy all the more touching in such burly men, dismantled the sets and loaded them into trucks for immediate removal to the Smithsonian Institution, where they would one day be put on permanent display. The air grew heavy with the scent of diesel exhaust and leave-taking as men from the telephone company seized fire axes and began chopping away the cables. Like the wings of giant birds coming *to earth, the microwave towers slowly* fell. The instant that groundwater reached the boiler room, four-inch rivets started to pop and fly across the now flaming studio. Heedless of the chaos around them, members of the original cast swayed together with their arms still entwined, their eyes distant and glazed with trance. Later they would describe how they had been transported to a faraway land where they met and conversed with the stars from every program that had ever been aired, who told them not to be downcast but to rejoice. The house orchestra played every number it knew, ending with one last rendition of the famous theme song just as dawn was breaking. The entire company watched from a nearby knoll as the lot filled with ash until only the flagpole remained; then that, too, was gone. Finally, as if waking from a dream that still held them in its grip, they made their way toward the ranks of limousines waiting to take them back to the world they'd left behind, to the people they used to be.

LITTLE brother was never quite *right after that, and in the fall he* was sent away. Mama doesn't make big Sunday dinners like she did before; mostly she just calls Meals on Wheels. There was a virus going around, Papa caught it, and he died last spring. Sister married a soldier and moved to



"Starting immediately, Snead, I want you to surround me with only the best people."



"I'm afraid we'll need more time to fight for the check."

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Toledo. At the old home place, only Cousin Eleanor remains. Sometimes in the evenings she tries to sit in the front room, but it's no use. There was little to keep Lloyd around any longer, so he went back on the road. At an icy intersection in a distant state, a semi-trailer full of salt blocks overturned on him, it'll be two years ago this Christmas. The other Lloyd, the one Nancy married, escaped into his work, and drove his cherry picker against some high-tension wires not twenty minutes after attending a safety lecture sponsored by the power company. With weekday attendance down, Grandy just couldn't keep the inn running the way it used to, and he had to sell out to the Flammia brothers. They stripped the furnishings and put in a snack-meats factory. Curtis figured that he might as well have the operation; he seems fine now. His wife, while admiring his courage, nevertheless felt she had no choice but to file for divorce. Trestle still takes his strolls down Main Street, but his conversation dwells increasingly on the past. Mark became a pharmacist. Galen is presumed missing. Bev traded what she could never have for what she'd never wanted in the first place, and married Chick. They shut down the pool hall, they shut down the Grange hall, they filled in the swimming hole and put a Substance Abuse Center where the old gazebo used to be. And see the tree, how big it's grown; beneath, a simple marker, with the words "Home by Midnight" and the familiar five-pointed star of a Texas Ranger. Afternoons now, Wade stacks change in piles according to size, dreaming away behind the drive-thru window. The children are long gone, vanished into sports and other outside interests. Somewhere, invisible pens compute the swirling arithmetic of loss.

AND me? I'm sitting in a bar in Gander, Newfoundland, wondering how I ever got so far from that old gravel road that runs past the fields of my memories. When I look back at the happiness I knew, it appears to me now as if through the wrong end of a telescope—tiny, remote, yet precise in every detail. I remember how we all used to assemble at the couch at five minutes to nine, each of us well supplied with blankets and refreshment to insure that w wouldn't have t budge for the next hal hour. And how lon those ads seemed i between! Sometime we would joke abou the "idiot box," th "vast wasteland." W didn't know what wasteland was. Seem like ever since the cancellation I just can put those times fa enough behind me Measure the distanc by airports, pa phones, hotels, citie women. Sure, there'v been women—plent of them. I'm no ashamed of thei number, because it wa from them I learne how much hurt ther is in the world, an how much gentleness

A while back buddy of mine wrote t say that I should com home. Beneath hi words I sensed a wistful tone, as if the person he was tryin hardest to convince was himself. O course, I had to say no. He may thin that my refusal means I have no hope In fact, the opposite is closer to th truth. For in spite of all I've bee through, I find that I still believe i human beings. I just do. To pretend t enjoy the formulaic treatments of today would be to deny that. For seve years, an entire nation sat down a one, week after week, to watch miracle. I know in my heart that i will happen again—maybe not nex fall, or the fall after that, but someday When it does, no one will hav to ask me to come home, becaus wherever on the globe I may happe to be, I'll be home already.

—IAN FRAZIE

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Dodge Center* (*Minn.*) *Star-Record*]

Speaker for the evening State Sen Duane Benson of Lanesboro, who talke about the importance of faith, hope an love by telling of two athletes and productive milk cow.

UNCLE LEOPOLD

THE life of my Uncle Leopold was enveloped in exotic mist. His fate excited my imagination for many long years, though that's all over now.

My Jewish grandfather in Vladivostok had three sons, just as in a fairy tale. He named them Mikhail, Donat, and Leopold. The oldest, Mikhail, grew up withdrawn and unsocial. He wrote poetry. He managed to put together a group of Futurists there in the Far East provinces. Mayakovski himself sent one of his letters, less rude and more friendly than his usual. My father still has two of the books his elder brother wrote. One is entitled "Moo-oooo." The other title I forget, but it has a complicated algebraic formula in it. The poems are quite silly. One love poem ends like this:

I was all a-tremble, and I yearned
To beat my brow against a wall, to fall . . .

I remember a nasty remark about these lines in Mayakovski's review of the work, which my father saved: "A fool prays to God and ends up cracking his skull."

Mikhail was a very reclusive person. His relatives had no dea of his interests. Once when my father, Donat, was a young actor, he ran into him backstage at the Bryansk Summer Theatre. Both brothers, it turned out, were part of the same touring theatrical revue. Mikhail was giving dramatic readings, and Donat was singing satirical songs.

So the two older brothers were drawn to art and literature. The youngest, Leopold, took a different route, a more practical one. He grew up a hustler.

At fourteen, he was speculating in tobacco around the port. He bought cigars from foreign sailors and sold them in the evening at the Zimmerman brothers' restaurant. Then he moved on to stockings and cosmetics. On request, he would escort foreigners to the brothel on Kosaya Street. Along with all this, he boxed at the Icarus Athletic Club and played the trumpet in the public gardens on Sundays. Before his eighteenth birthday, he had brought off his first genuine scam. It happened like this:

One day, a melancholy, modest youth entered one of the major stores of the city. Under his arm was a violin wrapped in crumpled newspaper. He went over to the proprietor, whose name I think was Tanakis, and said, "It's pouring outside, and I'm worried my violin will get wet. Could I leave it here for a little while?"

"Why not?" Tanakis answered indifferently.

An hour later, a well-dressed foreigner with an enormous, suspiciously red mustache appeared in the store. For a long time, he looked over the colonial goods set out on the shelves. Then he lifted some crumpled newspaper and exclaimed, "It can't be! I can't believe it! Tell me I'm dreaming! What a stroke of luck—a genuine Stradivarius! I'll buy it from you."

"It's not for sale," Tanakis said.

"But I'll pay any amount you want!"

"I'm very sorry—"

"Fifteen thousand in cash!"

"I truly regret this, Monsieur—"

"Twenty!" the foreigner shouted.

Tanakis blushed slightly. "I will speak to the fellow who owns it."

"To you I will give a generous commission. After all, this is a genuine Stradivarius! Oh, please don't forget, don't forget me!" And he left.

A while later, the pale youth returned. "I've come for my violin," he said.

"Sell it to me," Tanakis said.

"I cannot," the youth answered sadly. "Alas, I cannot. It was a gift from my grandfather. It's the only valuable thing I possess."

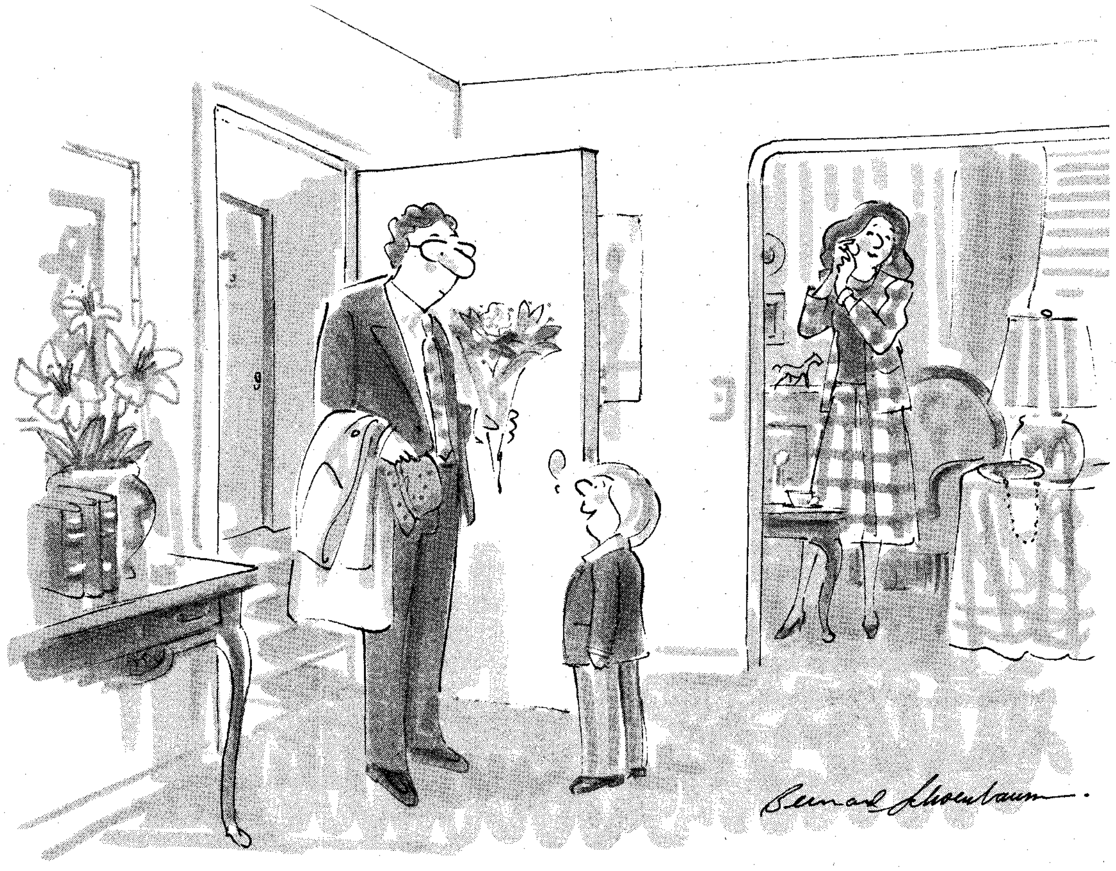
"I'll pay you two thousand in cash."

The young man was close to tears. "As it happens, I am in pressing need of funds. The money you offer would be extremely welcome. I would be able to go to a health resort, as Dr. Shvarts has recommended. But still, I cannot do it. It was a present—"

"Three," the store owner said.

"Alas, I cannot."

"Five!" Tanakis roared. Meantime, he must have been figuring to himself,



"Hi, I'm Gilbert. I come with the territory."

"I give this kid five, the foreigner pays me twenty plus commission, that comes to . . ."

"Grandfather, forgive me," the young man whimpered. "Forgive me and don't be angry. Circumstances force me to take this step!"

Tanakis was already counting out the bills. The youth kissed the violin. Then, close to sobbing, he left. Tanakis rubbed his hands in satisfaction.

The young man turned the corner and stopped, carefully counted the money, took the enormous red mustache out of his pocket and threw it in a ditch. Then he marched off.

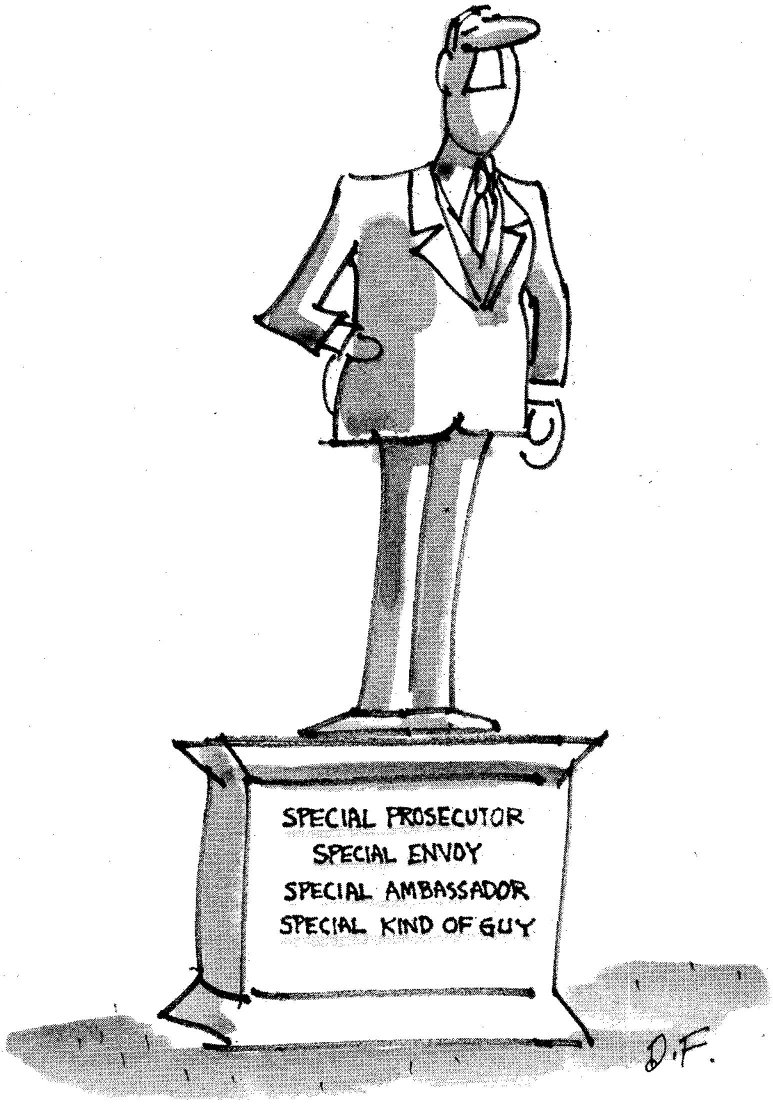
A few months later, Leopold ran away from Vladivostok. He got to China in the hold of an ocean liner, where a rat bit him. From China he headed for Europe, and he settled for some reason in Belgium.

Stern as ever, Grandpa Isak refused to read his postcards. "A no-goodnik," Grandpa said. "A blot on the family name." And he seemed to forget Leopold's existence.

Grandma wept and prayed in secret. "In that Belgium there, most likely, there are nothing but goyim," she kept saying.

A few years went by. The dark times of Stalin's rule began. Mail from Leopold stopped getting through.

Then a fellow named Monya arrived from the West. He brought news of Leopold and stayed with Grandpa and Grandma for a week. He said Leopold had gone into business for himself. Monya was enthusiastic about the sweep of Stalin's five-year plans. He liked to sing the inspirational song "Fly forward, our locomotive!" At the same time, he was plainly ill-bred. He would roar from the toilet room, so that the whole apartment could hear, "Paper! Paper!" And Grandma would slip a newspaper under the door.



Then Monya left Russia, very pleased with his visit. A few months later, Grandpa was arrested, accused of spying for Belgium, and shot.

Specific grounds for this charge were not cited. It was enough to have relatives living abroad. Though maybe it mattered that Grandpa was not enthusiastic about the sweep of Stalin's five-year plans. Then, too, he was a little too noticeable—tall, angry, and loud-voiced. Under dictators, people who stand out do not fare well.

FOR a long time, the youngest brother went largely unmentioned, all the more so when Donat and Mikhail moved from Vladivostok to Leningrad. My father became a stage director in that city.

Leningrad was also the destination of a young aspiring actress from Georgia. That was how my parents met and how everything conspired, as they say, to bring about my birth.

In the next few years, a great deal happened: war, victory, yet another flareup of terror. Mikhail had died of tuberculosis during the siege of Leningrad; Grandma died after the war. My parents divorced. Leopold's existence was barely remembered.

And then the comparatively libera Khrushchev years began. Leopold's name began to turn up in my father's conversation—was he still alive? stil in Europe?—and for me his escapades took their place among the adventures of Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Rei heroes. One day in 1961, my fathe happened to be passing the central telegraph office in Leningrad. He stopped in to chat with a friend who was clerk there. From her he learned tha the office housed a complete set o telephone books of the capitals of Europe. My father asked for the Brussel telephone book, and immediately found his own rather uncommon last name

"Could I actually make a call t Brussels?" he asked.

"Why not?"

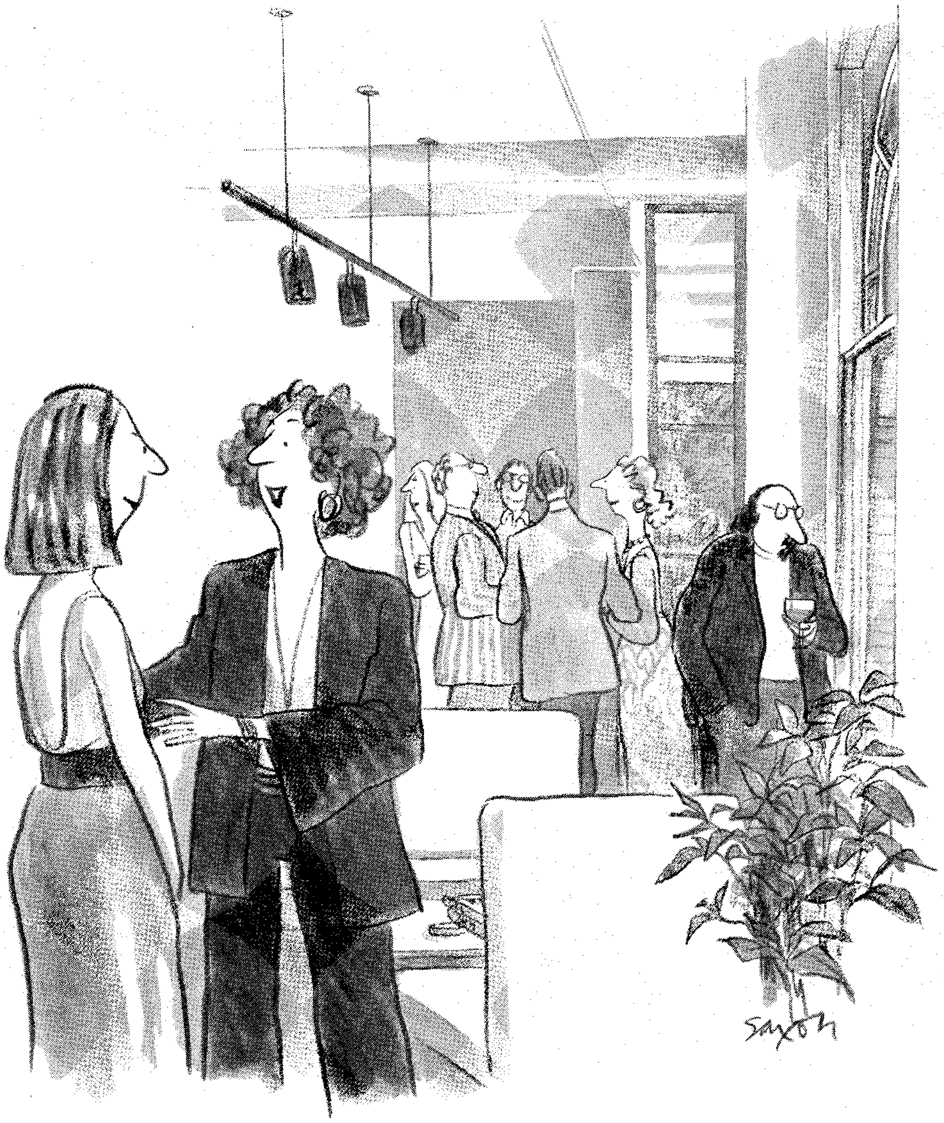
Within three minutes, they had th Brussels number for him. A familia voice said distinctly "Hello!"

"Leopold!" my father screamed.

"Hold on, Dodik," Leopold said. "I'l shut off the TV."

The brothers bega to correspond. Leopol wrote that he had wife named Helene, son and a daughter he also had a poodle who was called Igor That he had his ow business. That he sol lumber and building materials. Tha lumber was gettin more expensive, whic suited him fine. Tha inflation had nevertheless nearly ruined him Leopold described hi poverty in this manner: "All my house need repairs. Th parking lot hasn't been repaved in four years."

My father's letter sounded a bit mor sunny: "I am a write and theatre director. live in a small, coz apartment." (He referred here to his tin room, partitioned of with plywood.) "M



"Come and meet Mr. Haelkamp. He's the little painter we're beginning to collect."

vife has just been motoring through he Baltic republics." (Actually, my ather's second wife did sometimes take union bus to Riga to buy stockings.) "And, as for inflation, I have no idea vhat it is."

My father besieged Leopold with nementos of Russia. He sent him a vhole flotilla of wooden spoons and owls, a cupronickel replica of Leo Tolstoy's samovar, several figurines in emiprecious Ural stone, and a jubilee dition of Maeterlinck the size of a eadstone.

Leopold responded with a snowy nen handkerchief in a beautiful packge. Then he sent my father a nylon-icot pullover bearing the words EDDIE SHAPIRO—WHEELS AND TIRES."

My father was not to be outdone. Ie called up a friend who was a city fficial, and with his help managed to btain a one-of-a-kind souvenir: a uge block of sugar weighing about our kilograms and shaped like an arllery piece. It bore the inscription, in ld lettering, "TRADING HOUSE OF IRST GUILD MERCHANT, ELPIDIFOR OMIN."

It was an exact copy of a pre-Revoutionary sugar carving. Such objects ere very much in vogue in the hrushchev years. The intelligentsia ould decorate their apartments with ntiques, which were difficult to obain. They were only sold in special ores closed to everyone but members f the high-ranking élite.

My father's connection had to be anked with cognac. The one-of-a-ind souvenir was sent off to Leopold.

Two months later, my father was otified that a package from abroad ad arrived for him. It weighed ten nd a half kilograms and had a tariff f sixty-eight rubles due on it.

My father became terrifically exited. On the way to the post office, he ept fantasizing aloud, "A tape reorder . . . a sheepskin coat . . . whisey . . ." He asked me, "How much o you think a sheepskin coat weighs?"

"About three kilos," I said.

"So he must have sent three sheepkin coats."

The clerk at the central post office rought out a heavy box. "We'll take taxi back," my father said.

Finally we reached home. Laughing ervously, my father got out a chisel nd pried off the plywood top, which ame away with a squeal.

"That idiot!" my father groaned. nside the box were ten kilograms of yellowish granulated sugar. My father raged on. "That no-goodnik! Thinks we're savages! I send him an amazing object and he figures we don't have granulated sugar!"

• •

ABOUT eight years later, the time of emigration began. The Soviet intelligentsia headed for the West. This included our own loony family, and with good reason, since by that time I had become a "suppressed" writer and had even spent some time in jail.

My wife and daughter were the first of us to leave. They stayed in Rome for a while and then moved on to America. Then my mother and I managed to get exit visas. My father was still hesitating. I took Leopold's address with me when I left.

My mother and I waited in Austria for permission to enter the States. The owner of the Hotel Reinhardt in Vienna was very kind to us. Every morning, we were served tea with warm rolls and jam. Every morning, the owner would invariably ask, "Would you like a shot of vodka?" He also lent us a radio and an electric toaster.

Sometimes he and I would sit and talk in the evening. I learned that Reinhardt had come from East Germany, that he was a construction engineer by training, that the hotel business was not much to his liking, though it brought in a good deal of money.

"Are you married?" I asked.

"Erica lives in Salzburg."

"They say that marriages on the brink of divorce are the ones that last the longest."

"We've gone beyond the brink, but

somehow we're still married. Does that surprise you?"

"No," I said.

"Did you ever belong to the Party?"

"No. In my opinion, the Party should consist of one person."

"That's the truth. What about the Youth League?"

"Yes. That happens automatically."

"I understand. How do you like the West?"

"After prison I like everything."

"My father was arrested in 1940. He called Hitler '*das braune Schwein.*' "

"Was he a Communist?"

"No. He wasn't a Commie. He wasn't even Red. He just stood out. He was an educated man. He knew Latin. Do you know Latin?"

"No."

"Neither do I. And my children won't know it, either, which is a pity. I suspect that Latin and Rod Stewart don't go together."

"Who is Rod Stewart?"

"A madman with a guitar. Would you like a glass of vodka?"

"I would."

"I'll bring some sandwiches."

"Not essential."

"You're right."

I HAD written to Uncle Leopold soon after we arrived. He called the hotel and announced that he would fly to Vienna at the end of the week. He would be staying at the Coliseum Hotel, he said, and asked me not to eat breakfast on Saturday. "I'm taking you out to a good restaurant," he said.

Saturday morning, I sat in the Coliseum lobby. This hotel was a sight more elegant than ours. Rare breeds of dog were being walked through the lobby. The man checking coats looked like a movie star.

At exactly eleven, my uncle came downstairs. I recognized him at once. Leopold looked much like my father—tall, elegant, with a beautiful set of false teeth. Beside him walked a youthful-looking woman.

I knew that I ought to embrace this man, who was, in actuality, a complete stranger. We embraced. I kissed Helene's hand, in which she held an umbrella.

"Are you huge!" Leopold shouted. "And where's Mama?"

"She wasn't feeling too well."

"What a pity! I saw her photograph. You look very much like her."

I handed him a package. In it was caviar, wooden *matreshki* dolls, and a linen tablecloth.

"Thank you! We'll leave this with the porter. I have some presents for you, too, but now we'll go to the restaurant. Do you like restaurants?"

"Somehow I never thought about it."

"This place has nice music, beautiful women. . . . What do you plan to do in America?"

"I don't really know."

"Do you have any sort of profession?"

"Basically, I'm a writer. I write."

"In English?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"That kind of work doesn't pay very well."

"That's not important."

"Don't be so sure."

"It seems to me money is not the main thing."

We walked toward the center of town. Leopold talked non-stop. Helene smiled in silence.

"Look at all these cars! Have you ever seen foreign cars before?"

"Yes, Leningrad was full of tourists."

"Do you want to get a car?"

"They say you have to have one in America."

"Vienna is a small city. So is Brussels, for that matter. There are much bigger cars in America. And wha stores they have there! Are there department stores in Leningrad?"

"There are some," I said.

"I heard you were having a bi economic crisis there."

"I hadn't noticed. We're probabl just used to them."

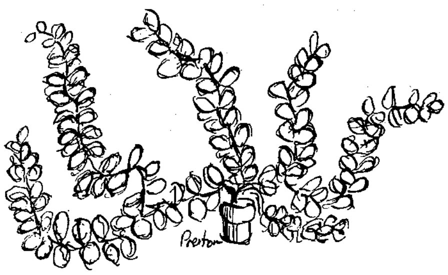
"So then why did you leave?"

"At the moment," I said, "it's th thing to do."

"You're so enormous! I bet the ladies like you?"

"That remains to be seen."

"I understand. Your wife is alread in America. We saw her in Rome. Sh had some plastic thing instead of handbag. I bought her a good leathe purse for sixty dollars. Halt, everyone This is where we'll eat. I've alway found this a fine restaurant."



We went inside, took off our coats and sat down at a table by the window A little band was playing the usua restaurant music, not too loudly. Beautiful women, somehow, were nowher in sight.

"Order anything you want," Leopold said. "Maybe you'd like a steak or some game?"

"Anything at all. Whatever yo choose."

"Please address me in the familia form. After all, I'm your uncle."

"Whatever you choose."

"Some delicacies, perhaps? Do yo like delicacies?"

"I don't know."

"How can that be?" Leopold exclaimed.

"Anything will be fine."

My uncle got slightly offended

THE BELFAST TUNE

Here's a girl from a dangerous town.
 She crops her dark hair short
so that less of her has to frown
 when someone gets hurt.

She folds her memories like a parachute.
 Dropped, she collects the peat
and cooks her veggies at home: they shoot
 here where they eat.

Ah, there's more sky in these parts than, say,
 ground. Hence her voice's pitch,
and her stare stains your retina like a gray
 bulb when you switch

hemispheres, and her knee-length quilt
 skirt's cut to catch the squall.
I dream of her either loved or killed
 because the town's too small.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

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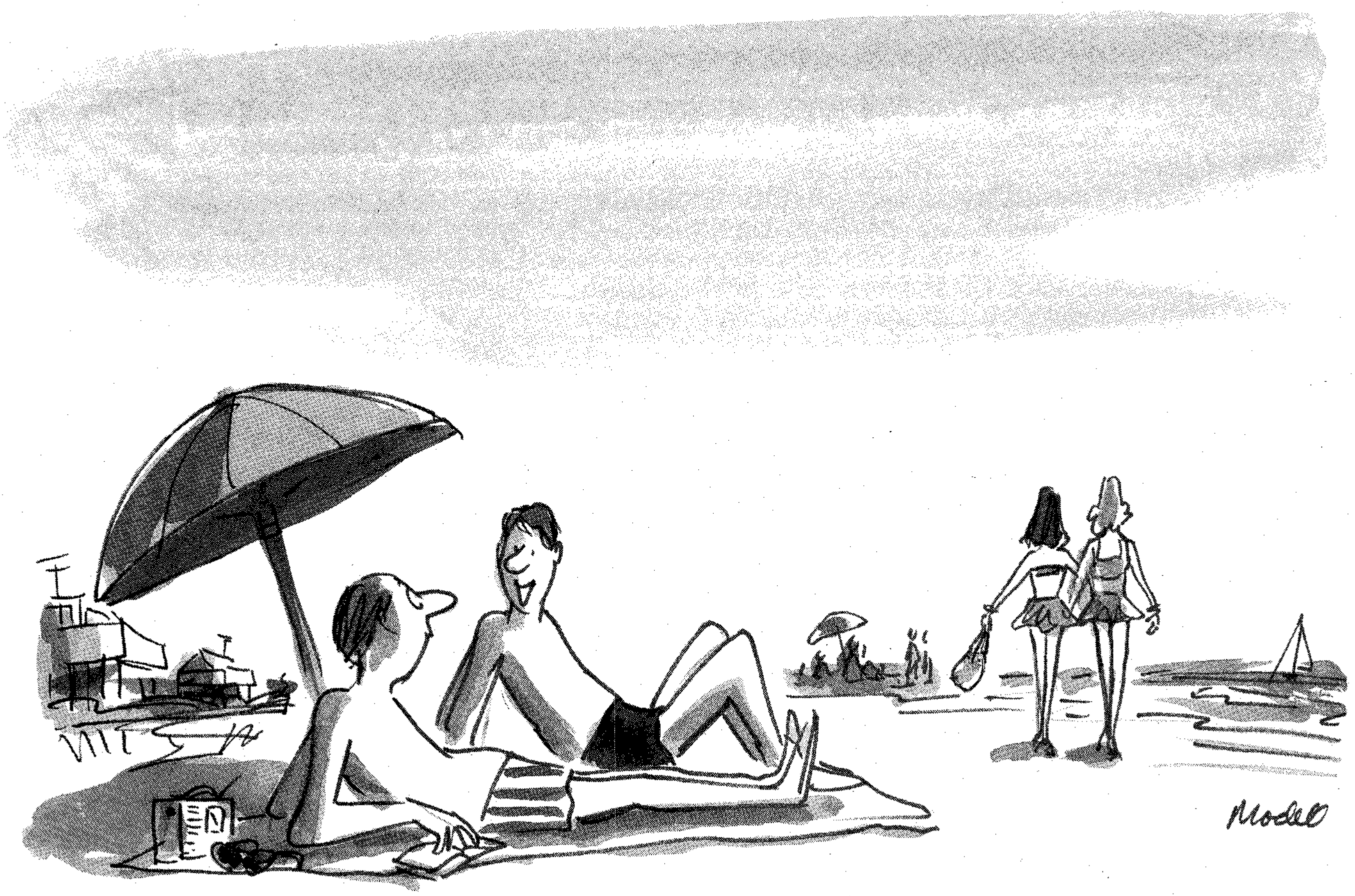


“I don’t know anything about women, but I know what I like.”

• •

“You have to take these things seriously.” Then he added, “I love delicacies, but I’ve got a sick liver. I’ll order you a salmon pâté and some asparagus.”

“Excellent.”

“And what will you drink?”

“Something strong. Would vodka be all right?”

“It’s too early. I think either white wine or tea.”

“Tea,” I said.

“And pistachio ice cream.”

“Fine.”

“What would you like to drink?” Leopold asked his wife.

“Vodka,” Helene said.

“What?” Leopold asked her again.

“Vodka, vodka, vodka!” she said.

A waiter came to our table. He was dark-haired and stocky, probably Yugoslavian or Hungarian.

“This is my nephew from Russia,” Leopold said.

“Really? Just a moment,” the waiter said.

He disappeared, and the music suddenly stopped. There was a light riffling sound of sheet music. Then I heard the opening bars of “Moscow Nights.”

The waiter reappeared. His face was now glowing and shiny.

“Thank you,” I said.

“He’ll get a good tip,” Leopold whispered to me. The waiter took our order, smiling mysteriously, like a trusty accomplice helping with a difficult, risky undertaking.

“Oh yes, I almost forgot,” Leopold exclaimed. “Can you tell me how my parents died? I kept asking your father in my letters, but he never did say.”

“Grandma Raya died in 1946 of heart failure. I remember her a little.”

“And your grandpa?”

“I never knew him. He was arrested before the war.”

“Arrested? For what?”

“Just arrested. In those days, it happened all the time.”

“Was he against the Communists?”

“I don’t think so.”

“So what did he do? What reason did they give?”

“Huge numbers of people were arrested during that time. It had nothing to do with reason.”

“God, what a savage place,” Leopold said in a muffled voice. “Explain it to me.”

“I’m afraid I couldn’t. Dozens of books have been written about it.”

Leopold wiped his eyes with a handkerchief. “I can’t read books. I work too hard. . . . So then he died in prison?”

I didn’t feel like telling him that Grandfather had been shot. Even mentioning the arrest led nowhere good. To explain, I’d seem to be saying Leopold was indirectly to blame. And anyway, how could he understand?

“He died in prison?”

I nodded.

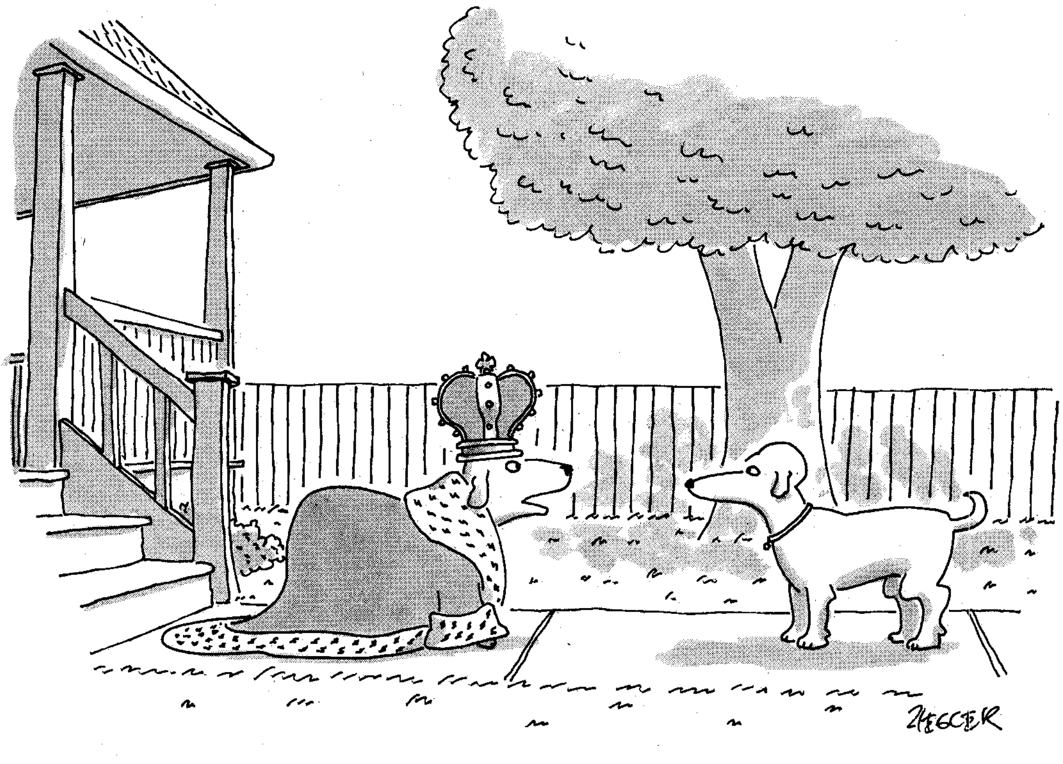
“What an awful country! I’ve been to America, to Israel, I’ve been everywhere in Europe, but I would never go to Russia. It’s good for chess and for ballet, but that’s it. That and police action. Do you like chess?”

“I like to play. Otherwise, I don’t care much about it.” There was a strong note of idiocy in this answer. I must have been getting tired.

“The ballet is excellent. Helene always goes when the Bolshoi comes to Brussels. Do you like ballet?”

“I don’t understand much about it.”

“It’s a sort of nonsense, with those apparitions,” he said. Then he added,



"They say that every dog has its day, and this apparently is mine."

• •

"Well, fine. That's enough about Russia. You can't get worked up about things like that or life loses its charm." And Leopold bent intently over his plate. Then he asked, "Your father plans to emigrate?"

"I hope so."

"What will he do in the West?"

"Get old. In America they'll give him a small pension."

"On the money they give, you can't have much fun."

"We'll manage," I said.

"Dodik always was a romantic. Mikhail was another. It's no wonder he died of tuberculosis. They were romantics, they were interested in art, they wrote poems. I, on the other hand, grew up entirely healthy. It's good you look like your mother. I saw a photograph of her. You resemble her a great deal."

"Yes, we're often mistaken for each other," I said.

The waiter brought the ice cream. My uncle lowered his voice and said, "If you need any money, just tell me."

"We have enough."

"But still, if you ever need money, let me know."

"Good."

"And now let's take a look around the city. I'll get a taxi."

One thing I liked about my uncle was the great speed at which he moved. Wherever we happened to be, he kept saying, "Very soon now we're going to have supper."

He took us to a restaurant in the center of the city, where we dined on a terrace. A Hungarian quartet played music. My uncle danced with his wife in an elegant, affectionate way. Then he noticed that Helene was tired.

"Let's go back to the hotel," Leopold said. "I have some presents for you."

In the hotel, when he had gone off for a moment, Helene turned to me and whispered, "Don't be angry with him. He's a good man, even if he is a little primitive."

I was completely unnerved. I hadn't known she spoke Russian. She had hardly said a word, except "vodka," since we met. I would have liked to talk with her, and now it was too late.

I GOT back home about nine, carrying a package in which a bottle of eau de cologne for my mother made lapping noises. I had put the tie and cufflinks in my pocket.

The hotel lobby was empty. Reinhardt was tapping at a calculator. "I ought to get new linoleum," he said.

"Not a bad idea."

"Let's have a drink."

"With pleasure."

"The Czech student group took all the shot glasses. Can you drink out of a small paper cup?"

"Once I only had an eyeglass case to drink from, and I managed."

Reinhardt lifted his eyebrows in admiration. We each drank down a paper cup of brandy.

"You can always sleep down here if you want to," he said, "though the couch is pretty narrow."

"Once I even slept on a gynecological table."

Reinhardt looked at me with even greater respect. We drank again.

"I'm not going to get new linoleum," he said. "I changed my mind, since the world is doomed anyway. Humanity is in a grievous state."

"That's how it is," I said.

"Seven angels with seven trumpets have prepared themselves to sound."

Someone knocked at the door.

"Don't open it," Reinhardt said. "It's the pale horse . . . and his name that sat on him was Death."

We drank again.

"I'd better go up," I said. "Mama will start worrying."

"Be well," Reinhardt said, with some difficulty. "All hail sleep! For sleep is inactivity, and inactivity is the only moral condition known to man. All waking activity finishes in corruption. *Ciao!*"

"Goodbye," I said. "Life is absurd. Life is absurd if only because I feel closer to a German than I do to my own uncle!"

I spent time with Reinhardt every day after that. He never did get new linoleum.

I didn't see Uncle Leopold again. He went back to Brussels. For a time we exchanged letters. Then my mother and I left for the States, and the correspondence petered out. A couple of times I've thought of calling him. What I should probably do is send him a New Year's card.

—SERGEI DOVLATOV

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Anne Frydman.*)

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CITY WEATHER

Partly cloudy skies with a slight chance of rain. Highs in the 50s, lows in the 60s.—*San Francisco Progress.*

That's California for you.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GETTING THE STORY—I

EARLY July, 1986, was a bad time in KwaNdebele. It was an especially bad time to be lost in KwaNdebele. A state of emergency had been declared throughout South Africa the month before, suspending most of the country's few remaining civil liberties, and the emergency regulations for KwaNdebele—a small Bantustan, or "black self-governing state," northeast of Pretoria—were particularly harsh. They barred all nonresidents from the territory and effectively placed KwaNdebele's five hundred thousand residents under house arrest between the hours of 9 P.M. and 5 A.M. A Johannesburg newspaper headline had labelled KwaNdebele "A NO-GO AREA." But we had gone there anyway—Jon Qwelane, a reporter for the Johannesburg *Star;* Herbert Mabuza, a photographer for he *Star;* and I—and now we were ost.

I had wanted to bring along a map, but Qwelane had insisted we leave it n the city, explaining, "If they find hat sort of thing on us, they'll just hrow us straight in jail." Mabuza had aid he knew the way to the mission tation we wanted to reach, but it eemed that he had dozed past the unction. I drove swiftly down a two-ane highway, swerving to avoid goats nd donkey carts and burned-out cars. Low hills of stony semi-desert, some of them covered with shacks, all of hem bone-dry in the rainless highveld winter, rose and fell around us. We overtook a van and signalled to he driver to pull over. The man ooked startled when he saw me, a white man, driving. He pulled over. Qwelane went back to speak to him. Mabuza and I waited in the car, watching in the rearview mirror and hewing on some dried beef we had bought at a country store north of Pretoria. When Qwelane eturned, he was shaking his head. "That poor guy was so scared he could hardly speak. He thinks t's back the other way."

I had been lost a lot over the preceding six weeks. I had been spendng time with some of Johannesburg's black newspaper reporters, tryng to understand somehing of what their lives were like, and one thing I had learned was that they spent a large part of their professional lives asking people for directions. Nearly always, their beats were the black townships and the Bantustans—places not known for street signs or house numbers. Maps tended to be useless as well as dangerous. Black reporters and their drivers either developed remarkable powers of intuitive navigation or missed their deadlines. And even asking people for directions required special skills. Around Johannesburg, it had to be done in any of six or seven languages, and, in the extremely tense atmosphere of the past couple of years, it had to be done very sensitively. Black people's first assumption was always that strangers worked for "the system"—that is, the police. Strangers in cars were especially suspect, and, in addition, the *Star's* press cars were bulky Toyotas, which bore an unfortunate resemblance to unmarked police cars. (Except under the hood: the engines were small, and the reporters detested them.) People tended to shy away from the cars, and even to bolt when one pulled up alongside. My presence complicated matters. Black men and white men driving together in the townships are nearly always police. The drivers at the *Star*, who were black, would see me arrive in their basement garage with one of the black reporters, shudder, and immediately announce that they were all busy and we would have to drive ourselves. The only words I could understand in the ensuing arguments were "unrest" and "necklace" and "self-drive," but the problem was clear: the drivers considered it too dangerous to have me in their cars. That morning, when we explained that we wanted to go to KwaNdebele one old man had kept running his finger around his neck, indicating the "necklace"—the gasoline-soaked burning tire used by angry mobs to execute suspected enemies. We were in a rush, and decided that I would drive.

KwaNdebele had the blasted, frightening look of a war zone. The few shops we saw were all gutted. A turquoise beer hall fronted by a primitive arcade had large black tongues of charred paint licking up its walls from each arch of the arcade. More alarming than all the signs of recent violence, though, were the immense shantytowns sprawled across the bare hills, with the houses packed as densely as in any urban township. Most of the houses were makeshift concoctions of cardboard, plastic, and corrugated metal. Many were simply packing crates with a doorway and a smoke hole cut out. Rocks anchored the roofs against high winds. Clearly, there was no electricity, no plumbing, no running water; everywhere, women and girls could be seen trudging down the dusty lanes with plastic water jugs on their heads. There were obviously no jobs in the area. Hundreds of thousands of people were marooned out in these huge bush ghettos. "And they wonder why we call this country a concentration camp," Qwelane muttered. "These people truly have nothing left to lose."

KwaNdebele had put Qwelane, who is normally the most entertaining of men, in a terse, uncommunicative mood. In the morning, he had been amusing Mabuza and me with stories inspired by the country we drove through: a yarn about children who hate cabbage when we passed a truck full of cabbages; memories of various close calls on assignments in this district; a rhapsody about the beauty of the eastern Transvaal, its flowers and waterfalls and peaceful villages—"Then along comes a Boer to spoil the whole effect," he had ended, with a smile. Now he slumped in the back seat, drumming his fingers lightly on a slim yellow box ("Mills: England's Luxury Cigarette"), chain-smoking, and watching the landscape grumpily. Qwelane has a reputation for being able to

MEADOWLARK COUNTRY

Speaking of the skylark in a New England classroom—
nonbird, upward-twirler, Old World hyperbole—
I thought how the likewise ground-nesting
Western meadowlark, rather than soar unsupported
out over the cattle range at daybreak, takes up
its post on a fencepost. I heard them out there,
once, by the hundreds, one after another:
a liquid millennium arising
from the still eastward-looking venue of the dark—

like the still-evolving venue of the young, the faces
eastward-turning, bright with a mute,
ancestral, individual puzzlement.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

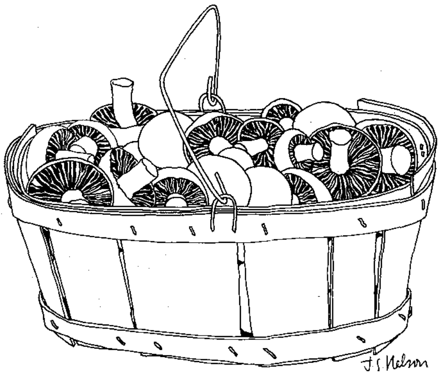
spot the authorities—the police, the Army—before anyone else. "You have to be able to sniff a cop in a crowd of a thousand people," he once told me. And I had seen him do it. But that was in town, where there were crowds and alleys and doorways to duck into. His intimate knowledge of every street in Soweto was of no use to us out here. And even Qwelane has not always managed to elude his enemies. He has a habit of turning his head to one side when others are talking, for he has been deaf in one ear ever since 1978, when he received a brutal beating from two off-duty white policemen.

Qwelane is thirty-four and looks older. From some angles, his face reminds me of Nelson Mandela's—as Mandela appears in photographs taken when he was over sixty. Qwelane has strong cheekbones, narrow eyes, a small head, powerful shoulders, the beginnings of a belly, milk-chocolate-colored skin, a sparse mustache, and a very sparse collection of chin whiskers. Qwelane's father was Xhosa (their family name is pronounced Kwe-LAH-nee, with a distinctive Xhosa "click" at the beginning), and he is classified as Xhosa under the apartheid system of racial and ethnic classification, but his mother is Tswana, and Tswana is his mother tongue. (Qwelane speaks six languages: Tswana, Xhosa, Zulu, South Sotho, English, and Afrikaans.) Besides his deaf ear, the marks of the kind of life he leads include a slight limp—the result of a gunshot wound that left him with a steel pin in his leg—and a missing left front tooth, which gives him a great raffish grin. On that day in KwaNdebele, he wore a well-cut gray-blue suit, with his necktie loosened in the manner of serious journalists everywhere. Except on weekends, I had never seen Qwelane in anything but a suit. It is one of the small things that distinguish him from his fellow black reporters, who all wear multipocketed canvas safari jackets, which they call lumberjackets.

Qwelane is the senior black reporter at the *Star*. Officially, he is on the staff of the *Sunday Star*—its only black reporter—and in that capacity he usually tries to "bank stories for the weekend," as he puts it. In practice, he works closely with the staff of the daily *Star*, and his stories often appear there, too. He enjoys an unusual amount of job freedom, partly because of his anomalous staff position, partly because of his seniority, but mostly because of his temperament. He is not known for his deference to authority. Indeed, Qwelane's editors had refused him permission to go to KwaNdebele, citing the danger and the official restrictions. That was why we had been in such a hurry to leave that morning—the editors were in a meeting, and Qwelane wanted to be gone before they noticed he was missing.

The government's reluctance to have conditions in KwaNdebele exposed was understandable. This "self-governing state," which is somewhat smaller than Long Island and only a few years old, has become a major dumping ground for black South Africans displaced by a variety of causes, including the mass eviction of farm workers from their homes after the abolition of the tenant-labor system, the forced removal of black residents (including landowners) from areas designated for whites only, the persecution of non-Tswana residents in the Bantustan of Bophuthatswana, and the chronic, deliberate (it was part of government policy) shortage of housing and land in the urban townships. The rationale for the Bantustan system was centered on the idea of ethnic states—each of ten Bantustans was the "homeland" of a black "tribe" and would eventually become that tribe's "country" as it achieved its "independence" from white-ruled South Africa—but KwaNdebele did not fit the rationale. The Ndebele-speaking people had no "homeland" in South Africa. After being defeated by the Boers in the nineteenth century, some fled across the Limpopo River to what is now Zimbabwe. Those who stayed behind were scattered through the Transvaal as indentured laborers on white farms. Nearly all the residents of what the government had decided was KwaNdebele had arrived in the area since the mid-nineteen-seventies, and fewer than half of them were Ndebele-speaking. They were Zulus, Pedis, Vendas, Tsongas. What brought people to KwaNdebele was not tribal identity but desperation and dispossession imposed by the apartheid state. These great shack cities, which had sprung up virtually overnight, even bore bleak Afrikaans names: Kwaggafontein, Vlaklaagte, Tweefontein E.

The National Party government in Pretoria, undeterred by the fact that KwaNdebele was probably the least viable, politically and economically, of all the ten Bantustans—four of which were already "independent," not one of which remotely resembled a country—had recently decided to grant this tiny patch of rural misery independence. That was what all the fighting was about. Not everyone in KwaNdebele was enthusiastic about independence, which was scheduled for later in the year. The burned cars we passed had belonged to Mbokodo, a vigilante group organized and armed by the Bantustan authorities to impress upon the people of KwaNdebele the case for independence. The scorched and roofless huts we could see among the endless rows of shacks had been the homes of supporters of one side or the other.

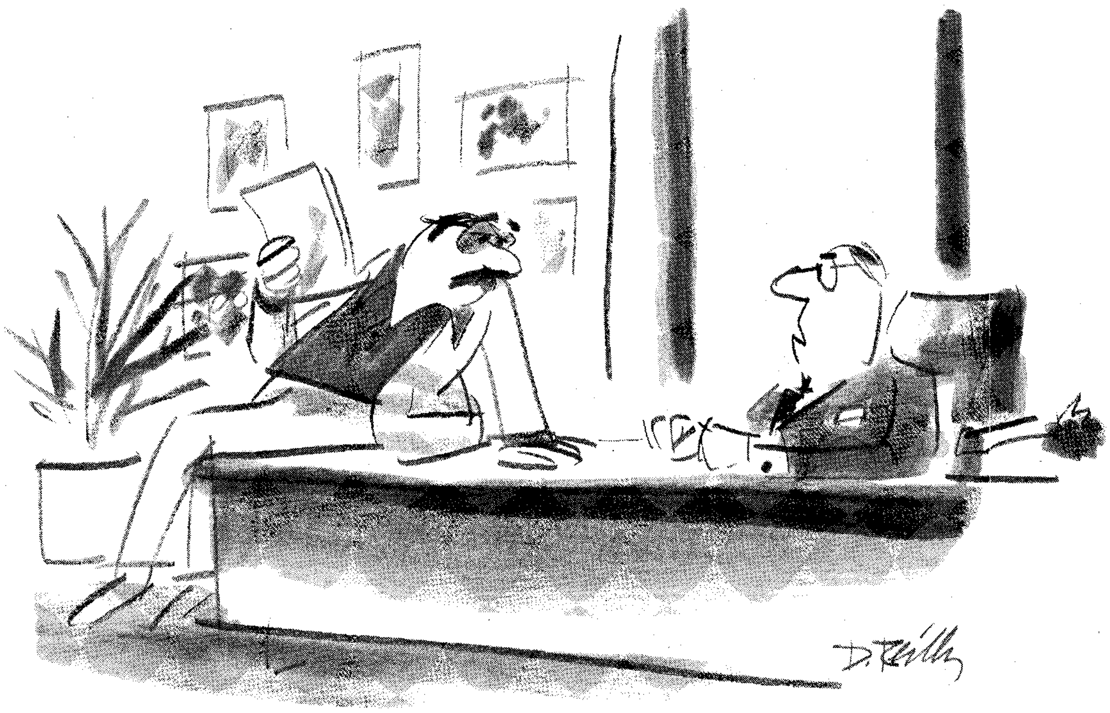


"I love this planet!"

• •

The pro-independence faction was actually small. It comprised the few Bantustan politicians and businessmen who stood to profit, and their hirelings. People often say that a Bantustan leader receives three things when he accepts independence: a sash of office, a palace, and a prison. A new prison and a new capital, with posh homes for the leaders, were, in fact, among the independence projects that Pretoria had promised the officials of KwaNdebele. More booty than that is available to those who administer Bantustans, however, and much of it can be had with or without independence. The Chief Minister, Simon Skosana, and his cronies in the KwaNdebele Cabinet already controlled virtually every business enterprise in the area, from liquor sales to construction, and since they were also the sole distributors of business licenses their hold on the local economy was something of a death grip. As a group, they were not known for their sophistication—most of the Cabinet had been required by their masters in Pretoria to attend literacy classes, and Chief Minister Skosana, a former truck driver with five wives, had never finished primary school—but they had shown a certain cunning in their negotiations with the state over independence. In late 1985, they had received from Pretoria a large chunk of adjoining land for incorporation into KwaNdebele. It seemed to matter not at all that most of the hundred and twenty thousand residents of the area in question, known as Moutse, were Sotho-speaking and had no desire to be pushed into KwaNdebele. Moutse was a comparatively fertile, prosperous area whose leaders had no leverage on Pretoria. Indeed, when the residents of Moutse objected to their annexation, they were visited by a large vigilante force led by members of the KwaNdebele Cabinet. The vigilantes, who were officially launched as Mbokodo a few weeks later, kidnapped more than four hundred men and boys, trucked them to a meeting hall in KwaNdebele, and tortured them for more than twenty-four hours. Chief Minister Skosana and members of his Cabinet personally oversaw the torture, which resulted in the death of at least two people and left many of the others maimed for life.

Resistance to the independence plan grew rapidly after that, not only in Moutse but throughout KwaNdebele. Students (there are around a hundred schools in KwaNdebele), workers, even teachers and civil servants began to express their opposition. Pretoria denied any connection with Mbokodo, but there were many reports that the South African security forces were working closely with the vigilantes. Pretoria had a great deal invested in KwaNdebele independence; the denationalization of as many black South Africans as possible remained, after all, the basic scheme for continued white-minority rule in South Afri-



"On the Coast, you sit on the desk. In New York, you don't sit on the desk."

ca. President P. W. Botha was said to be dealing personally with Simon Skosana. Mbokodo, in any case, had clearly been given a free hand to move against its critics. Youths were press-ganged into the vigilante ranks, and large detention camps were established, where captured opponents were severely tortured. Some were made to run across a yard of burning coals. No one knows how many did not survive.

The "comrades," as the youths among the anti-independence forces came to be known, started fighting back: boycotting their schools, holding mass meetings in the bush at night, and employing the necklace against their enemies. By May of 1986, KwaNdebele had turned into a killing ground. Much of what occurred there was what government spokesmen call "black-on-black violence," and the situation was indeed a perfect example of the regime's long-standing strategy for governing the black majority: provide scant resources, put a ruthless clique in control, and watch everyone else exhaust himself trying to wrest away that control—in a phrase, divide and rule. Yet the conflict in KwaNdebele had a focus—Bantustan independence—that struck close to Pretoria's heart. As a result, journalists were harshly discouraged from covering events there, and when the June, 1986, state of emergency was imposed the reporting ceased altogether.

Originally, we had arranged to meet a group of comrades from KwaNdebele at the house of an activist in Pretoria. A missionary from the area was supposed to bring them to town. We had been looking forward to the meeting: the value of the story had been rising rapidly since we learned that the group coming to Pretoria would include a member of Skosana's Cabinet who was considering switching sides, a member of the Ndebele royal family, Prince James Mahlangu, who was opposed to independence, and Peter Skosana, Simon's eighteen-year-old son. Peter reportedly still had scars on his face from a beating that had been administered by his own father's goons. He was said to be a leader of the comrades.

Alas, nobody had turned up for the Pretoria meeting except us. The activist tried for an hour to telephone the mission in KwaNdebele. When she finally got through, the priest, who had recently spent several weeks in detention, told her that the entire party was still at the mission, that the Army was out in force that morning in KwaNdebele, that "a ring of steel" had been thrown around the Bantustan for some unknown reason, and that they could not move. We asked if we couldn't try to come to them. The priest said that that would be suicidal, apologized, and hung up.

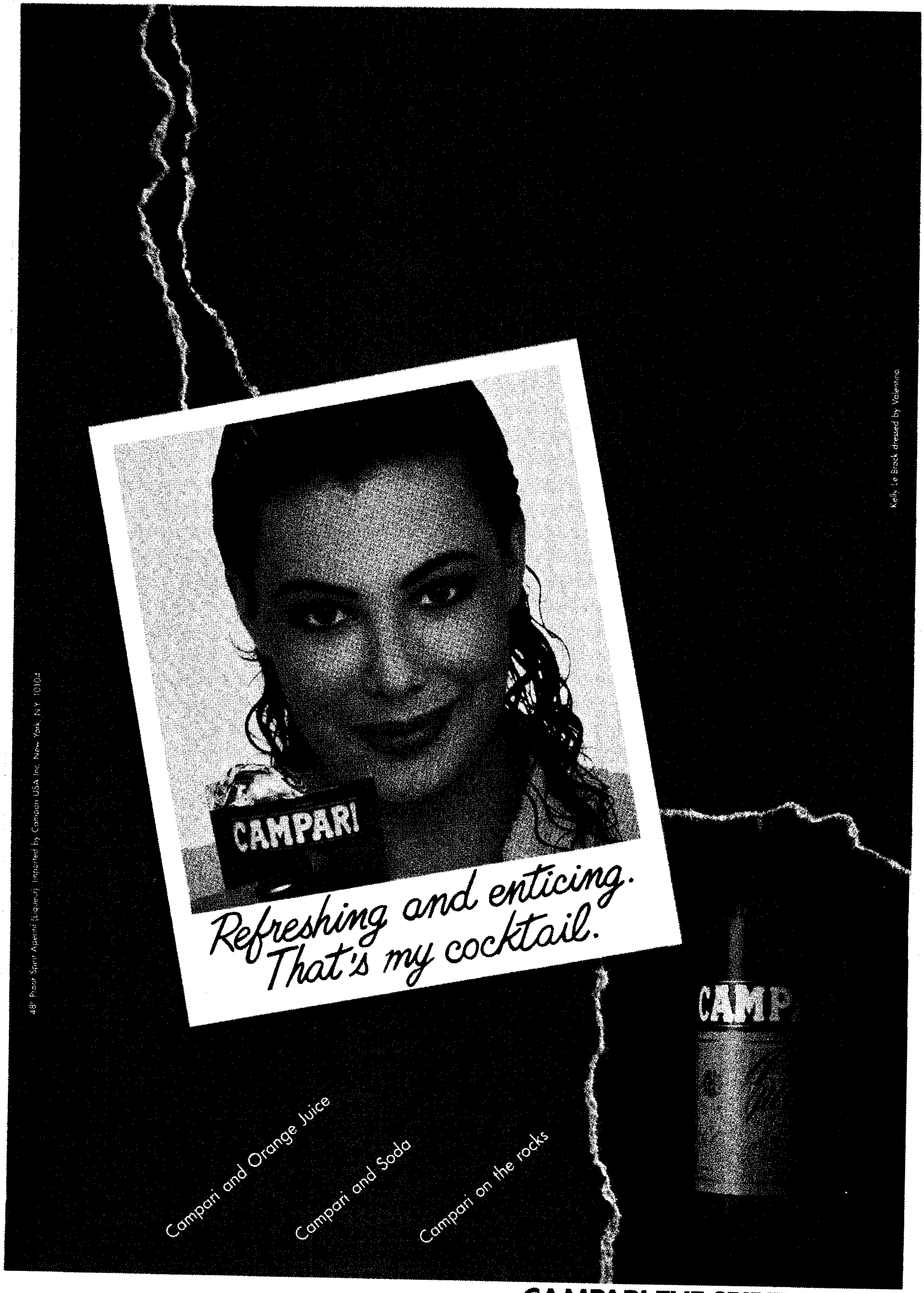
We sat in disgruntled silence for a while. Finally, Qwelane finished his coffee, stood up, and said, "In that case, I think there is only one thing for us to do, gents."

Our hostess, a woman of documented courage, muttered, "Maybe another day."

Qwelane said, "Let's go to KwaNdebele."

If we had had the comrades with us, we would never have got lost. "But we would never have seen so much of this beautiful place," Herbert Mabuza said. "All this beautiful countryside. All these friendly people." Mabuza has a high, cheerful voice that somehow makes sarcasm musical. His English has an educated ring to it, although he never finished high school. He was a senior in Soweto at the time of the great student uprising of 1976, and his involvement in student politics earned him eighteen months in solitary confinement. After his release, as Mabuza tells it, he just sat around listlessly for a couple of years, "in some kind of shock." When he woke up, he got interested in photography, and he was soon one of the best black news photographers in the country. Mabuza is short, roly-poly, emotional, and a teetotalling Catholic. He lives in Soweto with his parents, his wife, and his daughter, and wears wire-rimmed glasses and expensive-looking shoes. He likes to recall the time he spent working with Benjamin Bradlee, Jr., who was in South Africa as a correspondent for the Boston *Globe* and commanded a budget that let them fly anywhere in the country on short notice and rent cars that did not look like police cars or deliver only halfhearted power in emergencies.

THE people we asked directions from were not unfriendly—they were just frightened, and not very helpful. One group offered directions that, after a few adjustments, did lead us to a mission—except it wasn't the right mission. A surprised woman we



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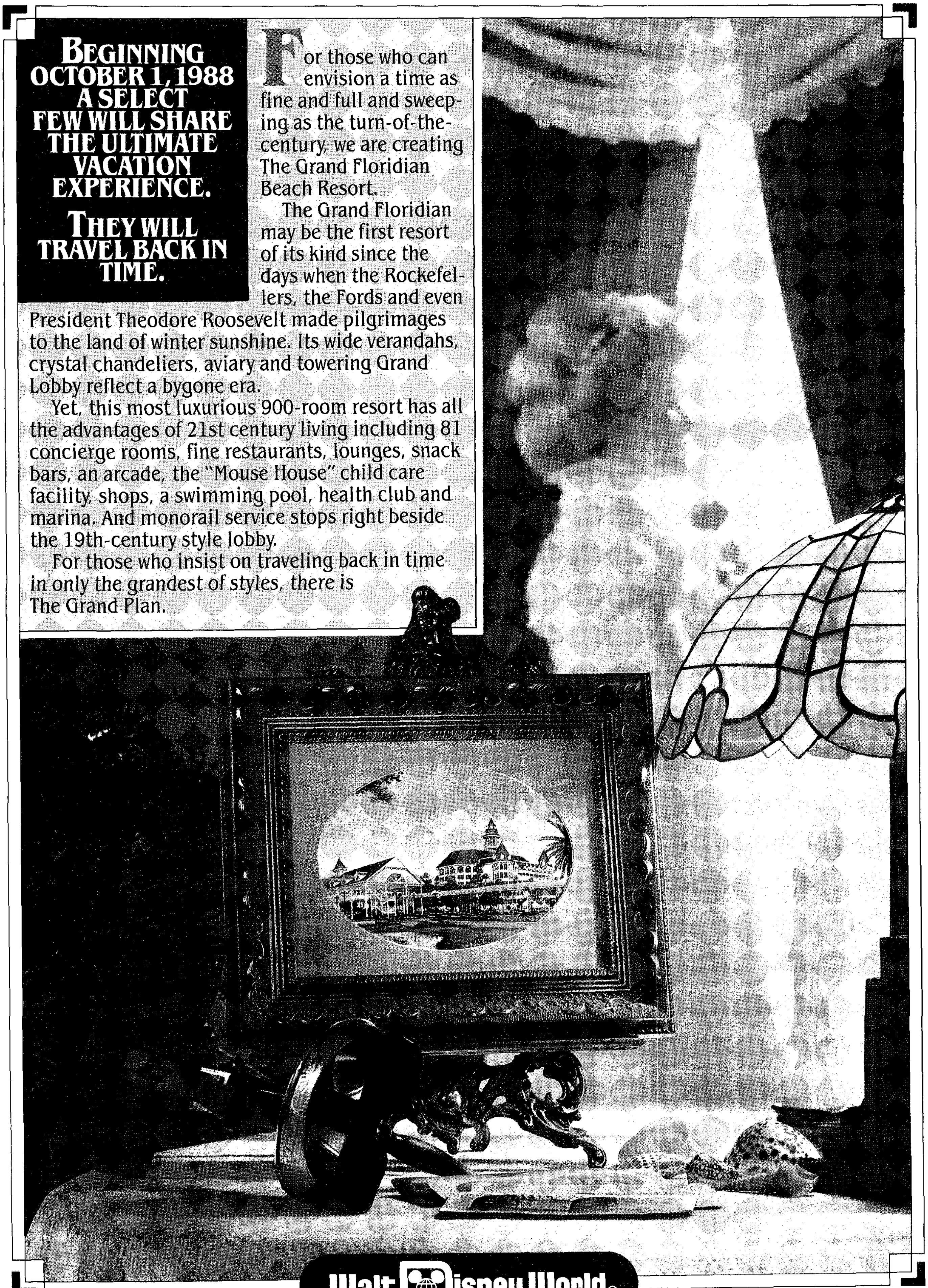

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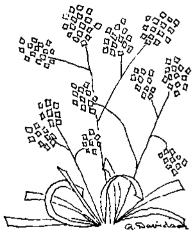
found there said we were at least twenty-five miles from our destination. When we got back to the highway, we passed a stack of tires for sale. The sight recalled one of the more bizarre provisions of the KwaNdebele emergency regulations: it outlawed the possession of "a motor vehicle tyre which is unfit for further use on a motor vehicle," and also of "any fuel not stored in the tank of a motor vehicle or other machine." The popular compliance with this "anti-necklace" regulation had been spectacular: the sky over the entire central Transvaal had been black with the smoke of burning tires.



Another emergency regulation declared, "No person may play, loiter or aimlessly remain on any public road or road reserve within KwaNdebele." I wondered if our behavior could be described as aimlessly remaining. I thought about some foreign journalists who had been picked up and jailed without charges in KwaNdebele earlier in the year, even before the state of emergency made their presence illegal, and about two people, one of them a black journalist, who had died in police custody in the nearby Lebowa Bantustan in April. Mabuza and Qwelane may have been reflecting on similar matters, particularly after we passed a temporary Army camp for the second time. The dusty tents filled a small valley. Troop trucks, jeeps, barbed wire, khaki-clad figures, what looked like a helicopter—I hardly dared turn my white face toward the camp to look.

We started rehearsing our cover story. I was an anthropologist—no, a historian, researching the life of a local man who had become a saint. These were my assistants. "What state of emergency, Sergeant?" "*Ja, baas*, we are the assistants." (Qwelane: "But that word"—he meant *baas*—"will stick in my throat.") The story didn't sound very solid this time through. Qwelane suddenly erupted. "Look at the way we're forced to operate! Sneaking around, making up stories for every situation that crops up. How can they expect us to do our jobs?"

Late in the afternoon, as we were hurtling down a dirt road that looked exactly like twenty we had already travelled, Mabuza suddenly squawked, "There it is!" Off in a field we saw the mission.

The priest, whom I shall call Father Campbell, was astounded to see us. He was a tall, thin young man with troubled eyes. He took us into the living room of a low-roofed cinder-block house. The group we had wanted to meet in Pretoria had left an hour before, he said. There was no way to find them again today. He didn't know how we had made it as far as the mission without being stopped, especially with me in the car. He didn't know how we would get out of KwaNdebele. Whatever we did, we should not go any farther into the Bantustan. Mabuza and I glanced at each other—we did not mention where we had spent the last four hours.

Qwelane asked Father Campbell if he would mind being interviewed. He said he wouldn't. A young woman brought glasses of beer for Father Campbell and me. Qwelane and Mabuza had coffee. There was a diminutive chapel off the living room. Across a field we could see the mission church—a converted sheep shed, built of tin and painted red, with a crude white cross painted on one wall. Qwelane asked Father Campbell if the news of recent events in KwaNdebele had been reaching the outside world.

The priest shook his head wearily. "We estimate that the government has reported only a quarter, if not a fifth, of the real number of deaths in KwaNdebele since the beginning of the state of emergency. We estimate that at least a hundred people have been killed here since May 13th. The average right now is about two a day. I have found, or gone to see, many of the corpses myself. And, except for the time that I was in jail, I have kept a record."

Father Campbell showed us a small leather-bound book. It looked like a missal. He went on, "I can usually tell by the wounds who did the killing. R-1 rifles are the Army. So are rifle-butt beatings. Pistols and sjamboks"—a sjambok is a metal-tipped whip—"are Mbokodo. Burned is the comrades. When people find a body or suspect a killing, they call me, and I go and look for it, and record the particulars. Mbokodo has been quiet since June 12th, when it attacked Tweefontein. I don't know how many it killed that day. I know I buried five. But Mbokodo has been on the run lately. Those members who are still in their houses are being guarded by the Army. Even the local KwaNdebele police

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don't like them anymore. The police stood by while the comrades burned Mbokodo shops. The comrades rule here now. They meet in houses by day, in the bush by night. They want to go back to school, mainly because it's easier for them to organize there, but their demands for ending the boycott are not likely to be met. They want Mbokodo disbanded, the troops out of KwaNdebele, and all detainees released. There are hundreds of comrades in detention."

Father Campbell had been at the mission for several years, and had seen the area change from a pre-political backwater to the front lines of the South African revolution. "The ideology of the comrades is simple," he said. "They are anti-independence, anti-Mbokodo. There are no affiliated politics here yet. It's still a united ideology, and everybody shares in it. You talk to any old *gogo*"—grandma—"ask her about independence, and even she's against it. You'll go a long way here before you find anyone who's for independence."

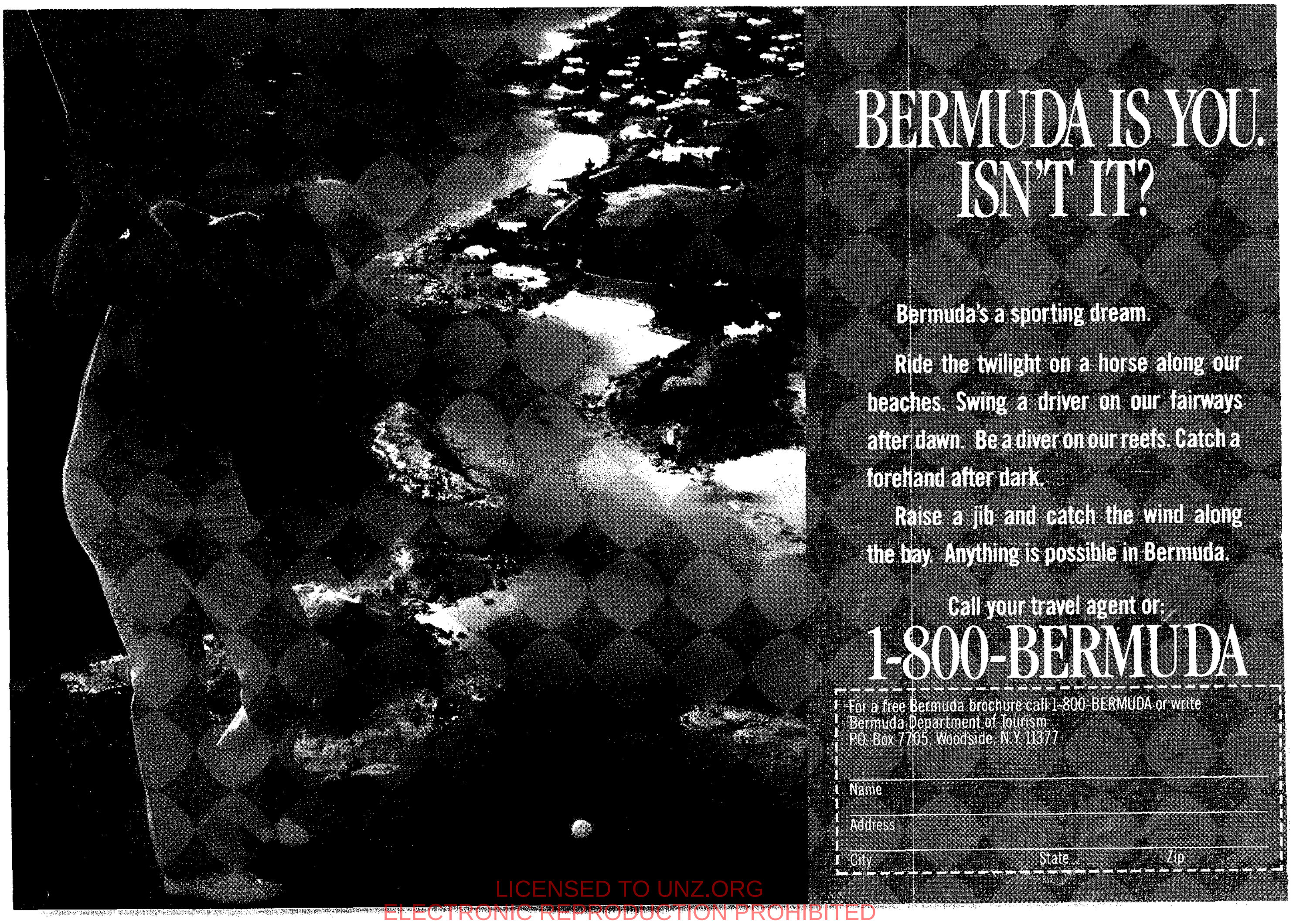
Father Campbell surprised us by describing Simon Skosana as "an inoffensive puppet." Then he explained, "The real problem is the man who controls him—Piet Ntuli, the Minister of the Interior. He is the really greedy, really bloodthirsty one. A lot of people here think that there will never be peace until Ntuli is eliminated."

We had heard of Piet Ntuli. He was one of the richest men in KwaNdebele, and he ran some of the most notorious rackets there. He had faced many criminal charges—for hoarding of weapons, and, in two cases, murder—but had never been convicted. Ntuli had led the vigilante raid on Moutse.

When I asked Father Campbell about his own influence with the comrades, he shrugged. "I've stopped them from necklacing three people lately, purely because I came along at the right moment and managed to talk them out of it," he said. "One was a boy whose *father* was in Mbokodo. I managed to convince them that he could not be held responsible for that. Another was a boy who had tried to rob a girl by stabbing her in the eyes." Father Campbell sipped his beer and looked bleakly out the window. He went on, "It has become quite hard to know who is doing what now. There was a boy who was shot by the Army. We saw him loaded into the ambulance. And then he simply disappeared. There are no hospitals in KwaNdebele, so I went around to the hospitals in the farming towns nearby, but he just wasn't in any of them. They said they had never heard of him. So I started going around to the mortuaries. And I couldn't believe the number of unclaimed bodies I saw, everywhere I went. At one place, I found sixteen necklace victims from the previous two weeks. And I don't believe that those necklacings had been done by the comrades."

This, I had heard, was a grisly new wrinkle in a number of areas: secret necklacings by vigilantes which were subsequently blamed on the resistance.

Qwelane was taking notes. We were getting a story after all. At the beginning of the interview, he had turned to me and said, "Let's commit as much of this as possible to memory." Then, after a minute, he had emptied his box of cigarettes and started writing inside the box. He questioned Father Campbell about dates and names, and scribbled while Campbell read from his leather-bound book. When the cigarette box was covered with writing, Qwelane care-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fully replaced the foil and the cigarettes. He went on taking notes on scraps of paper, and when the scraps were covered he stuffed them in his socks. He pursued every detail about the boy who disappeared after leaving in the ambulance, including the boy's mother's approximate whereabouts in Kwaggafontein. Then he murmured to Mabuza, "Sidebar."

Father Campbell seemed to be catching some of Qwelane's enthusiasm for getting out the story about KwaNdebele. He went into a back room and returned with a slim young man in a ragged sweater, whom he introduced as Vusi. Vusi was a comrade, hiding from the police. He told us that he had been forced to join Mbokodo after a severe sjambokking, and had gone along on several raids before he was able to defect. "I was fortunate to be accepted by the other comrades," he said. Others had been necklaced despite having left Mbokodo. Vusi was nineteen years old. He said he wanted to return to high school. "But Skosana himself must first finish Standard Five," he said, giving us a shy smile. "That is one of our demands."

Vusi had a grandmother in KwaThema, a township near Johannesburg. I asked him why he didn't stay there.

"There is fighting there as well," he said. "And not only the cops are after us but the other side. Here, at least the struggle is united." That the resistance was splintered in many townships, and spent more time in internal fighting than in opposing Pretoria, was not news, but that anyone would want to flee the townships for KwaNdebele seemed insane. But Vusi had a wild intensity about him that I had seen in other comrades—a consciousness of mortality brought prematurely to the surface. He began to talk politics, in an abstract way that verged on the visionary and that I found claustrophobic. "We only want peace," he said, his dark eyes fixed on mine. "We only want the end of this oppression, so that we may all be equal in the land of our birth, and love one another as brothers."

The sun was going down; it was time for us to go. Qwelane made arrangements with Father Campbell to see him later in the week, along with Peter Skosana and Prince James Mahlangu. As we were leaving, three more comrades, scruffy boys in T-shirts, showed up. We left Father Campbell sitting at his kitchen table

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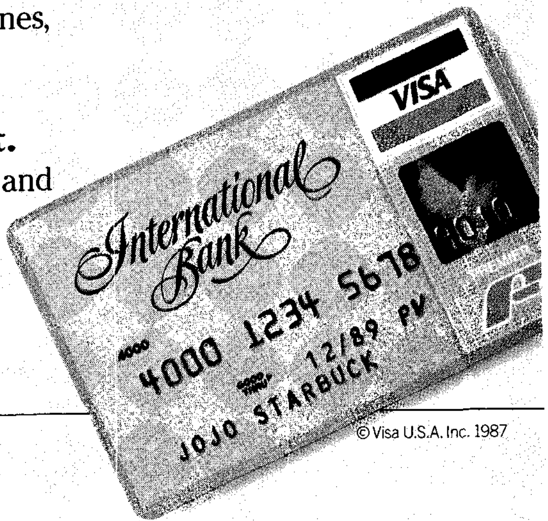

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carefully taking down a complicated story of police harassment which the boys were telling him in Ndebele. He said he would pray that we met no Army roadblocks.

After two or three tense minutes while I tried to start the Toyota with what turned out to be the key to the trunk, we got away from the mission. It was dusk, and the highway, which had been almost empty earlier, now carried an unbroken stream of powder-blue buses returning from the cities. The majority of KwaNdebele's workers commute to jobs in "white South Africa." Some of them travel more than a hundred miles each way, spending eight hours on buses every day. Women leave their families four hours before daylight to be able to serve white families in Pretoria their morning tea in bed. Black workers can't possibly pay the market rate for so much long-distance transport, so the government, having forced the workers to live so far from their jobs, is itself forced to subsidize the bus service on a large scale: apartheid social planning at its most absurd. The explosive population growth in KwaNdebele has, in any event, provided Putco, the bus company, with a windfall. Where two regular buses ran in 1979, two hundred and sixty-three were running seven years later.

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"Gee, I really like this one, too!"

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The exhaust pouring out of the buses as they ground over the low hills darkened the road ahead as we drove toward a brilliant high-veld sunset. Mabuza, inspired, disclosed an ambition. After the revolution, he said, he wanted to be the general manager of Putco. He would improve conditions so dramatically that people would be amazed. Qwelane watched the road behind us for headlights.

It was hard to tell exactly where we were. Then we saw the silhouettes of a row of towering sisal stalks which we recognized, and we knew we were out of KwaNdebele. The atmosphere inside the car turned instantly festive.

Qwelane talked enthusiastically about the story he would write. "I'll ring up Peter Reynolds—he's the paper's lawyer—first thing tomorrow morning and see what he thinks we can say. I suppose I'll have to talk to old Skosana, get his side of the story, although his goons are very wary of the press. I once tried to ask him some questions, and his henchmen just wouldn't allow it."

"I'll ask him for a family portrait," Mabuza said, laughing.

Conversation turned to the subject of fathers and sons. Qwelane's wife had just given birth to their second child, and he was concerned that their firstborn, who was nearly two, might become jealous of his sister. "I think I will start taking him with me when I go visiting," he said, and then he suddenly cried, "Look, there, it's a new moon! My daughter was born on the new moon!" A sliver of moon hung before us, about to follow the sun down. "We should call her Tebogo," Qwelane said, adding, for my benefit, "It means 'Blessings from the Lord' in Sotho." I didn't see the connection between the name and the new moon, but it was that kind of moment: exuberant, thankful, adrenaline-giddy—a mood to name children in.

We were hungry, but stopping at a restaurant in Pretoria was not an option for two blacks and a white. We reached the *Star's* offices, in downtown Johannesburg, sometime after ten. The transport manager was amazed when he saw us pull into the garage; he had given us up for lost.

Upstairs, the newsroom was deserted. Mabuza stashed his cameras—he had not used them that day—and left for home. Qwelane went to a computer terminal in a corner. He called up his "desk"—his personal file—on the monitor and studied the messages that had been left there since the morning. Then he got out his cigarette box, dumped the cigarettes and the foil liner on the desk, and pulled the scraps of notepaper from his socks. He said he wanted to enter his notes before he forgot what "all these hieroglyphics" meant. When he was finished, he would walk over to the bus stand in west Johannesburg, where he would catch the first of three taxis he had to take to reach his house in Soweto.

PEOPLE like to say that in South Africa one must read half a dozen different newspapers to have any idea what's going on. Linguistic differences account for some of this fragmentation; South Africa has two official languages, and nine or ten other languages are widely spoken. Of course, the press also reflects its owners: the country has twenty-five major daily and weekly papers, and each of them can be clearly identified with one or another of the country's dominant groups. There is no tradition of nonaligned newspapers in South Africa—no paper that can plausibly claim to be even its region's paper of record, let alone the nation's. Ethnic diversity aside, the political terra firma on which such a centrist institution could be constructed does not exist.

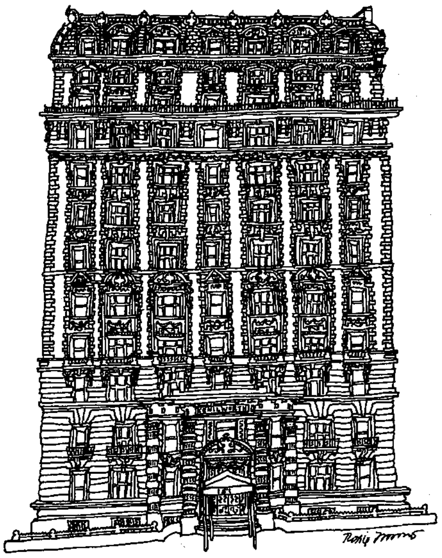
The Afrikaans-language press, which consists today of six major dailies and one national Sunday paper, had its origins, during the early years of this century, in Afrikaner political aspirations. Papers were launched not as commercial ventures but as organs of the National Party. They carried little or no hard news; their editors were politicians, not journalists. The Afrikaans press played a crucial role in the National Party's rise to power, in 1948, on a platform it called apartheid. The first Nationalist Prime Minister, D. F. Malan, had previously been the editor of Cape Town's *Die Burger*, and H. F. Verwoerd, perhaps the most influential of Malan's successors as Prime Minister, had previously been the editor of Johannesburg's *Die Transvaler*. All the Afrikaans newspapers are owned by prominent National Party members, and their boards of control were until recently dominated by Nationalist Cabinet Ministers. In the last few years, the companies that own the papers have shown their first profits ever, but these are usually attributed to lucrative government printing contracts—for telephone directories, school textbooks, and the like—that the companies are routinely awarded. Also in the last few years, some Afrikaans newspapers have occasionally shown a small but unprecedented measure of editorial independence from the government, reflecting the intense debates that have been taking place inside the National Party over "reform," but they still address themselves exclusively to the ruling white Afrikaner community. Virtually no one else reads them, and other South Africans tend to see them as little more than government mouthpieces.

There is one pro-government English-language paper—the *Citizen*, of Johannesburg. It was launched in 1976, with secret government funds, as part of an ambitious domestic and international propaganda campaign. Today, it is the only general English-language morning paper in Johannesburg. Its tone is shrill, its format is tabloid, and its small staff is worked like dray horses, although the paper relies heavily on wire-service stories to fill its pages. Like the Afrikaans papers, the *Citizen* supports P. W. Botha's government in just about everything—the paper's nickname among journalists is the *Government Gazette*—and usually appears to be addressed to an entirely white readership.

Radio and television in South Africa are effectively state-owned, and the South African Broadcasting Corporation, which runs both TV and radio, is intimately associated with the National Party. News reporting is selective and tendentious, customarily presenting only the government's view of events, and attacking or ignoring its opponents.

Within a divided press like South Africa's, there is often no agreement even about what constitutes news. On June 20, 1986, for example, P. W. Botha gave a speech at a graduation parade at the South African Police College, in Pretoria. The Afrikaans press covered the speech in great detail, with some papers running page-one photographs of the President. The TV evening news devoted considerable time to the speech. And the next day's *Citizen* outdid itself, running no fewer than four stories, one of which carried the large, bold headline "PW TELLS POLICE OF 'THE GREAT LIE' ABOUT SA," and gave highlights from the speech: "Our enemies latched onto the word 'apartheid' and in a sly manner transformed it into the strongest weapon in the onslaught against freedom and civilization in our country. A carefully calculated propaganda game is unfolding against us internationally and even internally, especially with the assistance of some of the media."

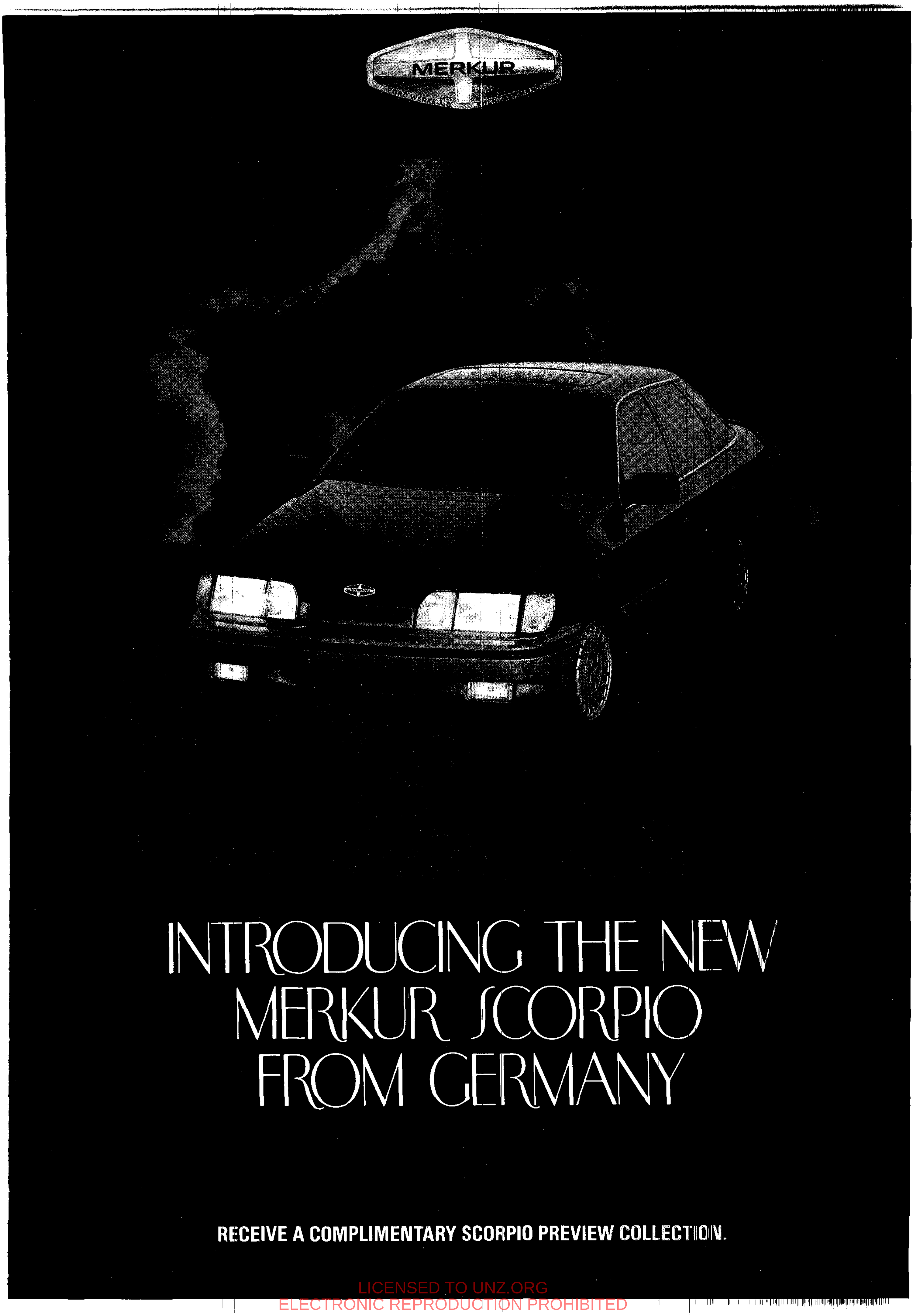
I watched the Police College speech on a television in the *Star* newsroom with a group of reporters and editors. They laughed at some of the more histrionic lines ("You stand in the front line against the forces of Communist enslavement and crime," the President told the new policemen) and at the figure Botha cut, with a small black homburg perched on his large bald head. The next day's *Star* did not run a line of the Police College speech. None of the opposition papers did. As far as they were concerned, it had contained nothing new or noteworthy.



It is one of the peculiarities of the South African scene that although Afrikaans-speaking whites outnumber English-speaking whites three to two the English-language newspapers dominate the press, even among whites, accounting for three-quarters of the daily circulation. There are about twenty of them, and they are the largest and most successful papers and always have been. What is especially peculiar about this is that while a sizable majority of whites, including many English-speakers, support the Nationalist government, the English-language papers (except for the *Citizen*) have consistently opposed it, often vociferously. In fact, the English press was responsible for uncovering the Information Department scandal, which brought down some of the highest figures in the National Party, including the then Prime Minister, B. J. Vorster.

The *Rand Daily Mail*, of Johannesburg, was until its demise, in April, 1985, the flagship of the English press and, it is safe to say, the government's least favorite newspaper. There are many explanations for the death of the *Mail*, but mismanagement is never far down anyone's list. The South African newspaper industry has been shrinking for the past decade, largely because of losses of advertising to television. Two companies own all but a handful of the English papers, and the smaller of the two, South African Associated Newspapers, which was the *Mail's* owner, has had chronic financial problems. The other, the Argus Printing & Publishing Company, continues to field nine major papers, six of them dailies, and to show a healthy profit. The Argus Company's largest and most successful paper—and the largest and most successful daily in South Africa—is the Johannesburg *Star*, with a circulation of about two hundred thousand.

The *Star* was founded in Grahamstown in 1871 and moved to Johan-



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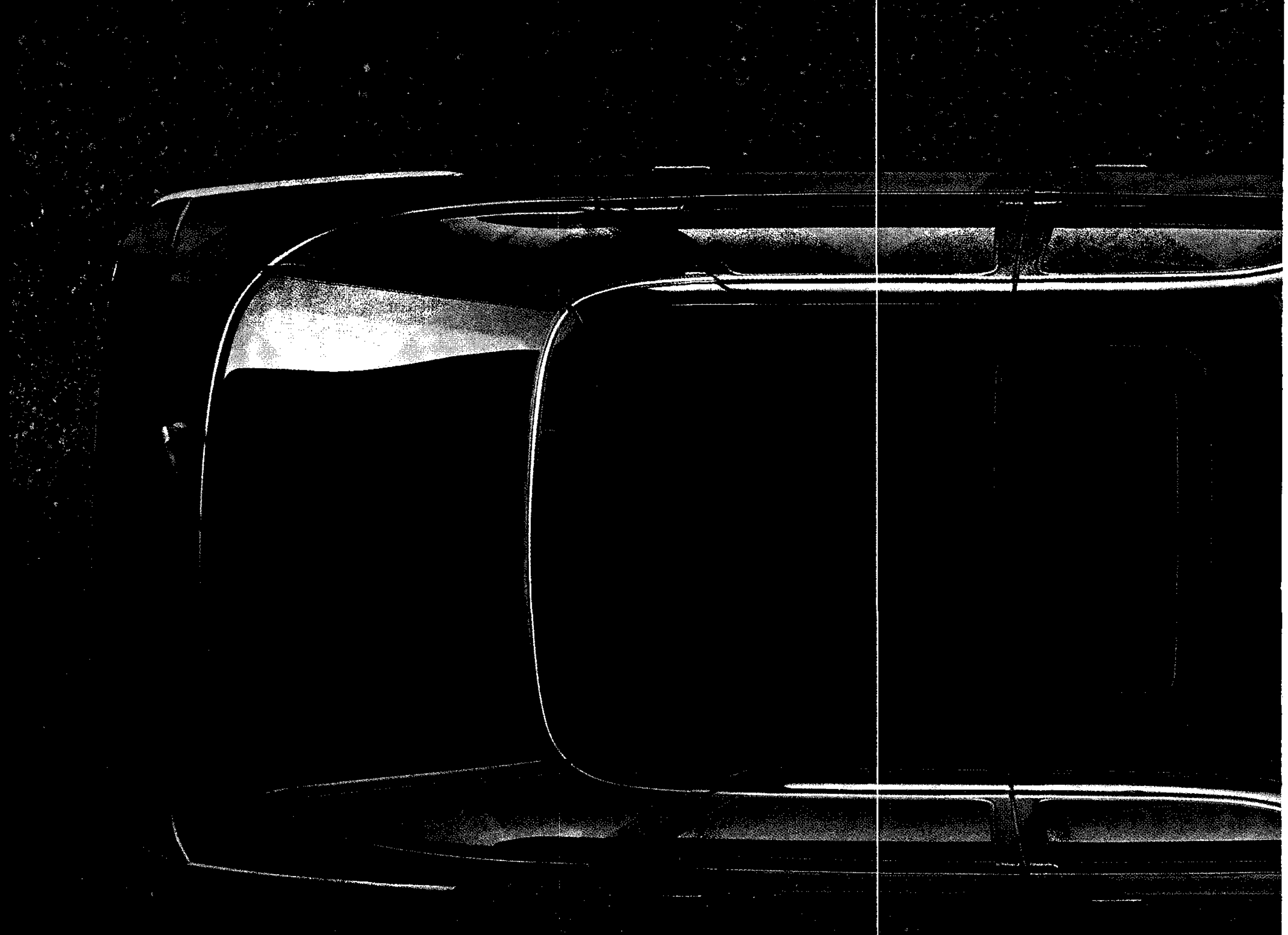

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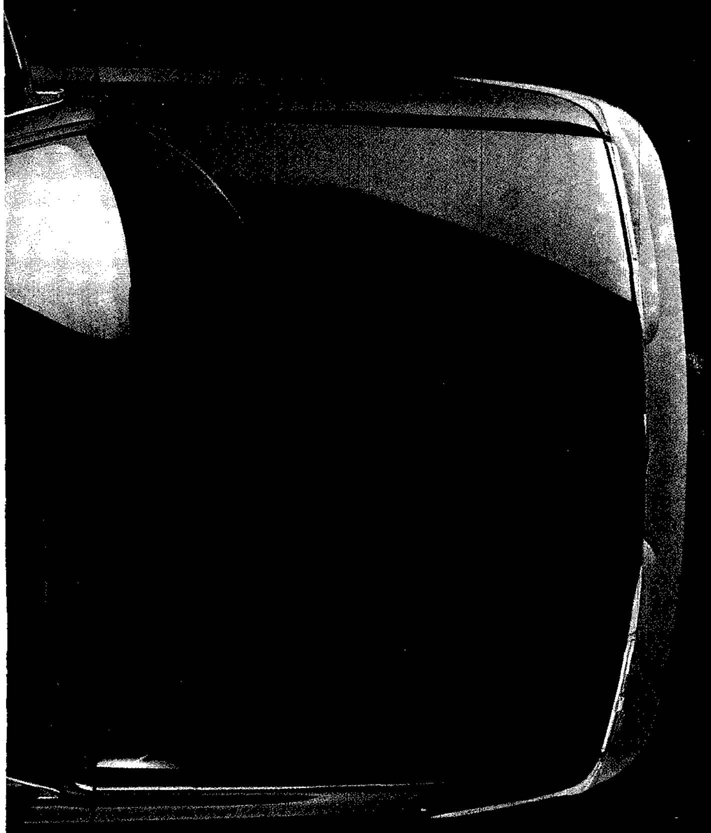

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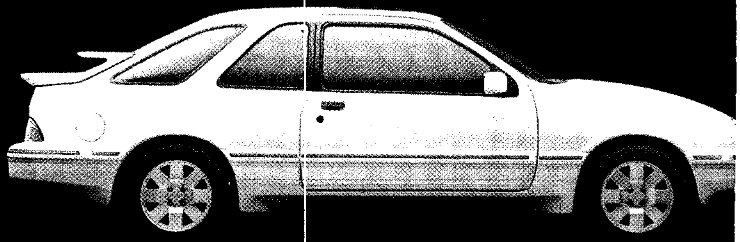

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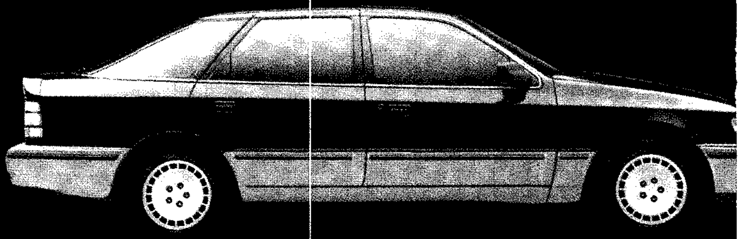

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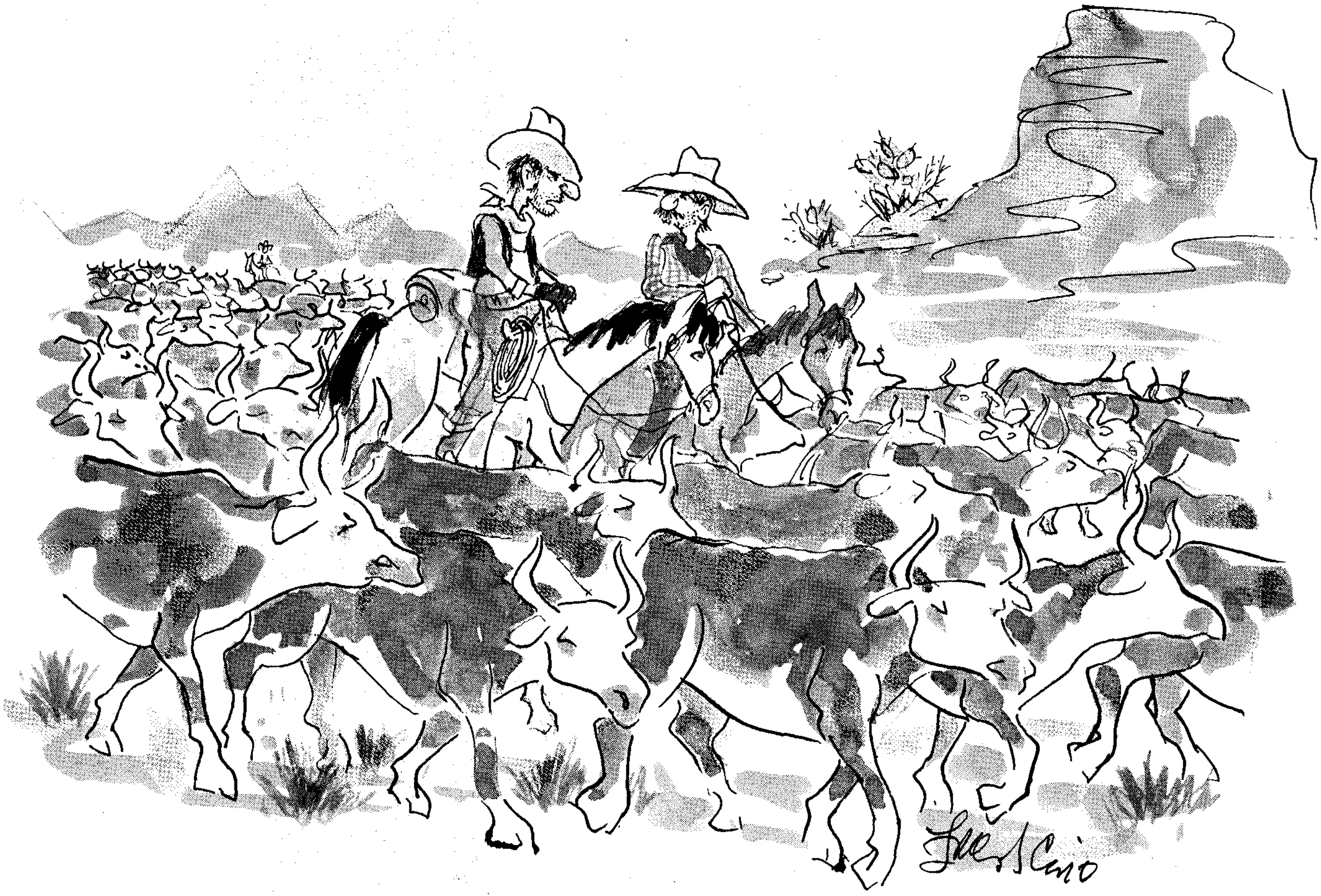


"Then remove the beef from the marinade and sauté with finely minced shallots and a sprig of fresh thyme."

• •

nesburg in 1887, where its role as critic of Afrikaner rule was established early. The paper was implicated in an abortive British coup in 1897, and as a result was briefly shut down by the Boer authorities. The tensions between British and Afrikaners culminated in the Boer War, of 1899-1902, and there are those who say that the *Star*, in its opposition to the present government, is basically still fighting that war. Some of the changed terms of the conflict, however, are perhaps reflected in the penchant among government supporters for referring to the paper, with the sort of humor they favor, as the *Red Star*.

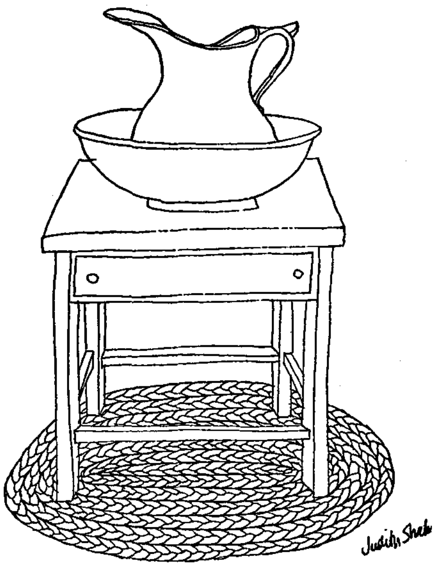
The *Star's* editors call constantly, in columns and editorials that are often eloquent, for an end to apartheid, and for immediate negotiations between the government and the leaders of the black majority. A recent page-one headline was "FREE MANDELA NOW." The story beneath turned out to concern a demand by leading South African businessmen for the release of the jailed leader, but the *Star's* endorsement of the demand was lost on no one. Whether the *Star* has been able to fill the *Rand Daily Mail's* shoes, politically and journalistically, is a much debated point. Rex Gibson, the acting editor-in-chief of the *Star* when I was there, and the former editor of the *Mail*, says simply, "We have become the lightning rod."

At first glance, the *Star* looks like any British provincial evening paper. Color photographs and bright three-color ads for supermarket specials on Rhino Table Salt flank serious coverage of national and international news. The paper has a substantial business section, and a very substantial classified section—particularly on Saturdays, when the Property Supplement runs. The *Sunday Star* is two hours' reading for the moderately conscientious, and includes a magazine. But an American reader soon realizes that the paper's homely familiarity is an illusion. The staple stories and master images belong to a William Burroughs nightmare: restless natives; police snuffing out pockets of resistance; a daily stream of truly Fascist ministerial pronouncements. And this dark atmosphere seems to spill its menace across the ads for fish, beer, duvets, lounge suites, microwaves, the "Maxiciser Home Gym," the pet-advice columns, the brief, affected book reviews. In this unsettling context, the fine cadences of principled opposition on the *Star's* Op-Ed pages, along with the contributions of the paper's black reporters—their African surnames fairly dancing in the bylines—are a particular relief.

Overseas visitors to South Africa are invariably struck by the vigor and quality of the English-language press. In truth, the press is much freer to express opinions than it is to report facts. Censorship is a major feature of the South African political and cultural landscape. Thousands of books, films, magazines, and plays have been banned by the Nationalist government, for reasons ranging from the obvious to the incomprehensible. Journalists contend with close to a hundred laws restricting what they may report, and with a fearsome array of measures that the government may take (and has taken) against them, including arrest and incarceration without charges, prosecution under a slew of sweeping security laws, and arbitrary "banning," the peculiarly South African punishment, inflicted by the Minister of Law and Order, that amounts to erasing a person from society, with no reasons ever given. Banning orders usually run anywhere from two to five years, always forbid a journalist to work, and always include some form of house arrest; the practice has been described as "a jail sentence carried out without the expense to the state of feeding and housing the prisoner." Newspapers may not quote a banned person, and among the subjects about which they may publish almost nothing without official permission are the South African military, prisons, the nuclear industry, and the security police. A book called "The Newspaperman's Guide to the Law," a three-hundred-and-thirty-two-page litany of peril, written by a lawyer, is to be found on virtually every working reporter's desk. What is more, all these laws represent press restrictions under "normal" conditions. Under the current state of emergency, extensive new curbs have been introduced. Probably the most insidious press censorship of all, however, is self-imposed. For more than twenty years, no South African newspaper dared to quote Nelson Mandela; then someone noticed that it was apparently not illegal to do so. The scope of the laws is often vague and arbitrary, and the perpetual uncertainty about what will be allowed leads to even more caution than is necessary. Thus, self-censorship is more effective than official censorship, which at least can't restrict expression it hasn't foreseen.

Although the South African mass media have always catered primarily to white needs and interests, and reflected white views and values, the majority of the country's newspaper readers, radio listeners, and television watchers are, of course, black. And there are a number of papers directed exclusively toward black readers. The major black papers in Johannesburg are the *Sowetan*, an Argus-owned daily with a circulation of a hundred and twenty thousand; the *City Press*, which is owned by Nasionale Pers, an Afrikaner syndicate, and puts out two editions a week, with a circulation of about a hundred and sixty thousand; and *New Nation*, a church-owned biweekly with a circulation of sixty thousand. All these papers have black editors, who, while they may operate without direct interference from their employers, know well the limits of free expression in South Africa. Each of them has spent time in jail. In fact, the claim so often heard that South Africa enjoys "the freest press in Africa" could never have applied to anything but the white press. Many small, independent papers have been banned or hounded out of existence. Those black community papers which survive are constantly seeing their editions banned, their offices burned down, their reporters and editors attacked and jailed. Four major papers, all of them predecessors of the *Sowetan*, were banned, each time costing the Argus Company large sums that it does not plan to pay again—with the result that the *Sowetan* is, in the words of its editor, "quite muffled." Still, the black papers are notably fiercer in their opposition to the government than any of the white papers. The black papers are understaffed, though, and lack the resources to do much beyond covering local news. Moreover, the white papers often compete for black readers by publishing so-called extra editions, which replace some of the white-oriented copy in the main editions with stories and departments designed to appeal to blacks. Traditionally, extra editions have been strong on sports, sex, crime, the sensational, and the supernatural, and have been scorned by black spokesmen for their condescension.

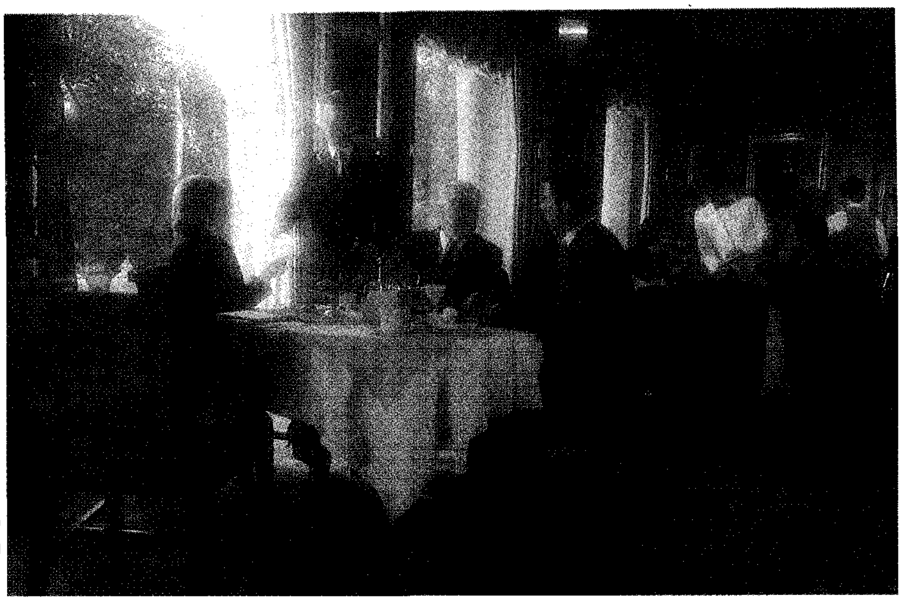
The *Star* puts out a black edition known as the Africa edition, which has some of the quality of a traditional extra. It often replaces the first business page of the white edition with a page of letters from black readers, news from the rest of Africa, and a medical-advice column directed toward blacks. And its sports section, which replaces news of rugby, a predominantly white sport, with news of soccer, a predominantly black sport, has a distinctly down-market tone. But the *Star* Africa edition distinguishes itself from the white edition primarily by its news selection. News from the black townships and the Bantustans is given more space and prominence than news that is mainly of interest to whites. On June 4, 1986, to pick a day at random, page-one stories in the white edition about the failure of an insurance company and charges that the national rugby side had received secret payments for a match became, in the Africa edition, a story about blacks defying police restrictions on the funeral of an unrest victim and a story about four black administrators resigning under pressure from a government-sponsored township council. Sometimes the same story will run in the two editions under different headlines. Thus, when a black woman won a house in a white suburb in a sweepstakes, causing the authorities some consternation, the Africa edition of June 19th brusquely announced, "BLACK HAWKER WINS WHITE HOUSE," while the white edition went with the gentler "CONTEST WINNER WILL RECEIVE NEW HOME IN DAVEYTON." On June 3rd, both editions ran page-one photographs to illustrate the onset of cold weather, but where the white edition showed two teen-age girls looking darling in ski sweaters, ski caps, and wool gloves, the Africa edition showed a group of men, women, and children who had lost their squatters' shacks in police-directed vigilante attacks shivering around a fire in the rain.



The separate editions carry heavy loads of implication about the colliding passions and the vastly different priorities of blacks and whites. In the white editions, the deaths of white soldiers are mourned and the rise of a far-right white political movement is carefully monitored. The Africa edition ignores the white far right—while reporting extensively on factional splits within the black resistance—and turns its attention to white soldiers only when they attack a black funeral. The white editions don't record the funeral, much less the attack, and most white *Star* readers don't know even the foremost figures or the basic issues in the debates that divide the black resistance. Papers like the *Star* are widely criticized for deepening the gulfs of apartheid with separate editions instead of trying to bridge them. But while Rex Gibson, sensitive to this criticism, tries to reduce the differences between his black and white editions, and declares that it is his intention to unify them eventually—spurning the commercial considerations that launched the Africa edition in the first place—reporters on the Africa edition object to the idea. Most of the *Star's* black reporters are assigned to the Africa edition (only one white reporter works for it), and most of them believe that a unified paper will simply be a white paper again.

For all their crusading against apartheid, the white opposition newspapers are often criticized by black South Africans. In May, 1986, Archbishop Desmond Tutu accused the South African papers of having "sold their souls in exchange for immediate realizable advantages, mainly financial ones, which go hand in glove with popularity in the white community." The English-language press, according to Tutu, had failed in its historic mission by catering to white fears and prejudices, and failing to convey to the papers' white readers the reality of black experience: "They do not in their heart of hearts appear to believe that the present dispensation is on the skids, that change is going to happen and that when it does, there may have to be a day of reckoning when every institution and everybody will be judged and judged harshly about whether they advanced or hindered the liberation process." In the opinion of the Archbishop, and of many other blacks, the opposition of the liberal press to the government has never gone far enough: it has never amounted to support for black liberation, to an unhedged demand for a nonracial democracy—one person, one vote.

BLACK South African reality today is not something easily comprehended by outsiders. I had lived in South Africa in 1980 and 1981, working as a teacher in a "colored" high school in Cape Town. There I had been through a three-month-long student protest boycott and had seen the Cape townships explode in violence, so I thought I knew something about resistance and conflict in black South Africa. But I was unprepared for the level of violence, the rage, the radicalization I found in 1986, after five years away. The white suburbs, tranquil in their insularity, seemed little changed, but the lives of millions of ordinary black people had been turned



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Kuehne traveled throughout his career, quite extensively in Europe, and from 1914 to 1917 he and his wife lived in Spain. The majority of Kuehne's works are landscapes, of which many were painted during the summers he spent in Gloucester and Rockport, Maine. Max Kuehne retained a studio in New York, where he enjoyed close friendships with artists such as Edward Hopper, William Glackens and Charles Prendergast.

During the depression Kuehne supported himself by creating decorative screens, panels and furniture. The late 1970's and 1980's have shed a new and more appropriate light on lesser-known artists like Max Kuehne. Although equal in merit to the work of his contemporaries, today works by Max Kuehne are only beginning to reach their true value in the market.

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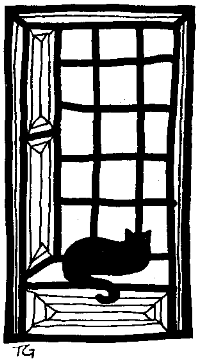
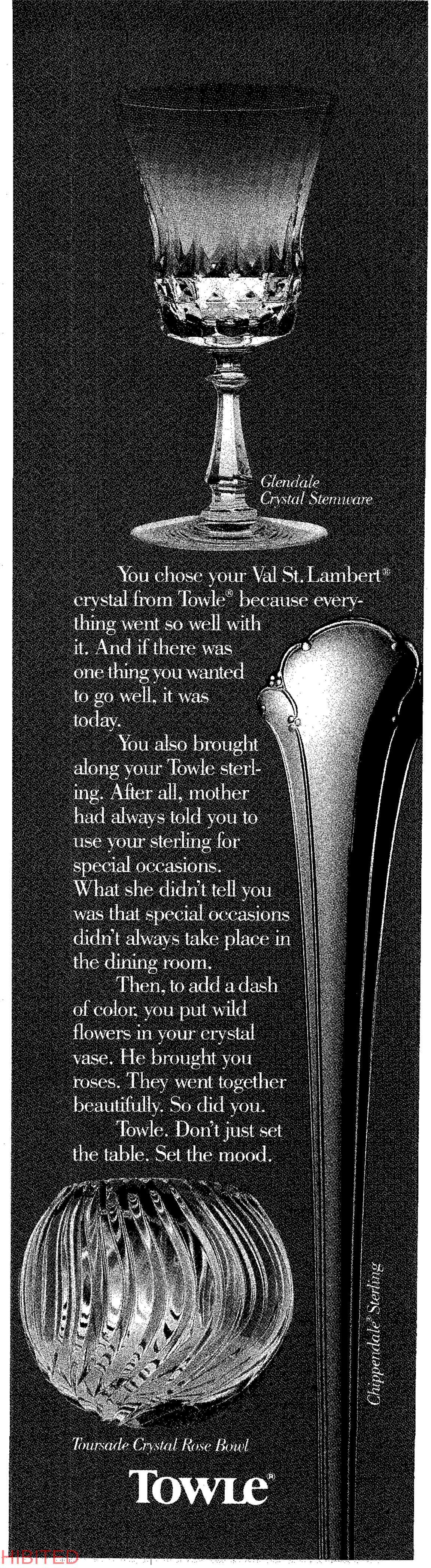
upside down by the fighting that began in September of 1984. Blacks on the whole seemed to be in an apocalyptic frame of mind. The police had always been an occupying force in black townships, but now the Army itself was heavily deployed there. In fact, the only whites one saw in the townships were the security forces: grim young soldiers in combat gear riding through the coal smoke, automatic rifles at the ready, in evil-looking armored vehicles known as Hippos. It was hard to imagine a white teacher in a black school now. I had worked legally in Cape Town, but work permits for foreigners had become virtually unobtainable—particularly for journalists. This time, I was in the country on a tourist visa.



On my first afternoon in Johannesburg, I went to see the sister of a friend who had left South Africa years before. She lives in Alexandra, an old black township northeast of Johannesburg, but she refused to let me visit her there. Instead, we met in an industrial area on the edge of the township, and there sat talking in my car. Across the road was a cluster of new brick buildings—a police barracks—from which government jeeps and trucks came and went constantly, ferrying groups of black men, some of them in uniform. My friend's sister was fifty years old, rail-thin, with a nice smile but a permanently pained expression. Whenever the conversation strayed from news of her brother, every scrap of which she gratefully listened to, she would sigh and say, "It is very, very bad here. It is just so dangerous now. I can't tell you. It is like a war."

When it came time to part, I offered her a lift home, but she refused it, insisting that it was too dangerous for me in the township—or, alternatively, that the fighting had played havoc with her housekeeping. "My furniture, which is quite nice, gets completely covered with dust," she said. "If you could see it, you wouldn't believe it." I later discovered that just having me drop her off could also have been dangerous for *her*. Someone might have seen me, a strange white man, rumors might have started, and got twisted until people decided that someone from "the system" had been there, and her house could have ended up being firebombed. When we parted, she urged me repeatedly to drive quickly out of the area, stopping for no one, because hundreds of cars had been hijacked in and around Alexandra in the previous weeks.

As it happened, I went into Alexandra a few days later, escorted by a local activist, and spent an afternoon in someone's house interviewing residents. It was not an easy afternoon. I found the atmosphere excruciatingly tense. Everyone in the room froze each time a vehicle passed, barely breathing until young sentries peeking through the heavy curtains hissed that the street was clear. There had been a great deal of fighting in Alexandra. Residents claimed that eighty people had been killed by the security forces since the beginning of the year; the police figure was thirty. I asked about "people's courts" that were reported to be flourishing in Alexandra. The government and the white press regularly deplored them as kangaroo courts, meting out savage, arbitrary justice, but I heard nothing but praise for them from the residents of Alexandra: they were curbing public drunkenness and petty criminality, were fair in their sentencing, and always gave those accused a chance to defend themselves. A thief might be sentenced to clean up an empty lot, or water the grass in one of many small parks that the comrades had built around the townships. A young miscreant might be forbidden to wear the T-shirt of the local youth organization—a stinging punishment in a community where the youth organization has become the local incarnation of the freedom struggle, and its uniform is its T-shirt—or obliged, perhaps, to attend political-education classes run by the comrades to counter the "poison education" received in government schools. Everybody talked about the "balaclava men"—gangs of masked police and vigilantes who had been going on murderous rampages through the township. People often interrupted one another to ask exactly which person at which address had met some gruesome fate, then shook their heads and clucked their tongues over the answers. Several people complained about the press coverage of the fighting. "They show nothing. People who are not here have no idea what is happening here," said a young man wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the logo of the Congress of South African Students, a national organiza-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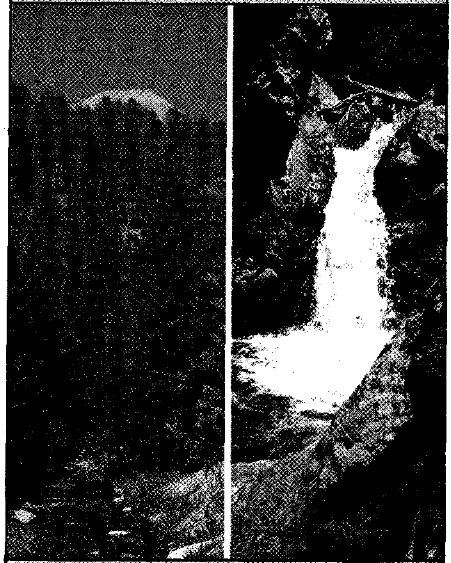

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tion of black high-school students that was outlawed in 1985.

The most interesting person I talked with that day was a chubby, pretty, soft-spoken woman named Ruth. She was a secretary in her forties, and she spoke plainly, without rhetoric. Her teen-age son had been jailed without charges for three months, she told me. For the first month, she had not known where he was, or even whether he was alive: many mothers were simply informed by the authorities that their children were dead and already buried; others never heard. "When he was released, there was something wrong with his heart," she told me. "The police struck him too many times. The doctor told me he must not get excited. But how can you tell a seventeen-year-old boy that he must not get excited? Especially with all that is happening to us now." Ruth's son was then on the run. She saw him occasionally, when he came home for a change of clothes, and friends of his who were also running sometimes slept at her house. But the police came regularly, bursting in, hoping to find her son, and seizing any other comrades they found there. "I have not slept properly for a year or more," Ruth said, and I believed her. Like my friend's sister, she wore an expression of permanent pain and was given to quietly apocalyptic remarks. Several times that afternoon, she murmured, to no one in particular, "I wish the whole world would just blow up."

Then people started talking about a woman from the neighborhood who had been necklaced. The woman had been an *impimpi*, a police informer. She had been warned twice to stop. Finally, a wounded comrade had been thrown by the police into a Hippo and found her sitting inside. "Usually, informers may sit inside the Hippos, identifying houses, and who is an activist among those the police have captured," someone explained to me. "But they normally wear masks, and they never speak when someone from the community might hear them—they point. But this woman just sat there quite calmly, with no mask, and said, 'Hello, comrade.' " People whistled. "Soon after that, they caught her and burned her. This was in Ninth Street."

Ruth turned to me and said, very slowly, emphasizing every word, "I think the necklace is a good thing." Her eyes were full of a sad anger. She went on, "It makes the people think twice before they will collaborate, even if they have no job and the system offers them money to inform. We are unarmed. They are armed. We must take and use the little weapons we have. Informers have been the system's greatest weapon for a long time. Finally, now, we are stopping them."

During those first few days in Johannesburg, I was startled to find the same bumper sticker—"I ♥ Soweto"—on roughly half the vehicles in the city. The distribution of the thing outdid that of any other fad item I had ever heard of. What was more, the sentiment it expressed seemed incomprehensible. Were people really ready to embrace—and in this utterly ersatz way—the ghetto where they were forced to live under apartheid? I asked two Soweto residents about it. They squirmed, they grumbled. Finally, one of them said, "Somebody's really exploiting the situation. They're making a mint out of the people's fear."

I asked what that meant.

"It means people try to use those things to show that their car or truck is not a company car, not a white man's vehicle—that it belongs to a black person. They hope to avoid being attacked or having their car burned."

WHEN I met Ron Anderson, the editor of the daily *Star*, and told him I would like to spend time with his black reporters, he mentioned bad experiences the paper had recently had with foreign reporters taking "cheap shots" at the practice of publishing separate editions. "Why should we hang our chin out there again?" he asked. Certainly it was too dangerous for me to accompany his reporters into the field, he said. He would have to think about the idea of my being around the newsroom, and see what Rex Gibson had to say.

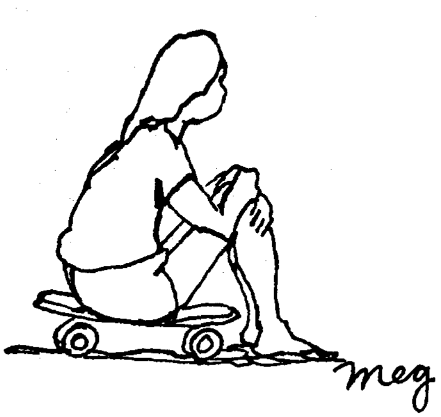
On my way out, feeling discouraged, I saw Phil Mtimkulu, the news editor of the Africa edition, and Jon Qwelane coming across the newsroom. Mtimkulu had been my initial contact at the *Star*, and had taken me to Anderson, and he could see I had got no joy there. I had never met Qwelane, but I recognized him from a photograph that runs with one of his weekend columns, so I stopped and introduced myself. Mtimkulu moved on, and I explained to Qwelane what I wanted to do. He heard me out, watching me closely, and said nothing for at least a minute after I finished. He just kept staring thoughtfully into my eyes. Finally, he said, in a raspy, smoker's voice, "We go to Tembisa in an hour. We've got a witness to a shooting there. You can come along if you like."

I never again sought the permission of management to travel with the *Star* reporters. I simply turned up at the newsroom each day and got to know the people I wanted to know, and people who didn't know me soon began to assume that I worked there. Young white subeditors would pass the desk where I sat answering phones ("Newsroom") and writing up the day's events, and cheerfully commiserate, "On nights this week? Better than courts, at least."

The *Star* newsroom is a U-shaped acre of video terminals. The dominant decorative mode is molded plastic and institutional shades of beige. The windows look across busy streets at other office windows. The senior editors' private offices line the north wall, and they catch the afternoon sun before it disappears behind the modernist bulk of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. The section of the newsroom set aside for the staff of the *Sunday Star* extends the U on one side, and thus seems semi-autonomous, and the sports department is marked off by a few low temporary partitions, but otherwise the vast room feels undifferentiated—at least at night, when it's all but deserted. The only memorable bit of décor: a series of huge black-and-white photographs that run from floor to ceiling. One of them, looming behind the desk of the editor of the women's page, shows a burning fuel-storage tank. Another, in the foyer by the elevators, shows a smiling black soldier dancing, with his rifle over his head. To anyone familiar with the recent history of southern Africa, the fuel-storage tank is plainly Sasol One, the South African oil-from-coal plant, after the devastating 1980 bombing by African National Congress guerrillas. And the soldier, just as plainly, is from Frelimo: he is celebrating the liberation of Mozambique from Portuguese rule, in 1975; the gun he is waving is a Soviet-made AK-47. I asked around, but no one at the *Star* seemed to know who was responsible for the presence of these giant images of armed revolution and black liberation on the walls of the newsroom. People had ceased to notice them.

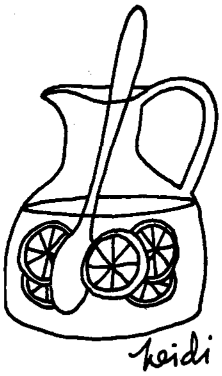
During working hours, the impersonal-looking office becomes a dense minisociety of intertwined communities. I spent most of my time there in what Qwelane calls "the ghetto"—that corner of the newsroom, hard by the sports department, where the black reporters work. While I was around, there were six black reporters, plus Phil Mtimkulu, the one black editor. Three of the six—Montshiwa Moroke, Mike Tissong, and Mudini Maivha—worked for Phil on the Africa edition. Maud Motanyane, the only woman among the six, was assigned to the main edition. Mike Siluma shared the labor beat with a white reporter. And Qwelane, of course, was on the Sunday paper. He was never to be found in the distant *Sunday Star* wing of the newsroom, though, and he claimed not even to know which desk there was supposed to be his. The phone number he gave to sources rang only in the ghetto, and he made do with terminals that officially belonged to others. It was said that Ron Anderson was determined to break up the newsroom ghetto, and would soon be taking measures toward that end. But the more time I spent with the *Star's* black reporters, the less I thought of the editor's chances of success. Together with the *Star's* two black photographers, Herbert Mabuza and Alf Kumalo, they were a very close group, intricately bound to one another by all the danger, confusion, and dedication they shared.

THE role of the black journalist in South Africa has changed continually over the years. The country's first black writers, mission-educated intellectuals who lived in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, typically became editors of African-language newspapers. After tribally based resistance to white subjugation was destroyed, these men were important spokesmen for blacks in general and often became political leaders themselves. As literacy and the use of English grew, there emerged a white-owned English-language popular press directed toward urban blacks, and, with it, a tradition of black reporters known for their street savvy, their courageous reporting, and, in time, their literary style. The major figures of what came to be known as the Golden Era of black South African writing—the nineteen-fifties and the early nineteen-sixties—were all working journalists. Writing in a vivid, Africanized English for the magazine *Drum* and the newspaper the *Golden City Post*, the journalists of that era were not political figures as such, yet they won large followings with their investigations of official abuses and their sparkling evocations of life in the townships.



The community stature of the black reporter dwindled with the passing of these legendary journalists—an appalling number of whom died young from suicide or alcohol—and with a heavy crackdown on dissent in the nineteen-sixties, which gutted all forms of black expression. An ancillary view of the black reporter—one that had been around for decades, existing side by side with the reporter as inspired muckraker and modern bard—now came to the fore. This was the reporter as low-status legman for the papers in town—a slick character whose office was the shebeen (an illegal tavern), where he drank, gambled, phoned in sports results for the extra edition, and paid a few cents for news tips.

This stereotype, however, was permanently retired by the events of 1976, when black townships throughout South Africa exploded in a violent uprising, and black reporters—a number of whom were by then working for the big white papers—began risking their lives daily to get the story. All the black reporters on the *Star* today cite 1976 as a turning point in their lives. Whether they were in school and politically involved or were already young reporters, they were thrust into the crucible in 1976. With the world's attention turning to Soweto and the other townships, local black reporters were often the only source of news. The government tried everything it could, including harassing, jailing, and torturing black journalists, to stifle press coverage of the uprising. One day in 1976, Harry Mashabela, who had started at the *Star* in 1964 as the first black reporter on a white paper, was taken by the police directly from the *Star* newsroom to a Soweto police station. As he was being led into an office, a senior police officer suddenly punched him in the chest. At the same time, another officer karate-chopped him from behind. The blow dislocated his neck. Mashabela spent the next five weeks in a police cell in excruciating pain, then was released without charges. He had to have surgery for neck fusion, and the surgery saved his life but left him with a permanently rigid neck and a very stiff carriage. When he recounted this story to me in his office at the *Financial Mail*, a weekly business magazine, where he was then working, Mashabela, who is a soft-spoken, spindly, nearsighted man, cheerfully named the policeman who almost killed him, and shrugged at the hopelessness of suing for damages. He didn't shrug very well, though.



Police harassment of black journalists, which has scarcely abated since 1976, normally seems to operate on an assumption that the reporters have useful information about the resistance and may be pleased to share it under prolonged interrogation; Joe Thloloe, of the *Sowetan*, was once held incommunicado for eighteen months. But it can also be simple, violent lashing out. Montshiwa Moroke once went to cover a story about a group of squatters who were being evicted in Katlehong. The police attacked the squatters, then turned on the press. Moroke tried to escape in a car, but the police smashed all its windows. Moroke told me this story in a hushed voice one slow evening in the *Star* newsroom. He showed me a large scar on his head. "This is where they hit me with a sjambok. I *didn't want to die in that car, so I got* out. Then they really let me have it—they hit me everywhere. Finally, they dragged me over to their boss, who pointed his service revolver at me and said he was going to shoot. The cops were yelling, 'You are the cause of all this!' I didn't have the strength to ask them, 'How is the press the cause of squatting?' " The police commander did not shoot, but his men did throw Moroke, who was badly injured, into a police van that was already bursting with prisoners. Later, he lay in a police station for an hour before an ambulance was called. He was in the hospital for three weeks, off work for six weeks. An operation on a shattered elbow was a near-complete success. "Just sometimes, in the winter, it gets very sore, so that I can't write."

The police know how community pressures apply to black journalists. On the morning of the day I met Jon Qwelane, policemen had come to the *Star* newsroom looking for him. Luckily for him, he was not around. What they wanted, the policemen told his editor, were Qwelane's sources for a recent story about a shooting in the township of KwaThema. According to Qwelane's story, the shooting occurred at a vigil for a woman who had died after being shot nine times by the police. Two men believed to be policemen fired six heavy-calibre bullets and several rounds of bird shot into the tent where the vigil was being held, killing a boy of fifteen and wounding one of sixteen. The police, Qwelane had reported, claimed to know nothing about the incident. "But they're not interested in who shot those kids," Qwelane told me. "They just want me to give them a name. Any name. Then they can go back to KwaThema and tell people I coöperated with them, and that will destroy my credibility. The whole idea is to embarrass you, and they win either way. If you don't name sources, you go to jail. If you name sources, you lose your credibility." Being taken to court for refusal to name sources is such a common occupational hazard among black reporters that when I asked Mike Tissong about a suit the police were bringing against him—they wanted his sources for a story about seven youths in Duduza who were killed by booby-trapped hand grenades that a police plant posing as a guerrilla had given them—Tissong looked puzzled for a moment, and then his face fell. He had been so busy lately he had forgotten about the suit. It was an absurd case, Tissong said, because he had named his sole source in the story, and the police had already detained the poor guy. The police came back for Qwelane the next week, but they missed him again. "The boss told them to get lost," Qwelane said. "I just hope they do."

The Argus Company stands by its journalists when the state attacks them. Joe Thloloe has spent many years either banned or in detention; the company has paid him his salary throughout. Argus lawyers defend reporters whom the police have charged; they would be representing Mike Tissong in the Duduza case. When Phil Mtimkulu was banned for three years at the end of 1980, the company continued to pay his salary. This support flows, certainly, from the company's principles—Argus editors are among the country's leading defenders of the idea of a free press—but the importance of black journalists to news coverage in South Africa today is also hard to overstate. Particularly since the current uprising began, in September, 1984, the townships have become places where it is virtually impossible for white reporters to work. And the civil war raging in the townships has become, as Jon Qwelane says, "a world story."

Qwelane is both a prolific reporter for the *Star*—his byline sometimes appears eight or ten times in a week, and on half a dozen different stories in the *Sunday Star*—and one of the paper's best-known columnists. He produces a steady stream of op-ed pieces, and when I was in Johannesburg he was writing two regular columns—"Jon's Jive," which appeared on Saturdays, and "Just Jon," on Sundays. Qwelane was then, in fact, the only black columnist writing for a white newspaper in South Africa.

Qwelane's columns are in some ways his shelter from the storm of day-to-day reporting—and that was especially true of "Jon's Jive" (which Qwelane has since stopped writing; he now writes a weekly current-affairs column for the black-edited *Sowetan*). "I try to keep that piece light," he told me when I was there. "There's too much gory stuff in the paper already. Sunday is the heavy one." For "Jon's Jive," he had written about everything from phantom loose pigs causing car accidents in Soweto to a variety of township slang known as "tsotsi-taal." He liked to set stories in shebeens, and often let his Catholic schooling show in extravagant religious metaphors—even whole disquisitions on Heaven and Hell. The columns on township slang, of which there had been a number, celebrated the multilingual richness of their subject. A reader learned, for instance, that since money is "sugar," to be broke is to be "sugar-free;" that people of high standing are "situations," and their neighborhoods, should these also house poor residents, are "mink-and-manure townships;" that a "stop nonsense" is a concrete wall; that an irritating shebeen-keeper may cause the customers to "impose economic sanctions." Some of these "tsotsi-taal" columns read like an African "Finnegans

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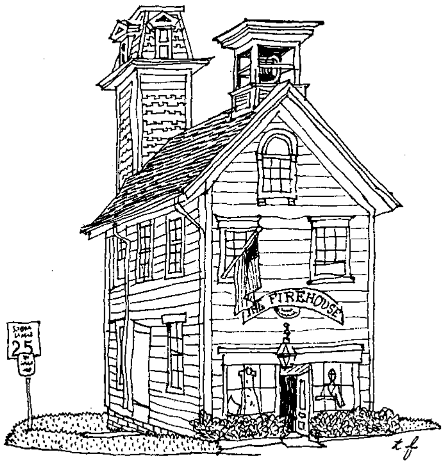
Wake," with the few conventional English words and phrases surfacing like small clear windows in a dense, jewelled cloud of language.

"Just Jon," Qwelane's Sunday column, may have been named that by the *Star's* editors in the hope of reassuring white readers that the opinions expressed therein were the writer's own, not those of the newspaper, or of blacks in general. Rex Gibson says, "In some ways, Jon has come to be the symbol of all 'uppity kaffirs.' " Qwelane manages that trick simply by commenting on the issues of the day from a black perspective—not *the* black perspective, since there is no such thing, but a perspective that Gibson acknowledges "is very widespread," and that many whites seem to fear delineates what their black workers or servants really think. In one of his first columns for the *Star*, Qwelane described how he and his friends were rooting against the white South Africans who were playing at Wimbledon. The country's isolation in most international sports is a very sore point among white South Africans; the idea that "their" blacks might be enjoying their discomfiture is doubly enraging. After black spectators turned up at an international rugby match and cheered for the visiting squad, one Afrikaans newspaper angrily suggested that blacks wanting to attend future matches be screened to weed out the evil-minded. Qwelane played straight to this weakness, and has continued ever since to insert the needle just where it hurts.

The angle of Qwelane's attacks on apartheid is different from that of the *Star's* editorials: it emphasizes black experience rather than white guilt, and often projects a strange mock gaiety. Thus, when he slams P. W. Botha for betraying with the latest crackdown some vague promises of conciliation and "reform" that Botha made in a series of radio broadcasts and newspaper advertisements, he does so by way of an elaborate threat to sue the President for false advertising. The voluminous hate mail Qwelane receives, most of which he reads and keeps, lets him know that his words are at least reaching the far side of the apartheid abyss. He once showed me a stack of letters—screeds full of death threats and psychopathic racism, most of them semiliterate, all of them unsigned—and said, with a short laugh, "Maybe I'll publish a selection someday. We could call it 'White Political Thinking.' "

Though Qwelane is given fairly free rein by his editors in "Just Jon," he still has to battle to protect his copy. For instance, the *Star*, following government usage, calls the Bantustans "homelands," a term that Qwelane, like many blacks, rejects, but to get "Bantustan" past the copy editors he must put it inside a quote from a fictional conversation. (This may sound like a trivial problem, but terminology in South Africa is critical: reality itself often seems to depend on a choice of words.) In any case, publishing Qwelane's columns is not a matter of altruism or political principle on the part of the *Star*. The newspaper not only heaps prestige upon itself by doing so but also sells more papers. Qwelane's columns are hugely popular among blacks; and one white subeditor told me, "My mother absolutely hates Jon's writing, but she always reads his column first."

One of Qwelane's editors on the columns is Anita Hughes. A big, ebullient blond young woman, she had worked with him for two years and is an outspoken admirer. "Jon's columns are so well thought out," she told me. "They always have a beginning, a middle, and an end. He writes to length, precisely. His copy is totally professional. His command of the English language, which isn't, after all, his native tongue, is superb. The only thing you might occasionally find is that he sometimes tends to be very adamant." Because adamancy is also one of Anita Hughes' traits, she and Qwelane wrangle constantly. One of their standing differences is over his choice of work station. Hughes sits in the *Sunday Star* wing of the newsroom. One day while I was there, she walked into the ghetto and told Qwelane, obviously not for the first time, "We can't have you always sitting down here at this end. We want you up by us, where we can keep you nice and cool and calm." While Qwelane laughed and tried to change the subject, Montshiwa Moroke said to me, sotto voce, "She means where they can keep him *in check*." That day, Qwelane managed to divert Hughes into an argument about whether Christ sjambokked the moneylenders in the temple—the Gospel according to Qwelane—or merely overturned their tables, as Hughes claimed. They went round and round, each wielding a considerable familiarity with the Bible, until Hughes finally said, "Every time I come down here, I stay two hours. Your mind is like a labyrinth. We have to sort you out."



Rex Gibson is a Qwelane fan himself. "In his columns, you never get the impression that he's writing to some hack formula, and he is consistently able to expose, with great effectiveness, the hypocrisy and shallowness of white arguments," Gibson said to me. "Meanwhile, his straight reporting is of a very high calibre. He's a chameleon in that respect. He can leap from highly subjective comments to straight factual reporting." Of a recent story, broken by Qwelane after intensive investigation, on the violent activities of white vigilantes in West Rand townships, Gibson said, "We know he got it right, because if he'd got *anything* wrong we'd have heard all about it from the police." He paused, then added, "And somehow, through all this, Jon retains that great cheerfulness of his." Several white *Star* reporters mentioned the same thing, in tones of grateful surprise, when I asked them about working with Qwelane: his personal warmth. Anita Hughes had been trying her hand at writing, and she told me, "Every time I turned in a piece, Jon would write something encouraging about it and leave it in my 'desk.' "

Qwelane's connection to the *Star's* computer system borders on the organic. Whenever we sat talking in the newsroom, he would chain-smoke cigarettes, drink can after can of Coca-Cola, answer the phone ("Newsroom," barked, would be followed by a quick conversation in South Sotho), and doodle on a computer terminal. Glowing patterns of dashes, commas, slashes, hyphens would slowly bloom across the screen, be abruptly cleared, then start growing again. In the middle of a conversation, he would, to illustrate some point, turn to a monitor, call up a story, highlight a paragraph with a couple of keystrokes, and say, "Read that." All activities in the vicinity of his terminal are marked by a steady flow of small inspirations—by Qwelane's casually making electronic notes to himself, reviewing the latest stories to come in, suddenly revising his own stories or columns, or leaving messages, both serious and playful, for his colleagues in their "desks." One white *Star* reporter said to me, "Jon is so locked in to events and developments that it's as if the news had become fused with his personality. In fact, he's such a workaholic that if he ever stepped out of it suddenly he'd probably disintegrate."

This close relationship to his writing extends to his reporting rounds, on which Qwelane is constantly canvassing public opinion—asking people what they think about the latest boycotts or killings or taxes. He conducts these open-ended surveys in taxis and buses and elevators and shops, addressing people in the African familiar mode as *buti* (brother), *mama* (mother), *sisi* (sister), or *baba* (father). The flow from these conversations into his columns can be startlingly direct. The passing comments of a cleaning woman may be recorded, turned into a witty attack on the government, and sent to his editor's "desk" in the space of an hour.

Archbishop Tutu is a Qwelane enthusiast—"I love Jon very much," he told me—but, unlike the reporter who believes that Qwelane would disintegrate if he took a break, Tutu thinks he could use some time away from South Africa. "With the kind of reporting he does, he may need to have some of the poison drawn out of his system," the Archbishop said. "Maybe a stint overseas on a good paper." There is, in fact, a whole array of overseas programs and fellowships, including the Nieman Fellowship at Harvard, available to South African journalists, and these days they are more likely to be awarded to a black journalist than to a white. Qwelane is an obvious candidate for a Nieman, and he has been urged to apply for one, but he seems dubious. When I said I thought he could get one, he shrugged, and said, "I suppose I could join the jet set. But I just hate to be patronized."

SINCE Jon Qwelane is so widely liked at the *Star*, and his abilities are so widely acknowledged (an American reporter working temporarily at the *Star* on an exchange program told me, "Jon's advice on how to do a story here has been worth more to me than what all the editors put together could offer"), a question naturally arises about his status at the paper. It arises especially often among his black colleagues. Maud Motanyane said to me, "They've misused Jon a hell of a lot. His columns contribute enormously to the paper, but he's not getting the credit. There're so few white reporters at the *Star* close to Jon in experience or ability." A white colleague put the situation more bluntly: "If he were white, Jon Qwelane would be much higher at the paper. As it is, there's really nowhere for him to go."

Qwelane claims not to be interested in a promotion; indeed, he seems to shudder at the suggestion. "No," he says. "I'm just one of the boys here. I have no ambition to become an editor. In fact, I hate authority, I hate discipline, so I can't see anybody else not hating me in that capacity. I see myself as a storyteller." He turns and starts tapping slowly, thoughtfully, at a keyboard: the African storyteller at his computer terminal. Phil Mtimkulu says of Qwelane, "He is not an executive type of guy. He's a writer." It is on Mtimkulu's behalf, and on Maud Motanyane's, that Qwelane can get vehement about the lack of equal opportunity for blacks at the *Star*. He thinks their talent is unappreciated at the paper, "and it's just color, nothing more." Of himself he says, "The *Star's* been good to me. Come to think of it, I can't think of anyone, black or white, who has been given more chances than me." At the time I was in Johannesburg, Qwelane earned sixteen hundred rands (about seven hundred dollars) a month, but he said, somewhat sheepishly, "Even if I were being paid two hundred rands, I suppose I would still be doing this job. I suppose it's just love of the game."

In one of our conversations, Qwelane described the *Star's* editorial structure this way: "The *Star* is the whole South African situation in microcosm. The Af. ed. is like a Bantustan. Its news editor is like a Bantustan leader. He is black. But he is answerable to another news editor, who is answerable to a managing editor, who is answerable to the editor of the daily, who is answerable to the editor-in-chief, all of whom are white. A Bantustan leader is answerable to the Minister of Coöperation and Development, who is answerable to the Cabinet, which is answerable to P. W. Botha. It's the black local chief keep-

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"He didn't mean to throw it so hard."

• •

ing the blacks in order and being answerable to the white authorities, who are answerable only to other whites."

White reporters on the English-language papers in South Africa tend to be young—the average age at the *Star* is under thirty. The job pays relatively poorly and the raises level off quickly, with the result that those who want to start families move into advertising, public relations, publishing, politics, or some other comparatively lucrative field. As a group, they are anti-apartheid. (I have never met one who was not.) Some are actively sympathetic to the black resistance. Many have done courageous investigative reporting. Still, while talking to white journalists in Johannesburg I was often struck by the contempt they displayed for their black colleagues. Nearly all of them seemed to say that very few blacks are real professionals—that blacks' regard for facts, their ability to look at the news dispassionately, their command of English were all lacking.

Black and white journalists belong to separate unions. This is not necessarily by white journalists' choice; their union is now nonracial. (For many years, it was not, and that has tainted the organization permanently in the eyes of many blacks.) It was a white *Star* reporter, Sheryl Raine, however, who told me, "It makes perfect sense that we have separate unions. Most white journalists are indifferent to unions. The only time they'll come to a meeting is two weeks before pay talks, when they'll scream that they're underpaid and need more money to buy a Jacuzzi. Blacks, on the other hand, are totally into unions. They understand—and, more than that, they *feel*—the need to organize. And they rightly question the level of militancy among whites. When it comes down to it, blacks will strike and whites won't—it's as simple as that. Whites are afraid of being arrested, for God's sake. Still, I don't think whites would scab again, the way they did in 1980 when the blacks went out for two months and the *Post* was closed and Phil and the others were banned, and all that. But the basic issue is commitment. Black reporters see their work as part of the struggle. It keeps them working hours that are absolutely obscene. Herbert once worked for six weeks solid. He was finally *ordered* to take two days off—and he called in on both those days. They are on call at all times—'accessible to the community,' as they say. Meanwhile, the level of commitment among most white reporters is virtually nil. This is a job. When the last edition closes for the day, they're gone."

"Most of these people have never set foot in a township in their lives," one black reporter told me, waving his hand to indicate the newsroom at large. Indeed, not one black reporter at the *Star* had ever had a white co-worker at his house. But the most serious failure of communication for black reporters on white papers occurs with the news editors. "Forget the cops," the black reporter said. "The hardest battle we fight here is with the white editors—to get our copy into the paper. They simply don't trust the stories we bring in, or else they can't handle what people are saying in the townships. They say, 'We can't print that, it's inflammatory.' But that's the *mood:* inflamed."

Black reporters seem to stand permanently suspected of exaggeration by their editors on white papers, of an inability to be "objective"—especially in their coverage of unrest. Allister Sparks, the former editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, says the suspicion is justified. "It's an absurd expectation, that they be objective," he says. "It would be like sending a Jew out to cover the politics in Germany in the nineteen-thirties and expecting him to be completely detached about all this Nazi business."

"Our editors are still in the Sharpeville era," one white reporter told me, referring to the 1960 police massacre of sixty-nine unarmed blacks, which shook the country deeply and came to mark the end of one chapter of South African history and the beginning of another. "They never go to the townships, and they just cannot believe that the police and the Army *routinely* murder their opponents now, even little kids. It doesn't seem to matter how many times their own reporters come and tell them it's happening. You get the feeling that they lack the most basic grasp of what South Africa is about today."

DURING the time I spent at the *Star*, Phil Mtimkulu was, as far as I could tell, the only black editor on a white newspaper in South Africa, and his job—news editor of the Africa edition—was near the bottom of the *Star's* large editorial pile. All the subeditors were white. All the assistant editors were white. All the editors were white.

The reason blacks do not occupy positions of editorial power at a newspaper like the *Star* is that politically and economically it is a white paper, and the interests of blacks and whites in South Africa are in many ways, at this point in history, fundamentally different. Black readership is large—that is why the Africa edition exists—but whites, who control most of the disposable income in the country, are the main targets of the *Star's* advertisers. They are the paper's financial raison d'être. Naturally, they, in combination with the paper's ownership, determine the *Star's* outlook. No newspaper can survive that does not reflect in large measure the views of its readers.

Who are the owners of the *Star*? Basically, they are the same people who own South Africa's gold and diamond mines. These well-fixed individuals are usually described by foreign analysts as "English financial interests," by local Marxists as "big capital," and by a broad spectrum of South Africans simply as "Anglo," which is short for the Anglo American Corporation, a consortium that dominates the national economy, controlling directly or indirectly a breathtaking number of companies (over half the companies on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange, in fact), the Argus Company among them.

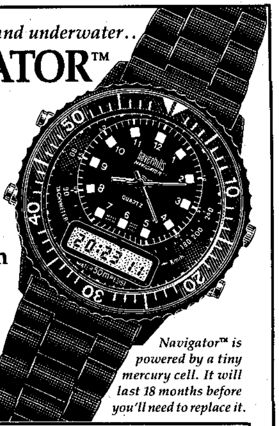
It is an oversimplification to say that the English-language press and the liberal opposition party in the whites-only House of Assembly, the Progressive Federal Party, are Anglo mouthpieces, but the links between the three groups and the convergence of their interests are certainly thoroughgoing. Anglo has long financed the Progressive Federal Party; the government press regularly refers to the *Star* and its sister papers as "the P.F.P. press;" and the political positions of Party and press are essentially the same: anti-apartheid, but opposed to one-person, one-vote in a unitary state (the political structure favored by an overwhelming majority of blacks), or to any other form of majority rule which does not safeguard "minority rights" (the government's *and* the white opposition's euphemism for white privilege). The *Star* provides abundant news space and op-ed space to P.F.P. spokesmen, Anglo's top managers, and other leading businessmen, and editorially never questions the sincerity of their views—although cynicism about the anti-apartheid protestations of groups like Anglo American, whose profits have always depended on the crude neo-slavery of the migrant labor system (a far more fundamental feature of apartheid than, say, laws concerning sex or marriage across the color line), runs extremely deep throughout South Africa, black and white.

Actually, "free enterprise," rather than "minority rights," is the main theme of the white opposition's political pronouncements nowadays, and one gets the impression that Anglo's managers don't necessarily fear a black government in South Africa; they make healthy profits, after all, from their many mines in independent Africa. What they fear is a socialist government—particularly one that might nationalize their holdings.

Basic issues, basic institutions—Parliament, the South African military, the country's international relations—are seen from virtually opposite angles by the *Star's* white editors and its black reporters. Thus, the paper's foreign correspondents file (and the editors publish) bitter, panicky stories about "anti-S.A. demos" in Britain and America, while black South Africans on the whole, and certainly all the black journalists I've ever met, see the same protests as being anti-*apartheid*, in *support* of the majority of South Africans, and welcome the news of them.

The *Star's* "political correspondent," stationed in Cape Town to cover Parliament, has the sort of high-profile, senior reporting job that Jon Qwelane might seem to be in line for, except that the political correspondent couldn't be black. Not only would covering the Nationalist-dominated Parliament be difficult, if not impossible, because of some of the more petty apartheid laws and the racism of most M.P.s but the correspondent's analyses of events, whether labelled as such or implied in his reporting, must at least take the parliamentary issues and debates seriously, and also reflect the *Star's* political line—things that no black reporter could credibly do. Of the *Star's* owners, Qwelane says, "They always keep an eye over their right shoulder, just like the government. The government watches the white right wing. *They* watch their advertisers. And when you come down to it those guys in the mahogany room don't want a majority government in this country. They just want a more humane white order."

QWELANE lives in a tin-roofed four-room matchbox in a working-class district of Soweto called Chiawelo Extension Two, with his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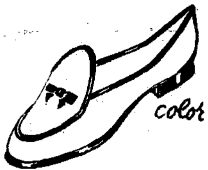
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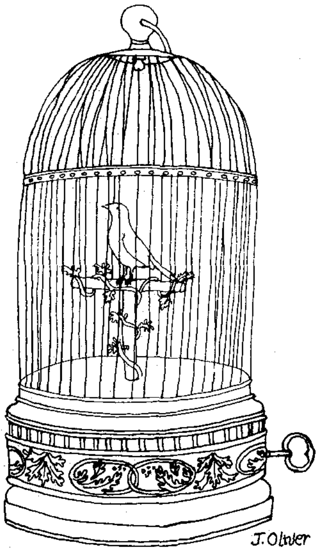
wife, Sana, and their two small children. The house has had electricity only since 1984; the toilet is an outhouse across the back yard. It is two taxi rides from the nearest supermarket, and almost twenty miles from Johannesburg. Sana, who is a quiet, powerful-looking woman with a lovely laugh, works as a nurse at a Johannesburg hospital. With their combined incomes, the Qwelanes have hopes of eventually building on to their house, even of getting a car. In the meantime, when Qwelane wants to write at home he must do so in longhand at the coffee table, which doubles as a dining-room table (and is, in fact, the only table in the house). It and two sofas, two chairs, a bookshelf, and a television set cram the tiny living room. "Desiderata" and an inexpensive print of Leonardo's "Last Supper" hang on the brick walls. On the bookshelf sit a Bible, a dictionary, a thesaurus, and several dozen Penguin paperbacks. Qwelane told me that the family doesn't keep any political literature in the house. (To do so is asking for trouble. Qwelane's good friend and colleague Montshiwa Moroke once collected books freely. Then he lost his whole library in a police raid. Fortunately, he was not home when the police came, and when friends managed to reach him and warn him he simply abandoned the company car he was driving, and went into hiding. The other members of an activist theatre group to which Moroke belonged were all arrested. He himself stayed underground for a year. It was when he finally, tentatively, resurfaced, half mad from running and hiding, that he first went to work as a journalist.)


J. Oliver

Mudini Maivha and I went to the Qwelanes' for dinner one evening in June. It was a moonless night, but we hid my rented car behind the house anyway. There had been a lot of fighting in Chiawelo over the previous couple of weeks, with cars stolen, hijacked, and burned. It was not safe, moreover, to have a strange car parked in front of one's house—particularly not if anyone had seen a white man in that car. The Qwelanes' two-year-old son, Sobukwe—whom his father usually refers to as "this terrorist" or "this funnyman" or "this wild native," and, according to Sana, indulges hopelessly—was at his grandmother's house, in another district of Soweto, and their second child's birth was still some weeks away, so the house was quiet and peaceful.

Maivha, Qwelane, and I watched the news on television while Sana served dinner, which consisted of baked beans, a beef sausage called boerewors, and great helpings of mealie pap, the corn porridge that is the staple food of Africans throughout southern Africa. We washed the meal down with a sweet orange drink while P. W. Botha discoursed dourly on the screen about some rural water scheme. Then Deputy Minister of Information Louis Nel came on to warn us about black "terrorism."

"You know," Qwelane said, "no news story on South African television is complete without a Cabinet Minister making some pronouncement on the subject. What kind of journalism is that?"

His point was immediately reinforced as Minister of Law and Order Louis Le Grange appeared, defending the state of emergency, and was followed by the Home Affairs Minister, Stoffel Botha, announcing that he had just deported an American journalist (Richard Manning, of *Newsweek*). The next story was about locusts in the Orange Free State, and Maivha said, "I wonder what the Minister of Locusts will have to say." A few clips of World Cup soccer were shown, which Maivha and Qwelane watched intently. Soccer is easily the most popular sport among black South Africans, but SABC was not broadcasting the World Cup finals, which were being played that week. Instead, it was broadcasting rugby, a white sport, and Wimbledon, with the handful of "South African-born" or "South African-raised" tennis players relentlessly featured.

When the news was over, Maivha, getting up to leave, asked Qwelane about his plans for the next day.

Qwelane said, "I think I will go around to some of the public toilets in town. I want to make sure they're still not letting niggers like you use the facilities. There could be a column in it."

Maivha, standing over Qwelane, who was sprawled on a couch, nodded slowly, suppressing a smile. "Good idea," he said. Then he thanked Sana, donned his lumberjacket, said "*Ciao*," and left on foot.

That evening, while we chatted, sipped coffee, ate ice cream, and watched TV, Qwelane was voluble and seemed relaxed, except that each time he heard a vehicle outside he fell silent. Now and then, he went to the window, drew aside the heavy curtain, and looked out. A wild-looking boy had shown up at the *Star* that afternoon, appearing suddenly in the doorway of a conference room where Qwelane and I sat talking. The boy was a student leader, he was on the run, and he and some friends needed a place to stay that night. Qwelane had told him they couldn't stay at the house, but told me afterward that he expected them to turn up anyway. He just hoped they would come early; he didn't like opening the door after midnight, particularly not lately, when a strange car had been parked around the corner for several nights in a row, with men sitting in it.

I asked Qwelane if any of his neighbors had been firebombed.

"Ye-e-e-es," he said. (Qwelane has a way of saying "yes" in a high, musical voice that makes it into at least a four-syllable word. The effect is to lighten the assertion, and to add some details without adding them. He also has a four-syllable "no" that is a whole conversation in itself.) "One of our neighbors just lost his home that way. Fortunately, no one was hurt or killed. But, you know, *nothing* is ever said. There is no warning. And after it happens you usually don't have to ask, 'Why did they hit me?' Because you already know. You paid your rent. You shopped in town. And the comrades have said they will enforce boycotts by petrol bombing."

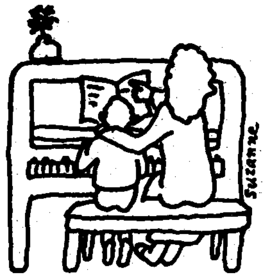
Did he and Sana observe the boycotts?

"Of course. We have absolutely supported every consumer boycott, even when it meant going without the things that Sobukwe needed when he was very small. And we have stopped paying rent as well. Everyone in Soweto has."

Did his neighbors resent the comrades?

"People may fear the comrades, and they may dislike their methods—I don't agree with the tactics these kids use—but virtually every black person wants to see this country changed, wants to see the system overturned, and they know that that is what the comrades are fighting for. The comrades are their children. People are proud of them. Everyone understands that they are up against a hell of a lot. You can't help admiring their courage."

The Qwelanes' neighborhood, which is made up of long rows of little houses exactly like theirs, is, in Qwelane's words, "a real old-time apartheid neighborhood." He means that it dates from the days when areas of Soweto were strictly segregated by language group—their neighborhood is still almost totally Venda-speaking. Qwelane moved there in 1983, after that policy had begun to unravel, and managed to get a ninety-nine-year lease on the house in 1984, when such leases became available. (Before that, virtually all Africans in urban areas were forced to rent housing—if they could find it—from the government.) "Most of our neighbors are conservative, rural people," Qwelane told me. "The women wear traditional Venda headdresses, which can be quite elaborate, and all kinds of leg bracelets. In fact, their legs look like very well-fed pythons. On Sunday afternoons, the neighbors all get together in the field just here next to us and have a party. They beat drums, blow whistles, play guitars, dance. And the hooch flows! It all gets so loud you can't believe it. I call it the Venda National Symphony Orchestra. As soon as it starts, I flee. I go to see friends."



Qwelane's friends, who tend to be other journalists, mostly live in other sections of Soweto, some of them many miles away. When they get together, they speak English. "But I often wonder why," Qwelane once said to me. "What's wrong with our own languages? We are not Englishmen." The language spoken around the Qwelanes' house is Zulu, Sana's mother tongue. So Zulu will be Sobukwe's mother tongue, too. He is also picking up some Venda from the little girl next door. And some Sotho from the neighbor kid at his grandmother's house. And English from his parents and their friends. When he reaches school age, Jon and Sana plan to send him to St. Joseph's College, a Catholic boarding school in Botswana, which Jon himself attended.

Jon was born and raised in Mafeking, a small railway-junction town in the northern Cape. Perhaps because his childhood coincided with the sombre heyday of grand apartheid—that period when the government first moved to impose its gigantic, monstrous plan of racializing and revamping every aspect of South African society—the outlines of his early life as he recalls it seem etched largely by political developments. The apartheid program of "forced removals," which has displaced three and a half million people to date, included the destruction of the "native location" outside Mafeking where the Qwelanes lived. The introduction of the system known as Bantu Education, under which the government took over responsibility for black education from the churches and openly proclaimed that its intention was to provide blacks with permanently inferior schooling, also affected Qwelane directly and lastingly. His father was a teacher, and a graduate of All Saints College, which had been one of the top black schools under the old mission system. Proud, strict, politically aware, the elder Qwelane was so appalled by Bantu Education that he quit his job, left South Africa to teach in neighboring Botswana (then still the British protectorate of Bechuanaland), and sent seven of his nine children to school there.

The education that Qwelane received at St. Joseph's, which he attended on a half scholarship, was academically superior in every way to what was being offered to his peers at home in South Africa, but was probably most valuable for its retention of English as the medium of instruction. Under Bantu Education, a program of "mother-tongue instruction" had been imposed on African schools, requiring the use of African vernacular languages in all subjects for the first eight years of schooling. Mother-tongue instruction is one of the pillars of the apartheid program of "retribalization," and its effect on black education has been devastating. Not only are the African languages unsuitable for learning basic subjects such as science, mathematics, history, and geography but the few children who reach high

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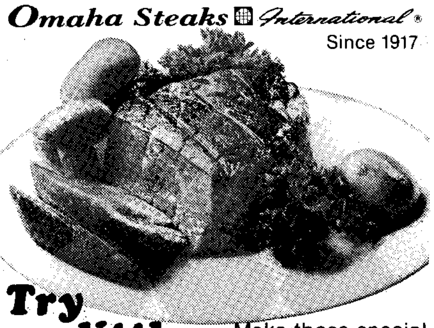

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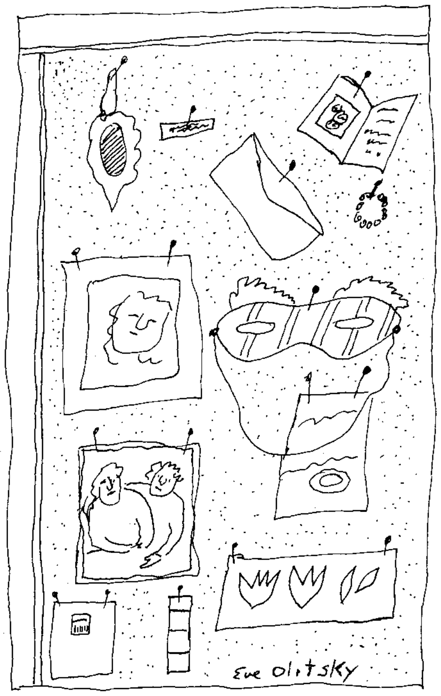
school are desperately unprepared to suddenly start learning in English or Afrikaans. And, of course, the majority, who never reach high school, are unprepared for life in modern society, except in the most menial capacities. Qwelane escaped the debilitation of Bantu Education. What is more, his colonial and parochial education, despite its shortcomings, allowed his aptitude for English to flower.

Qwelane spent his school holidays in Mafeking, however, and most of his childhood memories are distinctly South African. He and his friends would carry bundles of laundry for the washerwomen of the "location" into the white town, and Qwelane remembers being set upon there by gangs of white boys and beaten up, for reasons he could never fathom. His mother was an uneducated, devout Catholic who worked as a domestic servant and took no interest in politics; he remembers her simple pride in the fact that she worked for the family of the chief magistrate of Mafeking. ("If you have read P. G. Wodehouse," he has written, "you will know that such seemingly inconsequential social distinctions mean a lot in the servants' quarters.") His father, meanwhile, conveyed his own political convictions to his children. He refused to call white men *baas* even if they were policemen demanding his pass, and when shop assistants treated him badly he took his business elsewhere. And he taught his children a version of South African history not found in the official texts: "My father always made it clear that this was the black man's land, that it was stolen from him." His political hero was Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe, a brilliant African nationalist who had also once been a schoolteacher. Sobukwe is one of the tragic figures in South African history. He was jailed for incitement for three years in 1960, and held for six more years without charges (the longest anyone has ever been imprisoned without charges in South Africa), then confined to his home in Kimberley under a banning order until he died, from cancer, in 1978. Jon Qwelane's father died in 1967, but the profound effect he had on his son is evident. Qwelane's naming his own firstborn Sobukwe honored both Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe and his father.

"I got into journalism by accident, really," Qwelane told me. "After high school, I was working as a clerk at the Department of Health and Social Welfare in Mafeking. There was a weekly paper, the Mafeking *Mail*, with a black edition that consisted of a four-page supplement that was mostly sports. A relative of the editor told me they needed a free-lance sportswriter, so I started filling in for them. I did that for four or five months—this was 1972. Then I started sending in free-lance articles about local politics to the *Rand Daily Mail*. They bought everything I sent them, so I took heart and, in 1974, moved to Jo'burg. I had no prospects when I arrived, but fortunately I had quite a number of aunts and uncles in the area. I stayed with an uncle in Soweto, and after a short while I got a job with the *World*"—a black paper—"covering news and courts. But I was too wild to stay with that uncle and his family. He was a very conventional man, and I kept no schedule—I slept at the office, I slept in shebeens—so we fell out after just three months. Really, I was an untamed rogue at that time."

Free-lance sportswriting was the traditional portal into black journalism, and Qwelane's subsequent performance as a young reporter in Johannesburg was in the high tradition of *Drum* and the *Golden City Post*. The untamed rogue from Mafeking moved, wrote, and drank at a ferocious pace, careering from paper to paper in what sounds today like one long hurricane of scoops and sprees. From the *World* (which was banned in 1977, resurrected as the *Post*, banned again in 1980, then resurrected again as the *Sowetan*), he went to the *Sunday Times*, a paper with a huge circulation and an especially insulting extra edition, for which Qwelane covered news and sports. He found he liked the deadlines on a weekly (they gave him more time to carouse), and set the pattern for his next several jobs by celebrating a streak of exemplary reporting and page-one bylines with a binge that ended in a smashed company car and abrupt unemployment. In 1976, the Afrikaans papers were desperate for coverage of the uprising taking place in the townships, and so Qwelane went to work for *Beeld*, a Johannesburg morning daily. He was the first black reporter to work there, he told me, and he went on to recall, "That was a hair-raising experience. But I discovered that some of those chaps, despite being Afrikaners, have a lot of integrity. I wrote in English, they translated my copy, *and they never changed the meaning at all.* They actually wanted to know what was happening. I had front-page stories so many days. The funny part was that the people in the townships didn't mind that I was working for *Beeld*. Things were much less polarized then. The people were not so critical of the press."



After several months of hard and dangerous reporting and then a week's unauthorized vacation in a *Beeld* car, Qwelane found himself back on the sidewalk. He next went to work for the *Citizen*—"This was before anything was known about that paper's funding"—where he was again the only black reporter. The stint was a short one, ending the same way as the others. The *Rand Daily Mail* hired Qwelane in 1977. There he escaped the sports beat once and for all when an editor assigned him to cover a boxing match after he had gone to a friend's wedding. Soweto weddings often involve some drinking. By the time Qwelane got to the fight, a title bout, "I couldn't tell a left hook from a push," he told me. His report reflected this confusion, and news became his only beat thereafter. Two years on the country's leading English-language paper sharpened Qwelane's skills as a journalist, but did not mend his ways. His tenure at the *Mail* ended after a misunderstanding with the security guards at the paper's offices. "They handcuffed me and beat me up quite well," he said. "Afterward, it was their word against mine about what happened, and there were six of them and no witnesses."

Then there came a one-day stint at *Drum*. The magazine was only a shadow of its former electrifying self, but Jim Bailey, its longtime owner, still prized racy writing, for which Qwelane had become known. On the afternoon of the day he was hired, the staff held "a welcoming piss-up." Qwelane's memory of the party is sparse, but the editors afterward helped him piece together a version of events that featured him accusing Jim Bailey of giving him drinks in order to kill him, the same way he had killed Casey Motsisi, Can Themba, and other bright lights of the Golden Era. The suggestion hurt Bailey deeply, and he fired Qwelane on the spot. Qwelane apologized, but he was not rehired.

Qwelane joined the *Star* in 1979. His drinking, superb reporting, and insubordination continued until one day in 1982. "I went to cover a story and came back the story itself—the story of the newsroom," he said. "Smashed to hell and beyond." He was fired, and then, after three months, rehired on condition that he reform. Qwelane stopped drinking, relapsed, and stopped again, off and on for a year or so. Finally, in 1983, he joined a Soweto chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous. The group meets every Sunday. He never misses a meeting. Today, Qwelane runs down the rap sheet of his decade as the bad boy of Johannesburg newsrooms with a sort of rueful relish. At the same time, there is something automatic about his confession: the slight dissociation of the consciously cured.

In his eight years at the *Star*, Qwelane has covered many beats and a great range of stories: township politics, Bantustan politics, mine disasters, hospital scandals, hailstorms and car accidents, political trials and the Soweto Scrabble craze. He has interviewed or done pieces on most of the leading figures in black politics: Nelson Mandela, Winnie Mandela, Desmond Tutu, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi. From the beginning, Qwelane showed a flair for feature writing. He could write features that were strictly "human interest": on the Jews of Soweto; on young black artists; a panoramic, Dickensian description of the black wing of the Johannesburg train station at Christmas, with vivid descriptions of pickpockets and of young migrant workers going home with their new clothes and radios. He could write features with political themes: visits to the families of political prisoners; an analysis of black student organizations; the meaning of funerals in black society. Qwelane became known for inventive, cinematic leads. In a story about a boxing champion sentenced to death for murder, Qwelane's opening focussed on the guppies in the fish tank beside the TV set in the boxer's mother's flat—how even they seemed to swim dejectedly. In his straight political reporting, the tension between his subjects and his own political views often gave his stories a special tautness; and the underpinnings of that tension were sometimes revealed in the separate editing of his pieces for the white and the black editions of the *Star*. Thus, Qwelane's account of a Buthelezi speech in Soweto (Buthelezi is in favor among the *Star's* editors) emphasized in the white editions the Zulu Bantustan leader's anti-government remarks, while in the Africa edition it emphasized Buthelezi's belligerence toward black journalists and his penchant for making silly remarks.

98¢
YOUR CHOICE

Qwelane is perhaps still best known for a remarkable series of stories he filed in March and April of 1985. On March 21st, the police opened fire on a crowd marching near Uitenhage, in the eastern Cape; twenty-one people were killed and hundreds wounded. Qwelane flew to the eastern Cape that day, and the next day he filed a story that challenged police claims about the killing. Louis Le Grange, the Minister of Law and Order, had told Parliament that petrol bombs were being used against police before the shooting. Qwelane searched the length of the road where the shooting took place, and "found neither splinters of glass nor anything to indicate that petrol had burned on the surface." He gathered eyewitness accounts disputing official assertions that freedom songs were being sung, political slogans chanted, and a warning to disperse given before the police opened fire. (A government investigation later found that the police had lied.) The next day, he reported allegations by the Uitenhage Black Civic Organization that police had shot and killed people who were lying wounded on the ground, and had then placed stones beside their bodies to suggest that they had been throwing them.

"It was supposed to be an in-and-out thing," Qwelane told me. "But I saw that there was a hell of a story still developing, so I stayed. I ended up staying four weeks." The residents of Langa, the township where the shooting had occurred, and of the nearby township of KwaNobuhle were in an insurrectionary mood after the massacre. Both townships were sealed off by police roadblocks, memorial services were banned, all black policemen and their families were evacuated, and residents staged mass stayaways from work. Mobs controlled the streets, especially at night, and Qwelane was soon the only journalist left on the scene. He had to work incognito, moving around on foot, taking no notes, doing his utmost to avoid being noticed either by police or by angry crowds. He was filing his stories over the phone, straight out of his head, and, unbeknownst to him, they were being run by the entire Argus group and picked up by newspapers around the world. Each phone he used went dead shortly after he used it and brought police swarming, but Qwelane kept moving, using different phones. When Bernardus Fourie, the South African Ambassador to the United States, said on American television that cannibalism was taking place in the Uitenhage townships, Qwelane was in a position to file a story citing numerous sources and headlined "CANNIBALISM REPORTS DENIED."

Qwelane saw his share of horrors, however. At the end of his first week in Langa, he estimated that ten people had been "burned to death by angry crowds in the last four days." His eyewitness account of the death of one township councillor, T. B. Kinikini, probably made such events more real than many of his readers were prepared for. But the most extraordinary story that Qwelane filed from Langa was one headlined, in the *Star's* Africa edition, "RELUCTANT HEADHUNTER'S NIGHT OF TERROR." It described his being press-ganged into a mob that was going from house to house demanding that all able-bodied males join the search for a businessman it had decided to burn. The tone of the story was half farce, half nightmare as it told of Qwelane's marching around with the mob, praying that it would find no one to kill. That night, his prayers were answered: "Just as I began thinking there was no way out, reason prevailed. Our unseen com-

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mander suddenly considered the possibility of an encounter with the law, and wondered what the outcome would be. A murmur of voices, including mine, forecast dire consequences and after more talking we were ordered to disband, each on honorable discharge."

The next evening, Qwelane had an even more frightening experience. The mob came again to the house where he was staying, again looking for the businessman, but this time someone suddenly decided that the stranger, Qwelane, was the man it sought. "There were about two hundred men out there, with knives, spades, axes, and a jerry can full of petrol," Qwelane recalled. "Some of them were shouting 'Your time is up!' and 'You bastard!' and 'You've sold us out long enough!' They were holding on to me, and they were shining a big torch in my eyes, so that I couldn't see. I tried to stay calm and collected. It was no time to start feeling sorry for myself. I showed them my air ticket back to Johannesburg, and my press card—which almost made matters worse, because it mentions the Commissioner of Police on it, and somebody noticed that. What saved me was the people I was staying with. One is an ex-detainee, the other is a former Robben Island prisoner. The crowd decided that such people would not have a sellout in their house. But a mob is almost impossible to reason with, you know. It takes only one irresponsible accusation these days to seal your doom."

Qwelane nevertheless stayed on in Langa, chronicling the disintegration of state authority in the Uitenhage townships, the spreading of violent resistance to nearby "colored" areas, and the squabbling that broke out between local political organizations and trade unions in the heat of the confrontation. His descriptions of the horrible living conditions in the Uitenhage townships gave added meaning to the uprising; his report on the mass funeral in KwaNobuhle, where more than seventy thousand mourners turned out to bury twenty-nine dead, conveyed the scale and the focus of events; and his ongoing investigation of the massacre on March 21st continued to undermine police statements. But it was the close call with the mob in Langa that seemed to remain with most of his colleagues—they often told me to "ask Jon about Uitenhage" or to look up the stories he had filed from there—as the scene that summed up the assignment. For it also summed up their own dilemma: how to mediate between their duties as newsmen, their powerful identification with the struggle for black liberation, and their understandable alarm, both personal and political, over the forms that the struggle can take.

After Qwelane's harrowing stint in Uitenhage, the *Star's* editors rewarded him with a trip to Europe. As he recalls it, the trip was less than a life's dream come true. "They managed to get me a passport, so I thought I should go. Very few of the chaps can get passports, and it was a chance to get the word out," he told me. He went to London, Amsterdam, and Paris, filing travel pieces and columns (one claiming that he could not relax in places where there were white street sweepers and white hotel porters, and white policemen who called him "sir," and concluding, "No, something is seriously wrong with overseas people"), and doing some public speaking, but mostly visiting exiles, many of them journalists or ex-journalists who were old friends.

Exile has been the fate of a dizzying number of black South African journalists. They live all over Africa, Europe, and America, teaching, writing, working in the outlawed liberation movements. Many fail to cope: Nat Nakasa threw himself out of a window in New York; Can Themba drank himself to death in Swaziland. "Even the ones who are doing well seemed so homesick, so out of place," Qwelane told me. "The chap I stayed with in Paris got out and played some old jazz records that he used to love as a kid in Alexandra, and you never saw such pain in a man's face. He's working in radio now. His kids speak French; they go to a French school."

Later that year, Qwelane visited the United States. "In Newark, New Jersey, we had a party the night before I was supposed to fly back," he told me. "There must have been fifteen exiles there, including Joe Gumede, who's my journalistic grandfather. You see, he brought Joe Thloloe into journalism, who, years later, brought me in. Joe Gumede works at the United Nations now. That was a great party—it went all night and I ended up missing my flight—but it was also so sad. Some of the guys were literally crying at the thought of mothers whom they had not seen in twenty-five years. They were all giving me messages to take home. They *missed* the ghetto. No, man, exile looks too sad."

Occasionally, Qwelane talks about the possibility of being forced to leave South Africa himself. On that June evening in his living room in Chiawelo Extension Two, he sighed, and said, "I think I'll only skip if I'm facing five years or more. That long in jail is just such a waste of time."

The student leader and his comrades didn't show up at Qwelane's that night. We watched "The Golden Girls," a program that Qwelane loves—the only one he watches regularly besides "The Cosby Show." He chuckled at every laugh line as the aging Southern belle played by Rue McClanahan tried to decide whether to marry the dashing millionaire who had flown her to Atlanta in his private jet for dinner. Later, in the middle of a serious conversation about socialism and the Book of Exodus, with Sana still watching TV, Qwelane noticed something on the screen and interrupted himself. "It's Hägar!" he cried. "I love Hägar." We turned and watched. It was a commercial, a cartoon, with a Viking curmudgeon selling flashlight batteries.

It was nearly midnight when I finally rose to head back to town. An old black-and-white "Tarzan" movie was just starting. There was tribal dancing—Africans imitating birds in a furious mating dance—intercut with some glittering repartee among the khaki-clad white folk looking on. Jon and Sana saw me to my car before Tarzan appeared. They told me—almost pleaded with me—to stop for nothing and no one until I was out of Soweto. I managed to follow their advice as far as the Army roadblock at the edge of the township, where I had no choice but to stop. The young white soldiers peered at me for a long moment, cradling their automatic rifles. They seemed frightened as they waved me on. —WILLIAM FINNEGAN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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THE THEATRE

Oscar Wilde, Superstar

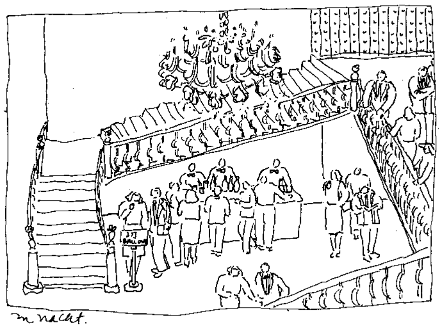
THE Berlin Play Actors' all-male production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" was part of an international theatre festival being held at Stony Brook over six weeks in June and July. I'd never seen one of those productions of "Earnest" that cast a man in the role of Lady Bracknell, so when a press packet from the Fine Arts Center of the State University of New York at Stony Brook came in the mail I went off to Stony Brook, to find out what the element of drag does to Oscar Wilde's greatest play.

According to a *Times* article included in the press packet, the festival's director, John I. Patches, and its coördinator, Alan Inkles, had spent four weeks travelling in Europe and Canada in search of theatre to bring to Long Island. Among the festival's offerings this year were a Ronald Ribman play and a production of Edward Albee's "Zoo Story," performed by the Leiden English-Speaking Theatre, and two one-man shows, one from Holland and one from Czechoslovakia. In addition to "Earnest," the Berlin Play Actors were performing "Macbeth" and "Waiting for Godot." Another group from West Germany was presenting a dance-theatre adaptation of Gertrude Stein's unpublished "Birthday Book." And, finally, there was "The Dragons' Trilogy," from Le Théâtre Repère, in Quebec.

The festival's illustrated program was worrisome. There was the description of the Berlin Play Actors' production of "Godot": it had proved "too daring" for its sponsor, the British Council of the Netherlands, and had been cancelled after its première. (Is there anything they don't allow in Holland?) There was the description of "Macbeth": "A fairy tale demonically brought to realization in words by Shakespeare, the plot revolves around a newly married aristocratic couple. The husband is a successful military man . . ." The program went on to describe a production in which "different physical manifestations of the story are created with the help of various textiles, sound and vision equipment, and a specialized vocal technique" developed by the Berlin Play Actors themselves. An accompanying photograph illustrated one of those "physical manifestations": a man wearing toe shoes and a two-tone leotard, and grimacing fiercely, hung spread-eagled upside down in the arms of another man, who, crouched over and with his tongue hanging out, appeared to be crossing his eyes at the camera.

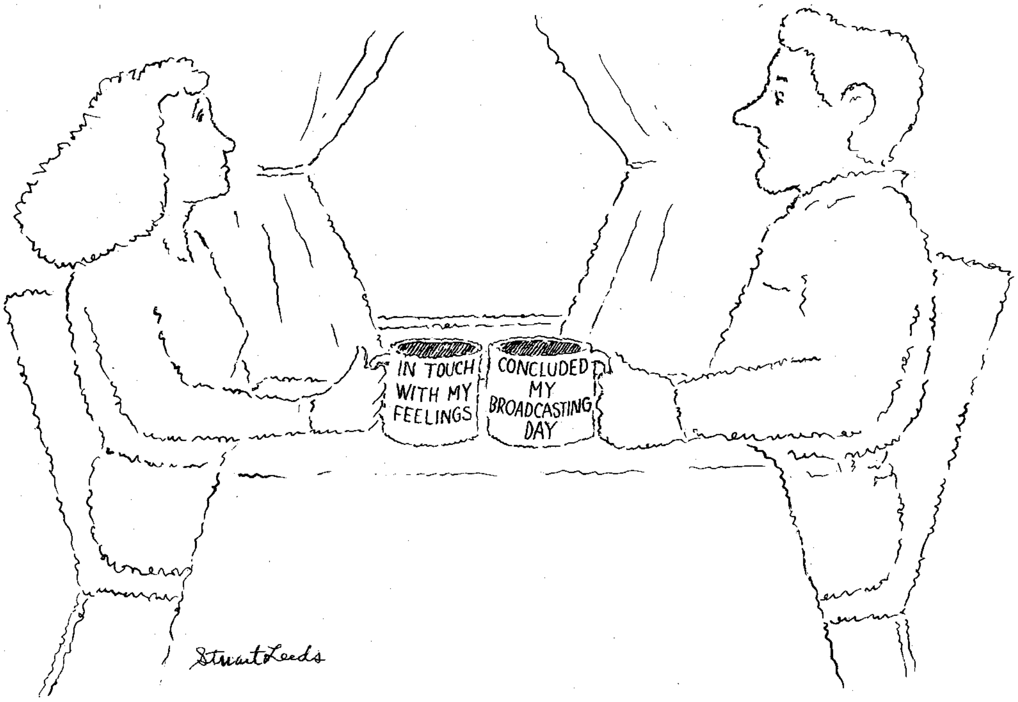
The program notes for "Earnest" also seemed to assume an audience unfamiliar with the play. " 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' " they said, "is considered a masterpiece of the English language. Written in 1895 by its superstar of decadence, Oscar Wilde (1854-1900), the play presents the Upper Classes of London and its surroundings with a resounding slap in the face. The plot is quickly told: two young friends fall in love with two young ladies; after an abundance of complications, including ladies who find the name 'Ernest' so appealing that they decide that their ideal husbands must carry this name and no other, the well-made play ends happily ever after." Looking back now, it seems to me that I ought to have seen in these words some kind of warning. But I was younger and more naïve in the middle of June.

The Berlin Play Actors' production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" was an excruciating experience. It seemed unaware that the play is funny the way Wilde wrote it—to think, rather, that it had to be *made* funny by mugging and nudging and winking at the audience. I had expected drag to be the only unusual element in an otherwise conventional production of the play; in fact, transvestism was the least of this production's peculiarities. On a stage empty except for a few pieces of all-purpose garden furniture, the actors delivered their lines with a melodramatic flourish that damned the play for a vacuous comedy of manners as surely as if someone had come out and announced it. The languid Algernon, Wilde's elegant roué, delivered his lines out to the audience, stabbing the air with his index finger, striking theatrical poses; his butler, Lane, marched around like a drill sergeant. There was something eerie about the way the cast—not all its members German—invariably emphasized the wrong word in just about every line. Rock music blared between scenes. There was no set to speak of.



If ever a play was situated in a particular time and place, it is "The Importance of Being Earnest." Nevertheless, the Berlin Play Actors had transplanted Algernon's rooms in Half Moon Street and Jack's country seat in Hertfordshire to some sort of global, post-punk world of synthesizers and patent leather clothing. In the end, the drag element seemed irrelevant. What set the tone for the production was not the fact that the women's roles were being played by men but all the camping the actors were doing, the exaggerated period gestures, and the self-consciously bad deliveries. In the cigarette-case scene, where Algy gets Jack to admit the existence of his pretty ward, Cecily, the audience laughed not because the lines were funny ("But why does your aunt call you her uncle?") but because the actors were rushing around the stage like Keystone Cops, playing keep-away with the cigarette case. When they laughed at Miss Prism, it was not because of her sententious pronouncements but because of the Teutonic cadences in which the actor spoke them. They laughed because Lane spoke rudely to Algernon's visitors and because Gwendolen sighed rapturously every time she uttered the name "Ernest," and because she threw sugar cubes at Cecily in the garden.

I feel sure that the Berlin Play Actors' must be the worst production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" ever—and that includes a school production in which I played Algernon and forgot to eat the cucumber sandwiches and had to stuff them under the teapot, so that when the cue came I could turn to Lane and demand indignantly, "Lane, *why* are there no cucumber sandwiches?" It's mystifying that the Messrs. Patches and Inkles travelled so far to bring us this production of "Earnest." Still, bad as it was, it wouldn't have mattered (except to the few of us trapped in Stony Brook) if it weren't for the question it raised: Could *any* transvestite version of the play, however brilliant, prove



anything other than that the feat could be done? To an audience at the Met, it matters not at all that Cherubino in "Le Nozze di Figaro" is played by a woman —the part is written for a soprano voice. On the other hand, in movies like "Some Like It Hot" and "Tootsie," and in plays like "Twelfth Night" and "Charley's Aunt," the element of cross-dressing matters very much indeed—it's an essential part of the plot: Viola has to become a man in order to get her man; Tony Curtis and Dustin Hoffman have to become women in order to deserve a Marilyn Monroe or a Jessica Lange. Of course, transvestism in theatre is as old as theatre itself: for centuries, all stage roles were played by men. And we're still used to it in certain circumstances. There is a difference, though, between the kind of transvestite theatre where men are routinely cast as Hecuba or Ophelia (or where you, Janey, have to play Algernon because you go to a girls' school) and the kind of transvestism that the audience is meant to notice. Drag assumes that the audience *is* meant to notice. It assumes that there's something inherently ridiculous in the idea of a man dressing up as a woman—that it's funny to watch. Its point, though, is not so much to ridicule women as to satirize middle-class values by projecting them onto a particular type of woman. But Algernon's famous aunt (like Charley's) is already a parody of a woman: she exists to lampoon the worst assumptions and hypocrisies of late-nineteenth-century society. Why play Lady Bracknell in drag when she's a drag character to begin with?

These were not matters that the Berlin Play Actors seemed interested in exploring. Indeed, they had so little to say about drag, Oscar Wilde, or "The Importance of Being Earnest" that after the second act I crept away. I had already missed one, if not two, trains, and felt, like Lady Bracknell herself, that to miss any more would expose me to comment on the platform.

STEVEN WEIRD, the hero of David Cale's one-man show at the Second Stage, is the sort of kid who doesn't fit in: at home, alone in his room, he finds refuge from his parents' squabbling in Judy Garland's records; at school, he tells his career adviser he would rather be "a legend" than an accountant. Steven is a misfit, but the kind of misfit we all know and love. He's so familiar that we might tire of him if it weren't for Mr. Cale's appeal. "The Redthroats" is a four-part monologue about a young man's coming of age and escape from his working-class roots in the North of England. Written by Mr. Cale and performed by him without intermission, it lasts a little over an hour and is essentially a conversation starter: the sort of thing that might send you out of the theatre arguing with a friend about how Mr. Cale stacks up against Eric Bogosian or Spalding Gray. Like Gray, he is a monologuist; like Bogosian, he is interested in social satire. But Cale, with an Englishman's gift for mimicry, can speak in ten or fifteen different voices, making all his characters sound different, whereas Bogosian makes all his characters sound like himself. And while Gray just gets up onstage and talks, assuming that we will be as fascinated by the landscape of his mind as he is, Cale has the true storyteller's gift for catching your attention; moreover, his "Redthroats" is theatrical—which is not true of the monologues of Bogosian and Gray. I don't really have to go to the theatre to appreciate "Swimming to Cambodia" or "Drinking in America"—I can get just as much out of reading them at home. But you have to be there in the theatre to get the full effect of "The Redthroats," because the world that Mr. Cale creates is lodged in his face and voice and gestures. In telling us about the Weirds, he makes us see the little river where the children—for want of anything better to do—go to catch redthroats (a kind of fish) on summer days; he makes us see the hat factory where Mr. and Mrs. Weird work, and the semidetached house they live in, she worrying about her carpeting and upholstery, he rejoicing in his collection of "sparkling wines of the world."

If much of Mr. Cale's satire seems banal, that is partly because its targets —the life and mores of England's industrial North—have been extensively dealt with by Britain's postwar playwrights, novelists, and comedy teams. Still, Mr. Cale manages to present familiar ideas in an original way and to avoid the major pitfalls of the one-man show, a form that too often bespeaks a thinness of material or an inability to shape material sufficiently. With very few exceptions, the monologuist is someone who presents himself as a storyteller but whose real purpose is to focus the audience's attention on himself. Mr. Cale never upstages his own characters. We sense that he really has a story to tell, and we leave "The Redthroats" optimistic that he will find it soon.

—MIMI KRAMER

MUSICAL EVENTS

Glimmerglass

AMERICA'S latest opera house is the Alice Busch Opera Theatre, built on a meadow slope above Otsego Lake, in upstate New York, on the northwest shore of the lake, about eight miles from Cooperstown. The new home of Glimmerglass Opera, it was inaugurated last month with a gala concert and a production of "Eugene Onegin." The house holds just over nine hundred people. Its architect was Hugh Hardy, of Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates—our leading architects for the arts. Minneapolis' exciting Orchestra Hall, Eugene's exuberant, poetic Hult Center, and Madison's Civic Center (incorporating a Rapp & Rapp movie house and, as art gallery, a former Montgomery Ward store) are also lively HHP work. So, in New York City, is the transformation of the old Elgin cinema into the Joyce Theatre.

At first sight, the Glimmerglass theatre suggests a toy Bayreuth rebuilt as a New England barn. It has the same triple articulation: entrance portico, auditorium, stage house rising tall behind. One approaches Bayreuth (if not by car) walking up the Green Hill through shady park and gardens, past pools. The new theatre is approached by paths curving round a large, tranquil pond. (Cars are left behind in a field on the other side of Route 80.) The grounds are being designed by Sir Peter Shepheard. They are still immature (the place was once a turkey farm) but are very promising. When the picnic meadows are complete, people will no doubt be cooling bottles, with strings attached, in the lake, as at Glyndebourne. Around the theatre, again as at Bayreuth, are the "support" buildings—some of them surviving from the farm—for making scenery and costumes and for feeding and watering the visitors.

Bayreuth, which was originally intended to be a temporary structure, was built as simply and cheaply as possible, largely in wood and brick. The Glimmerglass theatre, which cost about five million dollars, has a steel frame (some of it is left dramatically exposed, inside) and is clad partly in wood, partly in metal siding. No money has been lavished on ostentation; it's a demonstration of good, practical, imaginative design that at once pleases the eye, lifts the spirits, and serves the art it houses. The auditorium is not a horseshoe, a fan, or a shoebox but an irregular hexagon, with the proscenium, forty-four feet wide, as its longest side. The floor is well raked. A single balcony rings the house; on the two sides of the hexagon nearest the stage, the balcony seems suddenly to have slipped down several feet. This is one of those playful, almost startling touches which give Hardy's work a theatrical character. It is emphasized by balcony-front decoration that simply stops short, as if sliced, where the break in level occurs, and resumes at the lower level. The device of the dropped balcony gives a four-tier aspect to this part of the theatre: a long, narrow "box" is tucked in below the balcony, and "slips" run above it. There is also a theatrical aspect to the ceiling, which is decorated latticework painted not conventionally but with scene-painting techniques—with stippled applications that cunningly prepare an audience for an evening of illusions that can illumine real life. The theatre's most dramatic stroke of all was not in working order on the first night, but I saw it in action the following day. There is no air-conditioning; the house is free from the mechanical hum that afflicts so many halls and theatres. Instead, at intermissions the sidewalls roll back, sweet, pure air flows in (while screens keep out the bugs), and the house opens itself to the beautiful landscape outside.

By German standards, Glimmerglass is not an especially small theatre: the opera houses of Bielefeld, Bonn, Essen, Krefeld, and Wuppertal and the Gärtnerplatz theatre in Munich have a smaller capacity; those in Cassel (where they do the "Ring") and Kiel hold only a few more people. It is larger than the Monte Carlo Opera, where all the great singers once sang and many important operas were created, and is larger than Glyndebourne, where Birgit Nilsson, Elisabeth Söderström, Régine Crespin, Carol Vaness, and Luciano Pavarotti have sung. But by American standards Glimmerglass is an unusually intimate house: a place where words can tell and tiny inflections, vocal or physical, can make their effect. It's a house in which it would be good to hear Kathleen Battle, Dawn Upshaw, Lorraine Hunt, Beverly Hoch, Carmen Pelton; Frederica von Stade (who did sing in the opening gala), Emily Golden, Alice Baker, Molly Donnelly; Drew Minter and Jeffrey Gall . . . and on through a catalogue of American tenors, baritones, and basses who have not coarsened their voices in the struggle to fill three-thousand-seat houses. Glimmerglass is a theatre in which the operas of Monteverdi, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Janáček, and Britten should shine. (Glimmerglass does do Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" later this season.) And also some big operas: "Fidelio," "Lohengrin," "The Trojans." Wagner rehearsed "Tristan" in Munich's little Residenztheater (which is smaller than Glimmerglass). To King Ludwig—who wanted it moved into the two-thousand-seat Court Theatre—he wrote:

> I beg you to let us stay in the cozy Residenztheater! You have no idea how happy we all feel there . . . Music sounds wonderfully beautiful there . . . The singers are delighted with the way their voices sound; everything is easier for them; even the most difficult things succeed. This is a complete enigma, but it is always so with acoustics, which are still a mystery. The tone, to be sure, is not great in volume, but it is remarkably clear and luminous: the words are particularly easy to follow—to this I attach infinite importance . . . The action is all of a delicate, intimate nature: every quiver of a face, every movement of the eyes, must tell its tale. Only in such a theatre, in such conditions, would "Tristan"—"Tristan" of all works!—be possible. . . . If later we must make a sacrifice and transplant it to the large theatre, it will mean the ruin of the purity of the representation.

One day, I hope to see and hear in Glimmerglass a "Tristan" as pure, clear, and luminous as that which Wagner saw and heard in the Residenztheater (honesty makes me add that he later decided the orchestra was too loud there); and a "Meistersinger" of similar merit. The pit holds eighty players—ample cohort for both those scores. And every word—if it were sung in good American—would tell.

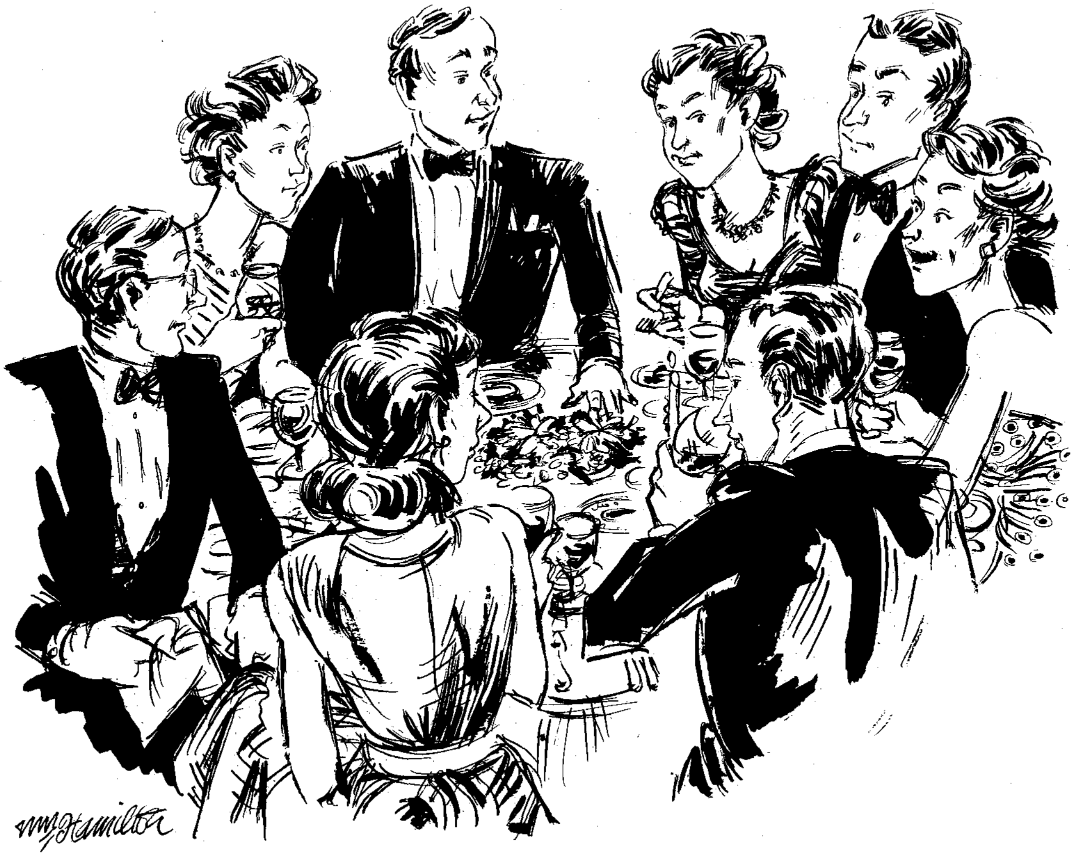
The sound is not quite right yet. In "Onegin," the orchestra seemed too insistent. One could hear the singers;

they were not drowned. But one was distracted from them by orchestral playing that clamored for attention. This was partly the fault, I imagine, of the instrumentalists and their conductor, Paul Nadler, and partly the fault of the architect, who has set them in a deep pit. The deep-sunken orchestra pit was a Wagnerian invention. Verdi never knew one till late in his career; nor did Tchaikovsky. (In the Residenztheater, the players' desk lights were on a level with the singers' knees.) When instrumentalists can see and hear singers onstage, they accompany them, and sing their own solos, or duets with the vocalists, with a directness hard to achieve when, guessing at balance, they must sing *de profundis*. (The Met orchestra-voices balance righted itself years ago, once James Levine had brought the orchestra out of the depths.) The Glimmerglass pit extends back under the stage, and so it will be impossible, except in works using a small orchestra, to raise all the players to the level of the house floor—or as near to it as can be managed without blocking the view. But in Mozart and Britten it should be possible. And in Wagner—when the company gets round to Wagner—the deep pit could probably be turned to advantage, with the provision of "blending screens" that, like those of Bayreuth, obscure the precise location of each instrument (which in "Onegin" was all too apparent).

The Glimmerglass acoustics—by Peter George, who was also responsible for Merkin Hall—are clear. The singers' voices leaped from the stage. But the sound was rather dry, not rich and warm. The prelude to "Onegin" has silent beats in the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth measures, and in them the string phrases dropped dead, didn't linger to provide "living silence" into which the wind chords then steal. This can probably be righted; all that is needed is a slightly longer reverberation time. The disconcerting result of the Carnegie Hall rebuilding—richness removed with the removal of sound-absorbent curtains and canopies—has reinforced Wagner's declaration that acoustics are still a mystery. Perhaps Glimmerglass will sound warmer, richer, when, as is intended, sisal matting covers the bare cement aisles. It has the intimacy but not the ring and resonance of Glyndebourne. It didn't deter some of the "Onegin" singers from belting, as if into a much larger space. Mr. Hardy and Mr. George must find a way to keep the liveliness while adding lustre to the sound. And singers must be persuaded that it is unnecessary to force.

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA began in 1975, with three performances of "La Bohème." The following year, there were two productions—"Cavalleria Rusticana" with "Pagliacci," and "La Traviata." From 1981 onward, three productions a year have been given. This season, seven performances of "Onegin" are followed by eight of "The Pirates of Penzance" and six of Britten's "Dream." Until this year, the company played in a high-school auditorium. It has ambitious plans for the future: next year, the start of an apprentice-singers program; in 1989, four productions—one of them William Schuman's "The Mighty Casey" along with a companion piece that has been commissioned from Schuman (the Baseball Hall of Fame is at Cooperstown)—and repertory scheduling that will allow visitors to attend more than one opera; in 1990, the start of an "American opera project" in which existing or newly commissioned American operas will be played each season.

Cooperstown is set in very beautiful country. The romance of Otsego Lake—James Fenimore Cooper's "Glimmerglass"—has not been commercially ruined, as much, but not all, of Lake George has been. The little town—it calls itself a village—is peaceful, attractive, and comfortable. The canal, the big railroads, and the interstate highways passed it by. Hyde Hall, one of America's most remarkable country houses, Soane-like in its combination of austerity, picturesqueness, and spatial eccentricities, stands in a state park on the east shore of the lake. (It was completed in 1834; the architect was Philip Hooker, of Albany.) When Cooper's Deerslayer first saw the lake, it was virgin territory, unsettled except by Tom Hutter in his island "castle." William Cooper (the novelist's father)



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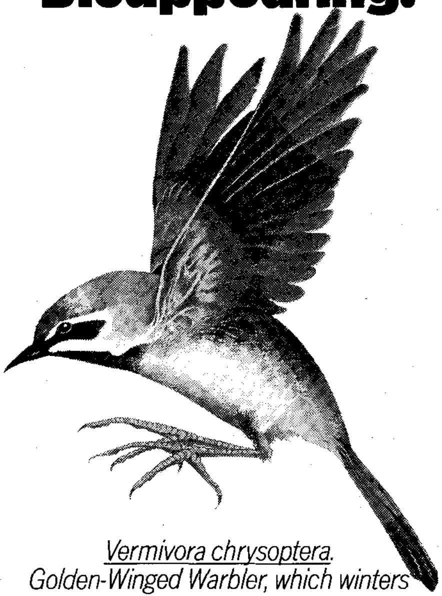

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founded the town in 1786. Most of what met Deerslayer's admiring eye still pleases the modern visitor:

> . . . a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods. . . . Its margin was irregular, being indented by bays and broken by many projecting, low points. . . . The character of the country was mountainous, high hills, or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water on quite nine-tenths of its circuit. . . . But the most striking peculiarities of this scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirrorlike surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods.

And Deerslayer exclaimed, "This is grand!—'tis solemn!—'tis an edication of itself, to look upon!"

AN enthusiastic account of a fine new theatre, in a wonderful setting, would end appropriately with an equally enthusiastic review of the performance it housed. Tchaikovsky wanted his opera done by young, fresh artists, unspoiled by routine. In fact, the performance was clumsy and unaffecting. Details of inept direction, drab designing, and unsatisfactory singing make dull reading. In short, the stage director, Patrick Bakman, had revised the libretto without rewriting the lines sung or recomposing the music to support his ideas. In the letter scene, the walls of Tatiana's bedroom creaked apart and Onegin walked in; the couple embraced. In the ballroom scene, Onegin addressed his soliloquy, and Prince Gremin his loving, intimate confidences, to the company in general. On the credit side, there was a Lensky, Mark Baker, whose vigorous physical presence lent some vitality to the Act II scenes. (But he was vocally miscast, lacking ductility of tone.) Most English translations of "Onegin" are sorry doggerel, and this one, by Robert La Marchina, was no exception. In a school hall, the performance might perhaps just have passed. The new theatre predicates higher standards. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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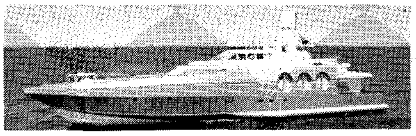

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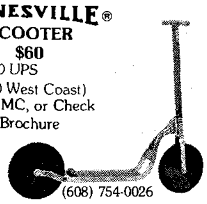

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ponderoso

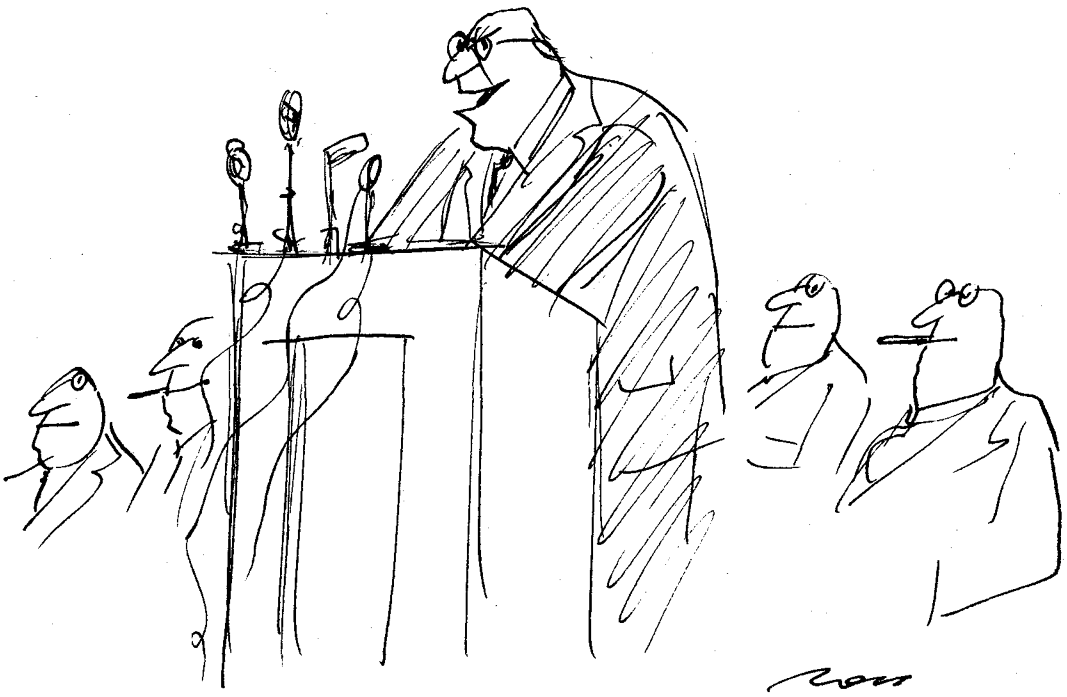
CHANCES are that when Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film "Full Metal Jacket" is at midpoint a lot of moviegoers will be asking themselves what it's going to be about, and when it's over they still won't know. The picture stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot Vietnam novel "The Short-Timers," which came out in 1979; much of the dialogue is taken directly from the book. Yet the short, spare novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't, though it prepares for it in the long first section, set in the Marine Corps training camp at Parris Island, South Carolina. Private Joker (Matthew Modine) and the other recruits are methodically brutalized by the hateful gunnery sergeant (Lee Ermey), whose small-mindedness and impersonality are faintly funny. The man shouts abuse at us just about nonstop for three-quarters of an hour, and he punctuates his shouting with slaps on the trainees' faces, punches in the gut, and other assorted punishments. This section is basic training stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S&M. Kubrick seems to know exactly what he's doing here. He's so narrowly geared to the immediate purpose that he fails to establish the characters who will figure later in the film, but he achieves his effect: the process of turning young boys into robots has a sadistic, pounding compulsiveness. The moviemaking suggests a blunt instrument grinding into your skull. This can easily be taken for the work of a master director.

At the beginning, Kubrick's photographic style is oppressively close in; he holds the camera so tight on the actors' faces that he doesn't give them room to act. When the recruits' heads are shaved, they're shot like Falconetti in "The Passion of Joan of Arc," only no emotions are being expressed—that's a big "only"—and so there's no beauty in the imagery. The boys are under a microscope. When the sergeant tells them that they're "maggots" and all "equally worthless," there's nothing in Kubrick's approach to suggest anything different.

The lean, mechanical-man sergeant has a pet victim: a slow, overweight recruit whom he calls Gomer Pyle (Vincent D'Onofrio). The sergeant degrades him mercilessly, and pits the other men against him by penalizing the whole platoon for Pyle's failures. And Kubrick concentrates our attention on poor, doughy-faced Pyle; he's a fatty, like Dim the droog in "A Clockwork Orange." (D'Onofrio had to put on sixty pounds to get the role.) But Kubrick isn't a psychological director; he doesn't seem to care anything about motivations. And so Pyle, whom Kubrick uses to demonstrate that the system for turning kids into killers can spin out of control, is no more than a comic horror, like a sad, fat crazy in an exploitation film.

In the novel, when Joker, who has tried to help the slow learner Pyle, joins the rest of the platoon in beating him while he yelps and moans, a scary-sick ambivalence gets its grip on the reader, and all the action in Nam that follows intensifies that ambivalence. The Joker of the book is like a living Catch-22: he's telling the story (it's a first-person narrative), and when he discovers that the war is turning him into a vicious racist killer we're right there inside him, as baffled by his emotions as he is, yet never doubting them. He has been brainwashed, like the others, and he becomes part of the fighting machine that the sergeant has built. In the movie, Joker joins in the beating but nothing in the second section seems to follow from it. And although the subsequent material is episodic—almost random—as it follows Joker, who eventually finds someone he knows from boot camp, we don't see through his eyes. Angular and sharp-featured, he's remote, spectral—he's supposed to be smart, but he, too, seems dim.

After the first part reaches climax, the movie becomes dispersed, as if it had no story. It never regains its forward drive; the second part is almost a different picture, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Joker serves as a combat correspondent with the 1st Marine Division, and is assigned to write upbeat, "public relations" stories about the American soldiers' kindness to the natives, and to invent anecdotes that show we're winning the war. When he meets up with his buddy from Parris Island, he goes out on a patrol with him. They're part of a squad that sticks together during the Battle of Hue, the final round of the Tet offensive, in 1968. But when a sniper picks the men off, shooting them limb by limb, like a gourmand saving the tenderest bits for last, and



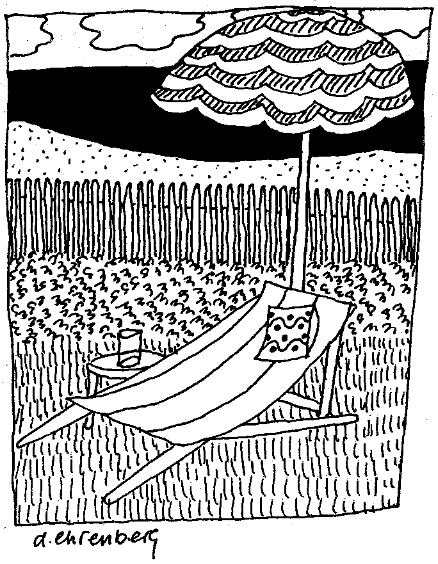
"My immediate predecessor says he blames his predecessor, and so, by golly, do I blame mine!"

we hear the men's cries, we can barely remember who they are. And we don't know why we're following Joker. His streak of humor seems ornamental—a curlicue, like the Peace button he wears on his uniform (to contrast with "Born to Kill," which he has painted on his helmet).

A Vietnamese hooker flips up her miniskirt, the better to show off her bottom for a marine's camera. That's the only suggestion of spontaneity in the film. Kubrick has become a hermetic, deliberate director, who painstakingly records scenes over and over again until he achieves—what? It can't be performances he's after. He shows so little interest in the actors that they come across as the dullest cast he's ever worked with. Only the sergeant and Pyle leave any visual recall, and that's not because of their performances—it's their physiques, their faces. A sequence in which the men in the squad encounter a television crew and are asked to talk about what they're fighting for is flabby, because Kubrick doesn't discover anything in them to reveal. And it can't be the atmosphere—the feel of the place—that he's after. He began as a photographer shooting pictures for *Look*, but now he lives near London, and he didn't go to Southeast Asia or the Philippines—Asia was brought to him. (The movie was shot in England.) So our vision of the war is changed. We don't get the image of a handful of black and white intruders in a land of Asians; it's a handful of Asians who are the intruders. There they are in the rubble of Hue under gray, lowering English skies, with some imported palm trees in the distance. Even when the marines are being trained it's disorienting to hear someone refer to the Island, because we have no sense that the men we're watching are on an island, or anywhere in particular. Yet it isn't so much the English locations that are the problem—it's the spirit behind using them.

It must be ideas that Kubrick is trying to get at. The screenplay, by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford, has attitudinizing speeches—the kind that sound false no matter how true they are. When a marine talks about how "we're killing fine human beings," his language is inert. Generally, the men talk in a profane military slang that can't always be deciphered but makes its point: that clean English can't express how they feel. The themes are familiar. The sergeant's boast that before basic training is over, the men will be able to shoot as well as Charles Whitman and Lee Harvey Oswald, who learned their marksmanship in the Marines, is in the novel, but in the movie it becomes a "Dr. Strangelove" joke. And the whole theme of the reprogramming of human material recalls "Clockwork Orange"—except that there it was from sociopathic to social, and here it's the reverse. But somehow the book's overriding idea—how these brainwashed men were destroyed from within—gets lost. This war was more intensely confusing than earlier wars (in which marines were also trained to be a fighting machine). Second World War books and movies seem reasonable compared with the psychedelic, acid-rock horror that you find in accounts of Vietnam, where the emotions of combat are heightened by a druggy poetics of guilt. The Joker of Hasford's book hated the helplessness of an old Vietnamese farmer the way he hated the infantile, blubbering Pyle. He was shooting at his own helplessness. It was his fierce revulsion that made him do horrible things; some part of him protested against being turned into a killer.

In the movie, Kubrick doesn't allow his "hero" to do those horrible things. So we don't get a sense of his inner conflict. Joker just seems a detached sort of wise guy, with a superior manner; perhaps his mocking attitude is supposed to help the hip young audience identify with him. He doesn't really connect with anything. And the Peace symbol he wears isn't a sign of the protest he can't quite acknowledge; it's explained as a symbol of the Jungian duality of man. What is emotional in the book is made abstract.



The movie has no center, because Kubrick has turned this hero into a replica of himself: his Joker is always at a distance—he doesn't express his feelings. So the movie comes across as not meaning anything. But it has a tone that's peculiar to Kubrick. His cold-sober approach—the absence of anything intuitive or instinctive or caught on the wing—can make you think there's deep, heavy anti-war stuff here. The gist of the movie, though, seems to be not that war makes men into killers but that the Marine Corps does. (In "2001," we were told that it was enough to be a man to be a killer.) Here's a director who has been insulated from American life for more than two decades, and he proceeds to define the American crisis of the century. He does it by lingering for a near-pornographic eternity over a young Vietnamese woman who is in pain and pleads "Shoot me! Shoot me!" This is James M. Cain in Vietnam.

It's very likely that Kubrick has become so wrapped up in his "craft"—which is often called his "genius"—that he doesn't recognize he's cut off not only from America and the effects the war had on it but from any sort of connection to people. (The only memorable character in his films of the past twenty years is Hal the computer.) What happened to the Kubrick who used to slip in sly, subtle jokes and little editing tricks? This may be his worst movie. He probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. Like a star child, Kubrick floats above the characters of "Full Metal Jacket," the story, the audience. Moviemaking carried to a technical extreme—to the reach for supreme control of his material—seems to have turned Kubrick into a machine.

"JEAN DE FLORETTE" is set in a wide-screen Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. Clearly, man is the viper in this harsh paradise—man in the form of the tough, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand), called Le Papet, the grandpa, though he has never married and has no descendants. Le Papet wears a smile of self-satisfaction, even when he causes the death of a neighbor, whose land, with its spring of fresh mountain water, he covets for his dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil). To make sure that those who inherit the property will sell out fast, Le Papet and Ugolin hide the pring under a load of cement. A oacher sees them doing it, and just bout all the men in the area know hat there has always been a source of vater there, but they are a close-outhed, tight group, and when the ew owner, the hunchback Jean de lorette (Gérard Depardieu), turns ut to be an educated city fellow, who as learned about farming from books, obody tells him about the mountain pring. This nature-loving reamer has a devoted wife (Elisbeth Depardieu), who used to ing in opera, and a delicate little aughter named Manon. Depar-ieu wears "GOOD MAN" in apital letters across his wide brow; in maller letters we can read "He has oetry in his soul." And for slightly ver two hours we watch him trudge cross his land hauling two barrels of vater that are fastened across his ump. When there's no rain and his lants shrivel and his rabbits die, it's ur doom. Our only relief comes when he director, Claude Berri, cuts to Le apet and Ugolin, who monitor Jean's isery, plot against him, and gloat. Their dinnertime talk, in the darkness f an old stone house that is partly unk in the earth, is the film's regular- scheduled den-of-thieves time.

Adapted from the first volume of Iarcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Vater of the Hills," published in 1963 it was derived from a picture he made n 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be ollowed, later this year, by "Manon f the Spring." Both films have been uch honored in France, and the New ork opening of "Jean de Florette" as been preceded by respectful—even wed—publicity. It isn't hard to see hy. The scheming Le Papet and Jgolin stand for the dark, elemental orces. Clear-eyed Jean is no match or their mingy-mindedness. We're eeing a big theme about "fate" being layed out—the fate that used to be ramatized in silent-film epics and in prawling realistic novels. But those vorks often had an unruly imaginative ower. Berri, who did the adaptation vith Gérard Brach, has conceived of is two films as a majestic, faithful ersion of the Pagnol books. He has aid that it was his task to give the naterial "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. "Jean de Florette" doesn't have the motor of a vork conceived as a film. It's a copy, vith no life of its own.

The movies that Pagnol himself nade from his own material didn't have much life, either. As a scriptwriter, Pagnol drew upon many sources; Zola and Alphonse Daudet were among them, and several of his finest films, including "Harvest" (1937) and "The Baker's Wife" (1938), are from stories or novels by Jean Giono. The young Orson Welles cited "The Baker's Wife," starring Raimu, as proof that "a story and an actor, both superb" can result in "a perfect movie" even if the directing and the editing are not "cinematic," and many of us would agree. But in the movies that Pagnol produced from his own plays the emotional texture is thinner and the talk is talkier (to American ears, anyway). The films in the famous Pagnol trilogy—"Marius" (1931), "Fanny" (1932), "César" (1936)—are static and seem to last forever. Whether the director is Alexander Korda, who did the first, or Marc Allégret, who did the second, or Pagnol himself, who did the third, the director is the caretaker of the text, and that's all he is. These are writer-controlled movies; literal-mindedness and pedestrianism are built into them. (It was no accident that Pagnol was the first moviemaker to be elected to the Académie Française.) And Berri, in some sort of ultimate homage to Pagnol, has honored his shallow, academic side.

One of the French film traditions that the New Wave seemed to have washed away for good was the folklore of greed in which the ignorance and meanness of the peasants were supposed to be cosmi-comic. Ugolin (that name!), who actually rather likes Jean and his family and half wants to be their friend, is a figure right out of those rustic fables. He and Le Papet and their opposite number, the sainted hunchback, are characters without any subtext. Berri seems dedicated to these people who live by the seasons and have rich earth under their fingernails. But his sincerity doesn't live up to Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" on the soundtrack. The actors say the lines that Pagnol wrote decades ago, and then time passes and they say some more lines. (It's "Masterpiece Theatre" with subtitles.) Montand, in his wide-wale brown corduroy jacket, is a pillar of peasant chic. And though Berri may have felt courageous making a movie about a hunchback, this hunchback is Gérard Depardieu, who's a six footer. His hump was made in box-office heaven.

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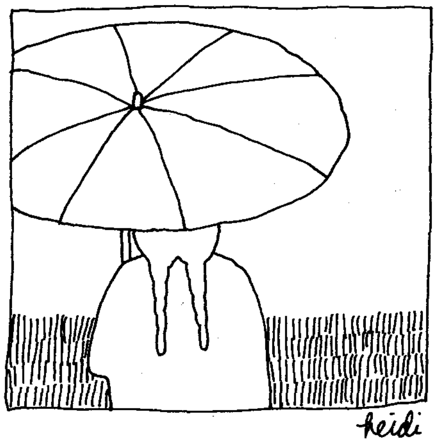
A CRITIC AT LARGE

HOWELLS AS ANTI-NOVELIST

THIS year is the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of William Dean Howells' birth, and the fact has been celebrated but quietly. Few writers filled the American literary sky as amply as Howells in his prime; few have fallen so relatively far into disesteem. Yet he remains too big to ignore entirely: the Library of America has included among its handsome volumes of classic American texts one containing four early Howells novels—"A Foregone Conclusion" (1874), "A Modern Instance" (1882), "Indian Summer" (1886), and "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885)—with the promise of three more volumes of Howells to follow; and "Lapham," at least, has never been out of print and is consistently assigned to college students. We remember Howells, if we do, as a genial broad valley between Mark Twain and Henry James—a cultivated and well-travelled Ohioan able to appreciate two great writers who could not at all appreciate each other. And then there was something about his calling himself a "realist," and depicting "the American girl," and turning toward socialism in middle age. As a poet, playwright, and short-story writer he has left no impression, and as a novelist a cloudy one; but as a critic and editor he cannot be extricated from the high annals of the literature of the long period between the end of the Civil War and America's entry into the First World War. Affectionate correspondent and zealous promoter of James and Twain, vivacious intimate of the New England gods—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier—in their twilight, a tireless fosterer of younger realists such as Hamlin Garland, Frank Norris, and Robert Herrick, he boldly pushed the young Stephen Crane's "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets" at a time when bookstores were too scandalized to carry it, urged Swedish and Spanish and Russian novelists upon American readers, and welcomed to native letters the first Jewish-American novelist, Abraham Cahan. Theodore Dreiser called Howells our " 'lookout on the watch-tower,' straining for a first glimpse of approaching genius;" Edmund Wilson summed him up as "our always tactful toastmaster, our clearing-house, our universal solvent, our respecter of the distinguished veteran, our encourager of the promising young." His wife, Elinor Mead Howells, was a cousin of President Rutherford B. Hayes, and President William Howard Taft attended his seventy-fifth-birthday party, in 1912, to which not only Henry James but H. G. Wells and Thomas Hardy sent warm greetings. Seventy-five years after that gala event, which four hundred guests attended, at Sherry's Restaurant, in Manhattan, we can still find traces of Howells' tremendous charm and prestige fossilized at the head of lists: in Boston, he was the first president of the Tavern Club, and in New York of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

As a novelist, he was, after Twain, the most financially successful of his time. His novels, few of them short, were serialized in magazines and then purchased and admired again in book form. The critical terms of the admiration were, to some extent, ones he himself set in his own criticism—his book reviews and literary columns in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Century*, and *Harper's*. Howells had what very few American novelists have had: a theory of the novel—how it should be written, and what it should be about. Its method should be realism, which he once defined as "nothing more and nothing less than the truthful treatment of material," and its subject should be the common life of ordinary Americans. In 1899, at the peak of his prestige, he enunciated a radical aesthetic agenda for the audience of a lecture, "Novel-Writing and Novel-Reading." The ideal novelist of the future, he proposed,

> will not rest till he has made his story as like life as he can, with the same mixed motives, the same voluntary and involuntary actions, the same unaccountable a vances and perplexing pauses, the sam moments of rapture, the same days an weeks of horrible dullness, the same con flict of the higher and lower purposes, th same vices and virtues, inspirations an propensities. . . . As it is now the represen tation of life in novels, even the mo conscientious in its details, is warped an distorted by the novelist's anxiety to pr duce an image that is startling and impre sive, as well as true. But if he can on conceive the notion of letting the reader imagination care for these things; if he ca convince himself that his own affair is arrange a correct perspective, in which a things shall appear in their very proporti and relation, he will have mastered th secret of repose, which is the soul beauty in all its forms.



This vision, of bringing dullnes and mixedness out of the rain of actu ality into the house of fiction, had bee with Howells from the start. In th first book of his that might be called novel, "Their Wedding Journey (1871), the author, while describin conversations his honeymooners over hear on a night boat up the Hudson suddenly exclaims, "Ah! poor Re Life, which I love, can I make othe share the delight I find in thy foolis and insipid face?" A dozen pages fa ther on, his married couple, Isabel an Basil March—alter egos who are reappear in Howells' novels in the de cades ahead—sit alertly in a railwa carriage and their loquacious compan ion the author confides to us:

> It was in all respects an ordinary carfu of human beings, and it was perhaps th more worthy to be studied on that ac count. As in literature the true artist wi shun the use even of real events if they ar of an improbable character, so the sincer observer of man will not desire to loo upon his heroic or occasional phases, bu will seek him in his habitual moods vacancy and tiresomeness. To me, at an rate, he is at such times very precious; an I never perceive him to be so much a ma and a brother as when I feel the pressur of his vast, natural, unaffected dullnes Then I am able to enter confidently int his life and inhabit there, to think h shallow and feeble thoughts, to be move by his dumb, stupid desires, to be diml illuminated by his stinted inspirations, t share his foolish prejudices, to practice h obtuse selfishness.

Howells' next book, "A Chance Ac quaintance" (1872), may unambigu ously be called a novel, though it, to makes extensive use of travel impres sions, and it takes up a character— Kitty Ellison, of Eriecreek, New Yor —whom the Marches encountered o

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• •

their journey; their path and Kitty's diverged, and the reader of "A Chance Acquaintance" follows Kitty and her uncle and aunt into the province and city of Quebec, where she enjoys a romantic encounter with a young traveller from Boston, Mr. Arbuton. In the course of deepening their acquaintanceship, they several times discuss the problem of making the American reality accessible to the imagination. They take a boat cruise up and down the Saguenay River, amid scenery of grand emptiness:

> On either hand the uninhabitable shore rose in desolate grandeur, friendless heights of rock with a thin covering of pines seen in dim outline along their tops and deepening into the solid dark of hollows and ravines upon their sides. The cry of some wild bird struck through the silence of which the noise of the steamer had grown to be a part, and echoed away to nothing.

Mr. Arbuton, who has travelled much in Europe, observes, "The great drawback to this sort of thing in America is that there is no human interest about the scenery, fine as it is."

Kitty loyally protests, "Why, I don't know, there was that little settlement round the saw-mill. Can't you imagine any human interest in the lives of the people there? It seems to me that one might make almost anything out of them. Suppose, for example, that the owner of that mill was a disappointed man who had come here to bury the wreck of his life in—sawdust?"

Our Boston swain answers politely, "Oh, yes! That sort of thing; certainly. But I didn't mean that, I meant something historical. There is no past, no atmosphere, no traditions, you know."

And, later, continuing this flirtatious debate, Kitty says, "If I were to write a story, I should want to take the slightest sort of plot, and lay the scene in the dullest kind of place, and then bring out all their possibilities." Indeed, she had read just such a book, called "Details," with a texture strikingly like that of "Their Wedding Journey": "Nothing extraordinary, little, every-day things told so exquisitely, and all fading naturally away without any particular result, only the full meaning of everything brought out."

The issue of whether or not this continent could nurture and sustain a serious literary artist was much discussed in the postbellum United States. Howells and Henry James discussed it, on long walks in Cambridge in the late eighteen-sixties, when both young men had their careers before them, and before James had voted, as it were, with his feet, and taken up permanent residence in Europe. Howells in 1866 wrote to Edmund Clarence Stedman, "Talking of talks: young Henry James and I had a famous one last evening, two or three hours long, in which we settled the true principles of literary art." In the last year of his life, 1920, Howells wrote in an unfinished memoir, "We seem to have been presently always together, and always talking of methods of fiction, whether we walked the streets by day or night, or we sat together reading our stuff to each other. I was seven years older than James, but I was much his junior in the art we both adored. Perhaps I did not yet feel my fiction definitely in me." James's tribute to Howells on his seventy-fifth birthday recalled this time "when we knew together what American life *was*—or thought we did. . . . The *real* affair of the American case and character, as it met your view and brushed your sensibility, that was what inspired and attached you, and . . . you gave yourself to it with an incorruptible faith. You saw your field with a rare lucidity: you saw all it had to give in the way of the romance of the real and the interest and the thrill and the charm of the common." In his

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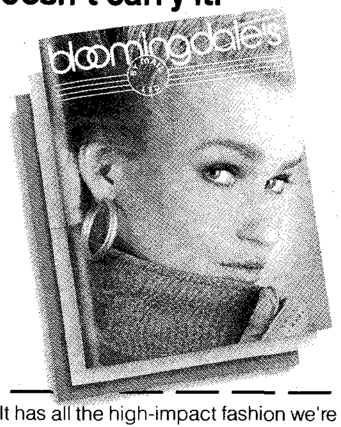

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letters to others, however, James spoke in less courtly fashion of Howells' commitment to the American substance: as "Their Wedding Journey" was being serially published, he wrote to his friend Grace Norton, "Poor Howells is certainly difficult to defend, if one takes a stand-point the least bit exalted; make any serious demands and it's all up with him. He presents, I confess, to my mind, a somewhat melancholy spectacle—in that his charming style and refined intentions are so poorly and meagerly served by our American atmosphere. There is no more inspiration in an American journey than *that!*" In reviewing Howells' novel, "A Foregone Conclusion," for *The Nation*, James nicely described the cultural situation as he saw it: "[Howells] reminds us how much our native-grown imaginative effort is a matter of details, of fine shades, of pale colors, a making of small things do great service. Civilization with us is monotonous, and in the way of contrasts, of salient points, of chiaroscuro, we have to take what we can get. We have to look for these things in fields where a less devoted glance would see little more than an arid blank, and, at the last, we manage to find them. All this refines and sharpens our perceptions, makes us in a literary way, on our own scale, very delicate."

By the time of their Cambridge walks, James had already formed that exalted conception of the novel which was to carry him through his life of triumphant single-mindedness; Howells had come in a more gingerly fashion to the temple of prose fiction, by way of journalism and travel sketches. His first book with an American setting, "Suburban Sketches" (1870), attempts to treat the neighborhoods and incidents of Cambridge in terms of local color, much as he treated those of Venice in his first book, "Venetian Life" (1866). His first two novels were elaborated books of travel; and he himself had travelled a long way to reach the threshold of what was to become an impressively productive career not only as a novelist but as a propagandist for the novel—the novel as a means of grasping reality.

HE was born in Martins Ferry, Ohio, in 1837, the son of a country-newspaper editor; the political and financial hazards of his father's profession took his family to many Ohio towns. Of these, he lived longest in Hamilton, where he passed the eight years of childhood remembered in his memoir "A Boy's Town" (1890), and Jefferson, where the now adolescent boy undertook a program—rigorous to the point of inducing nervous breakdown—of self-education, teaching himself Latin, Greek, Spanish, French, and German, in addition to reading voluminously in English. He had been setting type at age nine and delivering papers earlier still, and his actual formal schooling amounted at most to two years. In Jefferson, he set type from seven to lunch hour, read proof after lunch, and came home at two or three to devote himself to reading or writing, in his little study beneath the stairs, until the rest of his family were in bed. He had conceived a fierce literary ambition, in an era when, as he wrote forty years later, "almost all the literary men in the country had other professions . . . or they were men of wealth; there was then not one who earned his bread solely by his pen in fiction, or drama, or history, or poetry, or criticism, in a day when people wanted very much less butter on their bread than they do now."

Howells often wrote reminiscently of his Ohio years; among his memoiristic works is "My Literary Passions" (1895), which has the multiple value of being a sketchy autobiography, a record of his reading, and evidence of what books offered themselves to a Midwestern autodidact in the decades before the Civil War. His first passion, he tells us, was Goldsmith, and in the long backward glance he commends Goldsmith's kindly style: "The style is the man, and he cannot hide himself in any garb of words so that we shall not know somehow what manner of man he is within it; [Goldsmith's] spiritual quality, his essential friendliness, expressed itself in the literary beauty that wins the heart as well as takes the fancy in his work." The supreme reading experience of Howells' childhood, however, was "Don Quixote," which he translated into hundreds of Spanish daydreams and boyish games; from Cervantes, and the other authors to whom his Spanish passion led, Howells drew this lesson: "I am sure that the intending author of American fiction would do well to study the Spanish picaresque novels; for in their simplicity of design he will find one of the best forms for an American story. The intrigue of close texture will never suit our conditions, which are so loose and open and variable; each man's life among us

; a romance of the Spanish model." hakespeare and Dickens and Thackray and Macaulay and Chaucer and Tennyson took their turns, predictbly, in his affections and attempts at imimicry; for a time, less predictably, e indentured himself to the tight heoic couplets of Pope. "What I liked hen was regularity, uniformity, exactess," he says, going on to tell us, in he tones of the mature aesthetic radial, "I did not conceive of literature as he expression of life, and I could not nagine that it ought to be desultory, mutable, and unfixed, even if at the isk of some vagueness."

It was the poet Heine—for whose ake he submitted to the rigors of German grammar—who showed him that the life of literature was from he springs of the best common speech, nd that the nearer it could be made to onform, in voice, look, and gait, to raceful, easy, picturesque and humorus or impassioned talk, the better it was." Howells says, "He undid my ands, which I had taken so much ains to tie behind my back." Howells' rst acceptance from *The Atlantic Monthly*, in 1859, was a poem so much in his idol's manner that it was eld from publication until the editors ad satisfied themselves that it was not translation; the magazine's editor, ames Russell Lowell, advised him ears later, "You must sweat the Heine out of your bones as men do mercury." In his life after leaving Ohio, Howells received especially strong impressions from such varied uthors as the Italian playwright Goldoni, the Russian writer Turenev, and the Norwegian novelist Bjørnson, from whom he learned that the finest poetry is not ashamed f the plainest fact." All three men mpressed him with what were, roadly speaking, the same virtues: aturalness of manner, a tact of presentation which allows the story to seem to tell itself, a willingness to deal with humble or common material and o suppress the author's personality, which yet makes itself felt in the "essential friendliness" of style—the virtues, in short, that Howells was himself to manifest.

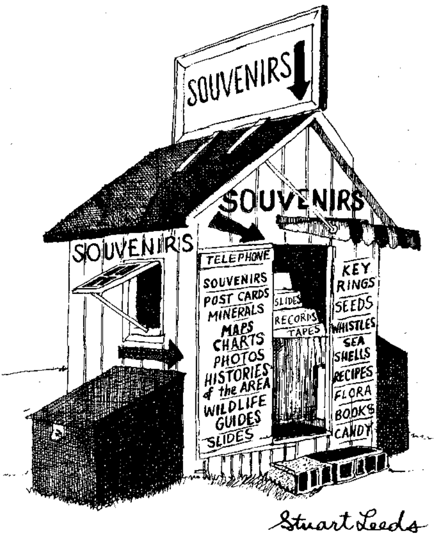
When Howells was twenty-one, he ells us, "the whole world opened to he through what had seemed an impenetrable wall." He was offered a job s editor and reporter with a Republian newspaper in Columbus; he was a uccess both at work and in this state apital's active society. In 1860, he was invited to write a campaign biography of Abraham Lincoln, and with the proceeds he travelled East, where, at the age of twenty-three, he was received by the major intellectual figures of New England—even the reclusive Hawthorne and Thoreau—at a time when American literature was almost entirely in Yankee hands. On this same excursion, he went north to Brattleboro, to meet the family of Elinor Mead, the young woman he was to marry. Lincoln won the election, and his Administration awarded Howells, after some haggling, the United States consulship in Venice, where he was to remain for the four years of the Civil War. His first letters home overflow with a heightened sense of what a blessing it is to be an American: "Ah! come abroad, anybody that wants to know what a dear country Americans have!" and "There is no life in the whole world so cheerful, so social, so beautiful as the American" and "No one knows how much better than the whole world America is until he tries some other part of the world. Our people are manlier and purer than any in Europe; and though I hope to stay here my full four years, and know I shall profit by my experience and enjoy it, I still hope to go back and engage in the strife and combat, which make America so glorious a land for individuals."

In 1865, he returned to the strife and combat with his armor of culture considerably thickened and polished; if Ohio print shops had formed his secondary education, Venice had been his college. A sojourn abroad not only enhances the home country but reduces it and places it in a context; Howells' sense of America and its life as a literary subject would not have been so vivid had he stayed in the Midwest, where he was immersed in this reality exclusively. He returned to the United States but did not wish to return home. A certain gloom, in fact, attached to his youth in Ohio, where he had been, he once wrote, "proud, vain, and poor." He had suffered phobias and depression there as well as overwork, and in 1864 he wrote his father, "I do not conceal from you that I have not yet in . . . three years shaken off my old morbid horror of going back to live in a place where I have been so wretched." "Morbid" is the striking term. The central figure of the last novel he published, "The Leatherwood God" (1916), is said to be "so miser'ble, all the time, and so—well—scared." And the stanza of a poem from 1860 runs,

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
  Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
  At the dark mystery of Death.

According to Leon Edel's biography of Henry James, Howells once confided to Grace Norton that "he had lived his life under the dominion of fear. James, commenting on this, said he had always felt the depression in Howells," but "believed he was able to disconnect it from his '*operative* self.' " One wonders, indeed, if Howells' tenacious artistic clinging to the surface of things wasn't in part the fear of falling back into some abyss. He was, in his way, as much an expatriate as Henry James would be, refusing to return to Jefferson, where his Swedenborgian father lived, much as James spurned Cambridge, where *his* Swedenborgian father lived.

The East was Howells' place of happy exile. He worked for four months in New York, as a columnist with *The Nation*, and then was asked by James T. Fields, who had succeeded Lowell as editor of *The Atlantic*, to come to Boston as his assistant. He accepted, and he and his wife soon moved to Cambridge, then considered a suburb, and there his friendship with Lowell led to others with literary Brahmins like Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes and Charles Eliot Norton. His social life and family life were active, his editorial duties many, but he was no stranger to work, and had energy enough to continue worrying the curious problem of how to write fiction worthy of America, how to render his mystical sense of "poor Real Life," of the something glorious in the average American's "vast, natural, unaffected dullness." He stated in



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retrospect, "Early in the practice of my art I perceived that what I must do in fiction if I were to do anything worth while, was to get into it from life the things that had not been got into fiction before."

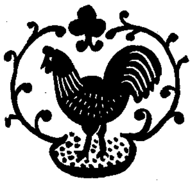
HOWELLS was, in his mind, breaking new ground, creating a manner to suit his unprecedented subject matter; three features distinguish his fiction and make it, even now, unsettling to our readerly expectations and irreducibly, as it were, avant-garde.

The first of these we might call the Not Quite Likable Hero. In his very first review of a novel for *The Atlantic*, in 1866, Howells complained of B. Taylor's "The Story of Kennett," "The hero of the book, we find a good deal like other heroes,—a little more natural than most, perhaps, but still portentously noble and perfect. He does not interest us much." And seven years later, reviewing Ivan Turgenev's "Dimitri Roudine" positively, he said, "We are not quite sure whether we like or dislike the carefulness with which Roudine's whole character is kept from us, so that we pass from admiration to despite before we come finally to half-respectful compassion; and yet is this not the way it would be in life?" This effect, of a hero whose moral aspect alters as we read about him, thus stirring up and challenging our preconceptions, was always striven after by Howells, and helps produce our sensation of not quite knowing, in his mature fiction, where we are.

There is no question, in "Their Wedding Journey," of our not liking Basil March; he is so close to the author in temperament and intelligence that if we disliked him we would be obliged to close the book. But in "A Chance Acquaintance" Arbuton, the very type of upper-class Boston rectitude—a "simulacrum," Howells wrote to James, and a "stick"—is clearly not meant to be entirely likable; his faults of stiffness and snobbery are spelled out by the author and perceived by the sensitive heroine. For all that, he has admirable traits, and is to be pitied in his final defeat, and in the ghastly comic scene where two proper Boston acquaintances surprise him into snubbing his own fiancée. In short, Arbuton is a created character; we can walk clear around him and see his several sides without confusion. "A Chance Acquaintance," indeed, slight little vehicle as it is, seems to me to hold the Howells essence pure: ther is nothing spun-out in it, nothin limp; Howells' strong suit, his insigh into the intricacy of male-female relations, is played with a crispness th amuses and affects us; the whole thin is as tonic and lucid as a dipperful c country springwater. Howells' idc Turgenev, in Paris, read this littl novel and said, "Now I should like t visit a country where there are gir like the heroine."

But what are we to make of the her of the next novel, "A Foregone Con clusion"? Henry Ferris, a rather dabbling painter who occupies the po that Howells did, of American consu in Venice, seems an unmarried Bas March, yet he has a passive and churl ish streak that causes him to appea inadequate in dealing with the spirite American girl Florida Vervain, an distinctly ungracious in responding t his unfortunate rival, the priest Do Ippolito, who on his deathbed vainl reaches out to the coldhearted American. Ferris's eventual triumph, i marrying the rich and beautiful Flo ida, is celebrated with sour note "People are never equal to the ro mance of their youth in after life, ex cept by fits, and Ferris especially coul not keep himself at what he called th operatic pitch of their brief betroth and the early days of their mar riage. . . . It was fortunate for Ferri since he could not work, that she ha money; in exalted moments he ha thought this a barrier to their mar riage; yet he could not recall any on who had refused the hand of a beauti ful girl because of the accident of he wealth, and in the end, he silenced h scruples." In this novel, the heroin too, with her erratic and imperiou temper, is not entirely likable; Howells' dampening psychological reductions on behalf of realism were nc confined to the male sex, but his fe males tend at least to be dynamic, thei sins ones of commission rather tha omission, and the author asks th reader to excuse much that happen within, as he puts it here, "the whol mystery of a woman's nerves."

"Indian Summer" also takes plac in Italy, and its hero, Theodore Colville, like an older and plumper but nc much wiser Ferris, also finds himsel at the mercy of uncomprehended sexual maneuvers by the fair sex. Seventeen years ago in Florence, he ha vainly wooed an American girl; re turning to this city as a tourist, he fail to realize that he is in love with he companion of old—now a widow middle-aged like himself—and permits a girl of very tender years and slight experience to attach herself to him romantically. He goes about "feeling like some strange, newly invented kind of scoundrel. . . . He was the betrothed lover of this poor child, whose affection he could not check without a degree of brutality for which only a better man would have the courage." Though the women of the novel, including the child's mother and the widow's small daughter, eventually straighten things out for him, we remain somewhat resentful of his muddled behavior, of his idle-rich complacency, and of his relentless facetiousness. Basil March, the charming travel companion and enraptured witness to human dullness, cuts an equivocal figure when he is cast as a romantic protagonist.



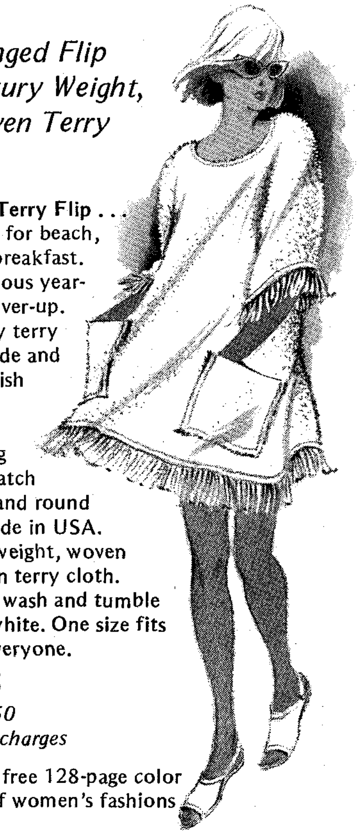
But it is Bartley Hubbard, in "A Modern Instance," who lifts unlikability to something like the sublime—he is so bad, one might say, he is good. In a typically Howellsian daze of vanity and drifting good nature, he yields to the sexual aggression, in a small Maine town, of Marcia Gaylord, marries her when she chases him, and then acts out his wedded discontent in Boston. The novel, perhaps Howells' strongest over-all performance, made a sensation in its day with its depiction of a divorce; but its verity and power lie in its portrait of a marriage insecurely based upon unequal loves. Bartley's beautifully slippery yet never downright ill-intentioned stream of self-advocacy, as it works within his unstable marriage and within his declining journalistic career, is of a psychological subtlety as humorous as it is accurate. For example, in the superb reconciliation scene the day after Bartley, in the wake of a bitter marital quarrel, was brought home dead drunk, his approach is subtly registered as both apologetic and advantage-seeking. Albeit repentant, "he was not without a self-righteous sense of having given her a useful and necessary lesson." She is more repentant than he, and bursts into tears: "The sight unmanned Bartley; he hated to see any one cry, even his wife, to whose tears he was accustomed." In promising that it will never happen again, "he felt the glow of virtuous performance." Her extreme innocence about alcohol and its effects gives him more leeway than he expected; he explains to her, "If I'd had the habit of drinking, I shouldn't have been affected by it. . . . I took what wouldn't have touched a man that was in the habit of it." Marcia eagerly pounces on this self-justification, and gazes upon him as the "one habitually sober man in a Boston full of inebriates." She resumes her sewing "with shining eyes." And "Bartley remained in his place on the sofa, feeling, and perhaps looking, rather sheepish. He had made a clean breast of it, and the confession had redounded only too much to his credit."

Mark Twain, reading this novel as it was serialized, jubilantly wrote Howells, "You didn't intend Bartley for me, but he *is* me, just the same." Years later, Howells told Brander Matthews that he had drawn Bartley, "the false scoundrel," from himself. Certainly this flawed man and his flawed marriage are depicted with a realism rare and perhaps unprecedented, at least in American fiction. This particular scene is ironically refracted within the idealism of Ben Halleck, one of Howells' hypermoralistic Bostonians, who finds the Hubbards' reconciliation after "such beastliness" incredible, and has to be told of the married couple, "They can't live together in enmity, and they must live together. I dare say the offense had merely worn itself out between them."

When Bartley at last deserts Marcia, he becomes, in the light of her lonely vigil and her proud agony, a villain; and the desperate trip to Indiana that Marcia and her father and child and Halleck and his sister undertake to forestall Bartley's divorce proceedings is thrilling like little else in Howells. The reader's pulse races as the party descends by train from the chill of Boston in early April into the softer, warmer Midwest from which Howells had sprung:

> It is a beautiful land, and it had, even to their loath eyes, a charm that touched their hearts. . . . They had now left the river-hills and the rolling country beyond, and had entered the great plain which stretches from the Ohio to the Mississippi; and mile by mile, as they ran southward and westward, the spring unfolded in the mellow air under the dull, warm sun.

The novel has become an old-fashioned novel, melodramatic and sentimental; Marcia's father, a Maine lawyer known as the Squire—as was Howells' own father-in-law, in Brattleboro—arrives in the nick of time to deliver an old-fashioned peroration,



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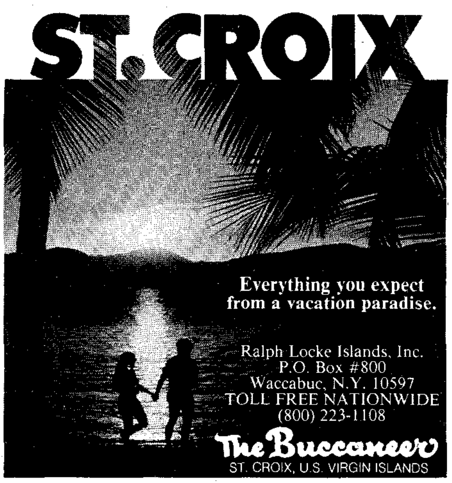

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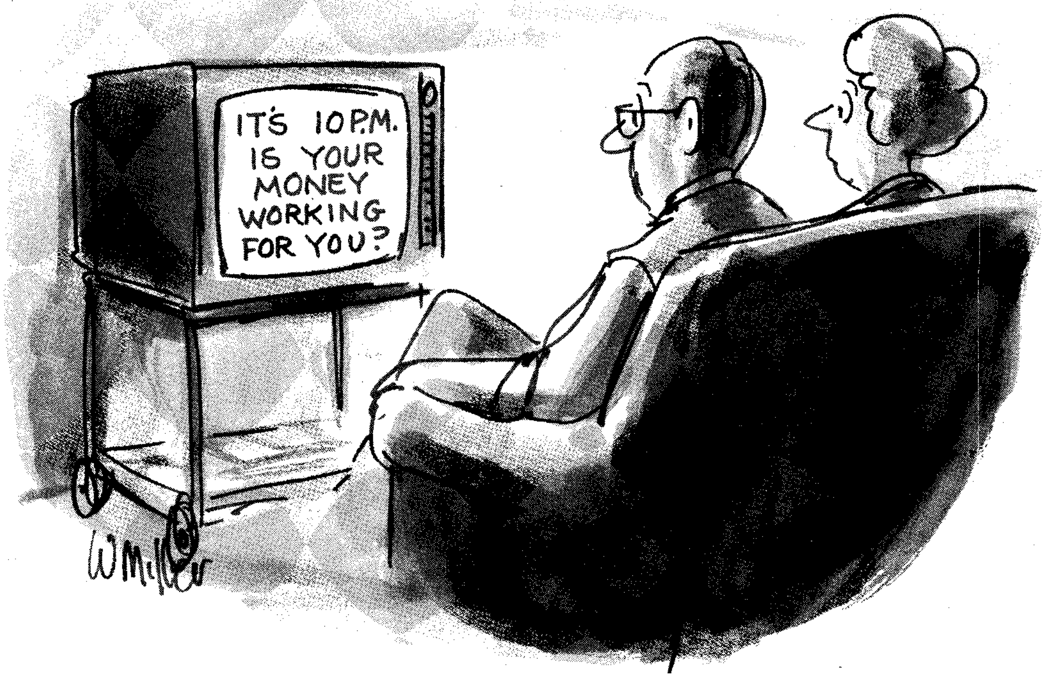

much admired in the sleepy Indiana courtroom, in order to "bring yonder perjurer to justice." But Marcia cries out that she means Bartley no harm; the Squire, thus arrested in his vengeance, collapses of a stroke; and the next day Bartley reveals himself to Halleck as very nearly his old self—jocose, insouciant, not particularly repentant, with a plausible self-justifying story to tell. He even has a happy ending to suggest: that Halleck, who loves Marcia, now marry her. The Bostonian is too priggish, too tortured in his moralism, to accept, and, by inaction, condemns her to shrewish loneliness. Judged by standards derived not from novels but from American reality, the blithe deserter is not entirely unlikable and the scrupulous man rather a villain.

THE muted, ambiguous ending of "A Modern Instance" brings us to the second peculiarity of Howells' novels: their tendency to defuse themselves, to avert or mute their own crises. No book illustrates this tendency better than the one we are most likely to have read, "The Rise of Silas Lapham." The opening pages show Lapham, a blustering Vermonter who has made a fortune in the manufacture of paint, being interviewed by none other than Bartley Hubbard, in his better days. We prepare ourselves for a more or less painful tale of misdirected social aspirations—the loutish new capitalist thrusting himself and his wife, on behalf of their two marriageable daughters, upon the gentry of old Boston. From the start, we are imbued with suggestions that Lapham, a coarse good fellow, is bound to overreach and arrive at ruin; an old financial sin—forcing out a partner at the point when his business began to prosper—is bound, by the logic of novels, to catch up with him. But as the events unfurl, the representatives of Boston society, the Coreys, are too ironical and realistic to stage a confrontation or offer much resistance. When Mrs. Corey raises the dreadful possibility of their son's marrying a "paint princess," her husband, a dilettante painter (he works on a smaller scale than Lapham, who has surreally painted whole Vermont boulders in advertisement of his product), says breezily, "If money is fairly and honestly earned, why should we pretend to care what it comes out of, when we don't really care? That superstition is exploded everywhere." And the son, Tom Corey, actually wants to get into the paint business, and is levelheaded enough to overlook Lapham's bad points in favor of the good ones and the opportunities for himself. There is the obligatory scene of social gaucherie when new money mixes with old, and the self-made Vermonter gets drunk on Beacon Hill spirits; but the scene is tenderly, lightly done, with something of nobility emerging from Lapham's Civil War reminiscences and something of graciousness from the Coreys' well-bred politeness.

Again, the wrong paint princess imagines that Tom is in love with her, but when this prolonged misunderstanding arrives at its dénouement the forsaken sister sensibly and stoically takes herself up-country and doesn't return to the novel until her wound is healed. In a piquing little subplot, a mysterious and ominously pretty girl in Lapham's Boston office seems to be somehow under his protection. An illegitimate daughter? God forbid, a mistress? The answer, when it comes, does Lapham nothing but credit and dissolves the suspicions of his normally sound and placid wife. Most benignly of all, the long-anticipated financial reverses turn out to be a blessing in disguise, involving Lapham's moral regeneration and sending him back to Vermont, where he belongs. When the splendid house in Back Bay, whose construction has served as the very symbol of Lapham's urban aspirations, burns to the ground uninsured, his wife exclaims "Oh, thank the merciful Lord!" and Lapham coolly calculates that "having resolved not to sell his house, he was no more crippled by its loss than he would have been by letting his money lie idle in it." Indeed, Howells' presiding comedic spirit contrives such a virtually irresistible opportunity for Lapham to recoup his fortunes that only a very elaborate exercise of fine scruple—as fantastically fine, to this reader, as Ben Halleck's in "A Modern Instance"—enables him to escape renewed prosperity.

It is as if two men were busy in the composition of "Silas Lapham"—a plot deviser, mapping out conflicts and points of explosion, and an agile underminer, who knows that misunderstandings don't last forever, that in this genial democracy social differences are easily bridged, that people, or, at least, Americans, are basically reasonable and make the best of their disappointments, that things generally work out if not for the best then for the second best. Howells says as much:

“Our theory of disaster, of sorrow, of affliction, borrowed from the poets and novelists, is that it is incessant; but every passage in our own lives and in the lives of others, so far as we have witnessed them, teaches us that this is false. . . . Lapham’s adversity . . . was not always like the adversity we figure in allegory; it had its moments of being like prosperity.”

Realism for Zola and Frank Norris and Sinclair Lewis meant the exposure of something unpleasant; for Howells it meant fidelity to the mild, middling truth of average American life. On being chastised for tameness, he answered, “The manners of the novel have been improving with those of its readers; that is all. Gentlemen no longer swear or fall drunk under the table, or abduct young ladies and shut them up in lonely country-houses, or so habitually set about the ruin of their neighbors’ wives, as they once did.” In defending the American novel, compared with the French, for its lack of sexual frankness, he argued, “No one will pretend that there is not vicious love beneath the surface of our society; if he did, the fetid explosions of the divorce trials would refute him; but if he pretended that it was in any just sense characteristic of our society, he could be still more easily refuted.” Even his notorious phrase “the smiling aspects of American life” in its context argues from the perceived local reality: “Our novelists . . . concern themselves with the more smiling aspects of life, which are the more American. . . . It is worth while, even at the risk of being called commonplace, to be true to our well-to-do actualities; the very passions themselves seem to be softened and modified by conditions which formerly at least could not be said to wrong any one, to cramp endeavor, or to cross lawful desire.”

Men and circumstances are mightily mixed, and crises are generally averted or deflected, and life does not fall into plots: Howells’ novels press these truths upon us, in defiance of novelistic convention, which asked for elaborate plots, for heroes and crises. Howells distrusted plots. Like Kitty Ellison, he wanted “to take the slightest sort of plot, and lay the scene in the dullest kind of place, and then bring out all their possibilities.” In 1871, while working on his first novels, Howells wrote a friend, “There’s nothing like having railroads and steamboats transact your plot for you.” Decades later, in writing of Dickens, he stated, “The true plot comes out of the character . . . plot aforethought does not characterize. But Dickens believed it did, and all the romantic school of writers believed it did. Bulwer, Charles Reade, and even George Eliot, in some measure, thought so; but for all that—all that faking, that useless and false business of creating a plot and multiplying incidents—Dickens was the greater artist, because he could somehow make the thing transact itself.” All that faking, that useless and false business, Howells found a name for in an essay by a Spanish novelist, Armando Palacio Valdés, who assigned the term “effectism” to “the awaking at all cost in the reader of vivid and violent emotions” with “a complicated plot, spiced with perils, surprises, and suspenses.” In opposition to “effectism” stood the simple, direct novels of Bjørnson, which, according to Howells, demonstrated “that the lives of men and women, if they be honestly studied, can, without surprising incident or advantageous circumstance, be made as interesting in literature as are the smallest private affairs of the men and women in one’s own neighborhood.”

HOWELLS’ books have plots, but the author—this is the third strange feature—does not seem to get wholeheartedly behind them, and leaves us with an impression of outlines not filled in, of developments not permitted. His characters strain against a leash that is not entirely in the hands of circumstance. Howells distrusted exaggeration, and, insofar as exaggeration seemed to be intrinsic to fiction, he distrusted fiction. His long early training was in journalism, and his favorite novel, “Don Quixote,” warned of a man who had been deranged by reading the novels of his day—medieval romances. In “My Literary Passions” Howells admits that he is not sure he doesn’t prefer history to fiction, and tells of a long sickness in his middle years when for seven or eight weeks “the mere sight of the printed page, broken up in dialogue, was anguish”: “It was the dramatic effect contrived by the playwright or novelist, and worked up to in the speech of his characters that I could not bear.” And it is a rare novel by Howells where the characters do not at some point sardonically contrast their behavior with that of people in novels.

The issue of plot goes deeper than questions of melodrama or effectism;

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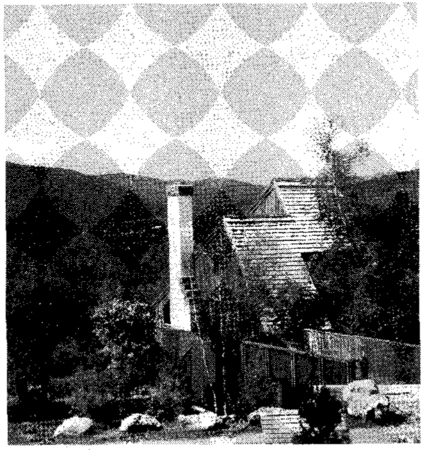

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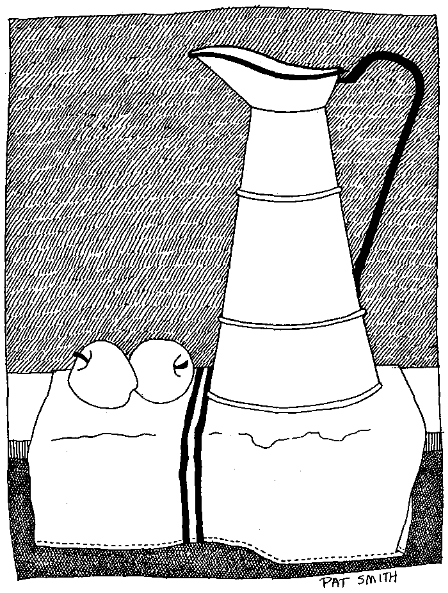
in subordinating action to character, Howells set himself against the greatest theoretician of narrative, Aristotle. In his 1899 lecture on the novel, Howells stated, "The old superstition of a dramatic situation as the supreme representation of life must be discarded, and the novelist must endeavor to give exactly the effect of life. I believe he will yet come to do this. I can never do it, for I was bred in a false school whose trammels I have never been quite able to burst; but the novelist who begins where I leave off, will yet write the novel which has been my ideal." Henry James, in one of his graceful yet guarded tributes, spoke of Howells as having transcended "the superstition of 'form.' " Why "superstition"? What does "form" mean, applied to narrative? For Aristotle, who was a physician's son, and a keen student of physiology and zoology, the form of a play or narrative derives from its human use: writing of tragedy, he spoke of the action "through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions." This is basic effectism: our hearts, entering into the complication and unravelling of the action, achieve catharsis. A plot, therefore, is a kind of machine that works upon us to produce a beneficial, purgative effect, an effect of heightened tension which is then relieved; and so, indeed, can most popular novels, movies, and television dramas be exactly described: they are devices that more or less mechanically and cynically process our emotions and our capacity for caring about phantoms.

But what if you think that the narrative art derives its value and importance—its ethical status—from its imitation of reality, from its truthfulness to our mundane human condition? Then plot is justifiable only to the extent that reality itself can be said to have a plot, a design: plot becomes a philosophical and, indeed, a theological question. For the Greeks, plot traces the vengeance of the gods, often working their will through human passions. For Christians, plot echoes divine Providence and its ultimate justice. In "My Literary Passions" Howells recalled his youthful reading of Dickens:

> While I read him, I was in a world where the right came out best . . . and where merit was crowned with the success which I believe will yet attend it in our daily life . . . In that world of his, in the ideal world, to which the real world must finally conform itself, I dwelt among the shows of things, but under a Providence that governed all things to a good end, and where neither wealth nor birth could avail against virtue or right.

Howells' fiction, however, reveals little instinctive belief that merit will in fact be crowned with success and that the real world must conform itself to the ideal. Raised rather haphazardly as a Swedenborgian, in an Ohio saturated with Protestant piety, he slowly but thoroughly became an agnostic, and, in his middle life, turned to Tolstoy and socialism in lieu of a supernatural faith. Purposefully, then, and not from any mere aesthetic disdain of flashy effectism, his fiction is formless, and was sensed as such by his contemporaries. A reviewer wrote that "Mr. Howells is more than democratic, he is anarchical." Howells admired the aesthetic anarch in Mark Twain: "So far as I know Mr. Clemens is the first writer to use in extended writing the fashion we all use in thinking, and to set down the thing that comes into his mind without fear or favor of the thing that went before, or the thing that may be about to follow. . . . He saunters out into the trim world of letters, and lounges across its neatly kept paths, and walks about on the grass at will." And Henry James, writing to his brother William concerning Howells' novel of 1890, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," complained, "His abundance and facility are my constant wonder and envy—or rather not, perhaps, envy, inasmuch as he has purchased them by throwing the whole question of form, style and composition overboard into the deep sea—from which, on my side, I am perpetually trying to fish them up."

When we look into ourselves on this question of form in fiction, we find an instinctive expectation that the events and characters presented to us are al part of a unified field, that a certain economy will limit their number and distribution, and that the story wil end with everybody, in some sense paid off—a villain like Iago brough to justice, a tormented soul like Othello laid to rest, and an innocen like Desdemona, if not rescued, at leas vindicated. This sense of ultimately balanced accounts, still forceful in Dickens, rules the classic European novel, and, oddly, still lingers in Henry James, who, like Howells, wa raised as a Swedenborgian and, like Howells, thoroughly lapsed. But, as no less an expert on matters of faith than Graham Greene has pointed out James retained a religious sense; without any reference to God, it permeates his novels, and gives their mora struggles an ominous grandeur and their fates an air of just punishment Howells, though he sometimes tries to administer some heavenly justice—Bartley Hubbard, for instance, is perfunctorily shot and killed in Arizona and Ben Halleck torments himself for having dared love Marcia while she was married to this cheerful rotter—really seems to have no heart for it; he was amoral in his art while observing all the proprieties as husband, concerned citizen, neo-Tolstoyan socia moralist, and exemplary dean of the literary community.

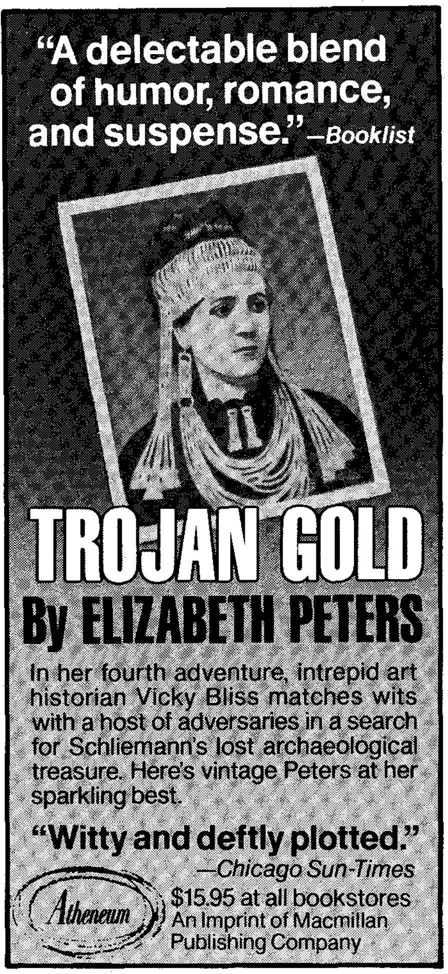


Howells' dependence upon the received code of the proprieties help account for his excessive prudery. His realism stopped sharply short of sexua realism, and he condemned it in others, going back to Chaucer. (No that there is no sex in Howells' novel but that it surfaces in sudden smal gestures or objects of a fetishistic intensity: in "Lapham," Tom Corey presents Irene Lapham with a wood shaving she had playfully pierced with her parasol, and when she gives the souvenirs of her love over to Penelope the pine shaving, "fantastically tied up with a knot of ribbon," is among them; in "A Modern Instance," Marcia Gaylord, after Bartley Hubbard goes out the door, stoops and kisses the doorknob, "on which his hand had rested;" in "The Landlord at Lion's Head," Jeff Durgin, as he walks along with Bessie Lynde, whose mouth has been previously described as "beautiful and vividly red," notices "the gray film of her veil pressed softly against her red mouth by her swift advance" and keeps "seeing the play of the veil's edge against her lips as they talked.” These compressed images stay in the mind, where a less inhibited treatment might fade.) Prudery may be to blame for Howells’ one outstanding critical failure, in a life so strikingly generous in its recognition of the various talents of others—his failure to appreciate “Sister Carrie,” and to see that Dreiser, far more helplessly immersed than he in the new American reality of godless materialist competition, had written, in this matter-of-fact account of a fallen woman’s rise, the untrammelled novel that Howells wanted to write, a novel as realistic in its amorality as in its urban details.

“A Hazard of New Fortunes” strives to be a novel of the modern city. One begins to read it exhilarated that Howells’ powers of observation have been released from the rather narrow, backward-looking world of Boston into the ethnic breadth and gritty energy of New York. Howells’ life journey had taken him from Ohio to Italy, from Italy to New England, and, in 1888, by gingerly half-steps, from Boston to New York. By moving, it has been said, he took the literary center of the United States with him, but in fact the New England giants whom he had adored from afar and catered to in Cambridge were dead or senescent, and vitality had passed from Boston, with its (as Howells put it) “idealizing tendency,” to New York, with its “realizing tendency.” His instincts for where his career should take him were ever sound. In “A Hazard of New Fortunes,” a whole new world of novelistic possibilities opens up, but these possibilities are exploited piecemeal, island by island.

The early pages, following our old friends Basil and Isabel March in their search for an apartment, take us back to the tonic atmosphere of “Their Wedding Journey,” of picaresque comedy and droll encounter on American soil. But as other characters are introduced, and various lines of tension and possibility established, we feel the lack of a unifying field, some equivalent of Napoleon’s invasion in “War and Peace” or the fog in “Bleak House.” There appear to be altogether too many of Howells’ young ladies, with not nearly enough swains to carry them off, and the literary journal, *Every Other Week*, does not seem a large enough central switchboard to connect the many human specimens, from raving socialist to crusty millionaire, that the novel introduces. We are reminded of Howells’ own warning that “the intrigue of close texture will never suit our conditions, which are so loose and open and variable.” We are conscious of the wide spaces, psychological and even geographical (since almost none are native New Yorkers), between the characters Howells has dotted about on Manhattan’s grid, and of the artificial coincidences whereby he brings them together to give off a few sparks. The Dryfooses, from the dark and fiery oil fields of northern Ohio, are vivid enough, but vivid in isolation, as are the charming Southerners the Woodburns, and the plucky protofeminist Alma Leighton, and the vacuous artist Beaton, an especially unlikable recruit in Howells’ long line of passive and foppish highbrow drifters. In short, where Howells needs a plot, to activate so large a field and give it over-all momentum, he comes up instead with descriptions of New York, and honorably shrewd and concerned remarks about poverty and wealth, and isolated brilliant scenes, and characters too numerous and sharply distinct to disarm a feeling of caricature. A better novel from the nineties, in my view, is “The Landlord at Lion’s Head” (1897), which returns to New England and tries to face the basic issue of how bad men succeed—though in truth Jeff Durgin strikes one as not only more likable but also more sensitive than his stern critic, the fastidious painter Westover. It turns out, quite charmingly, that underneath everything the two men have been competing for a girl, Cynthia, whom Westover first sees as a child, and whom Durgin bravely recognizes as too fine for him. The book has, in fact, the ghostly flavor of a romance, with an alcoholic brother and a tubercular family out of Poe, and shows how little an author can will Tolstoyan solidity in a land where democracy somehow imposes fine shades and pale colors.

THE slim Ohio youth who in 1860 was recommended to Emerson by Hawthorne with the laconic note “I find this young man worthy” lived to see himself sneered at by Ambrose Bierce and H. L. Mencken as the portly symbol of an outworn genteel tradition. Posterity tends to be hard upon those who have served their own times too well. If we imagine Howells and Henry James, as they paced the Cambridge streets, to be competing in setting forth “the true principles of literary art,” we must admit that James won the race. His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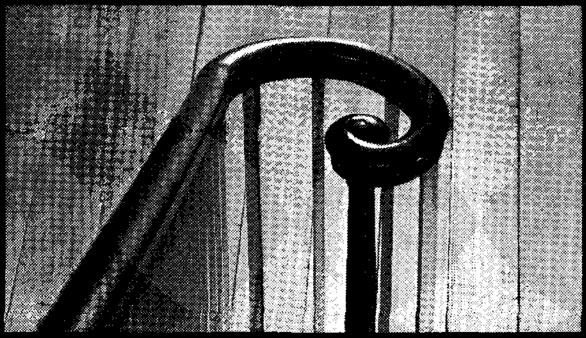

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titles thrive in paperback; in the orotund oddity of his sentences and the passion of his increasingly abstract pattern-making, he looms as the first great American modernist. Gertrude Stein, in her "Lectures in America," differentiated him from his English contemporaries: "The others all stayed where they were, it was where they had come but Henry James knew he was on his way. That is because this did connect with the American way. And so although they did in a way the same thing, his had a future feeling and theirs an ending." Yet, as we look about, could we not say that James has many academic idolaters but few imitators—Peter Taylor and Cynthia Ozick in their youth are the last I can think of—whereas Howells' faith in "poor Real Life" relayed with a "poetry . . . not ashamed of the plainest fact" is everywhere put to the test, and "effectism" banished to the drugstore racks and the best-seller lists? Howells' heirs include not only Hamlin Garland and Booth Tarkington, who wrote and thanked him, but Sinclair Lewis, who devoted part of his Nobel Prize acceptance speech to attacking him, and John O'Hara and Raymond Carver, who may not have read him. Today's fiction, the modernist vein of formal experimentation exhausted, has turned, with an informal—a minimalist—bluntness, to the areas of domestic morality and sexual politics which interested Howells. "Even if at the risk of some vagueness," our "desultory, mutable, and unfixed" narratives of private conscience and crisis illumine the "vast, natural, unaffected dullness" of middling American life. It is, after all, the triumph of American life that so much of it should be middling. Howells' agenda remains our agenda: for the American writer to live in America and to mirror it in writing, with "everything brought out." In 1903, I know not why, Charles Eliot Norton showed Howells some letters that Henry James had written him, likening Howells, with his fine style, to "a poor man holding a diamond and wondering how he can use it." Howells' response was patient, brave, and defiant: he wrote Norton, "I am not sorry for having wrought in common, crude material so much; that is the right American stuff . . . *I was always, as I still am, trying to fashion a piece of literature out of the life next at hand.*" It is hard to see, more than eight decades later, what else can be done.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Dancing with Mermaids, by Miles Gibson (Dutton; $15.95). British writers love to make lyric feasts out of country life, and the more it has withered and been homogenized the more enraptured their visions have become. This novel, set in the decayed, forgotten Dorset seaside village of Rams Horn, is a lovely book—a wild, funny, poetic exhalation that sparkles and hoots and flies, and almost tips over into parody. Rams Horn was a Regency spa, an archeological dig (the site of the discovery of Rams Horn Man, later identified as a prehistoric pig), and a flourishing resort. But now the ice-cream parlors are gone, the movie houses and the town's only church are shells, and the posts of the iron pier are "hairy with seaweed." It is a pagan place, heading straight back to Celtic times. It has a medium, Mrs. Clancy, one of whose regulars was once haunted by a lobster; an herbalist, Mrs. Halibut, who has all but put the town doctor out of business; and various harmless madmen. There are also vicious dogs, a fine local sausage, nasty William Trevor children, and genteel widows with tiny waists and comely bosoms. Lust oils village life, and death is always nearby. Gibson keeps writing circles around himself: "His eyes had taken the photograph but his memory refused to develop the picture." And, fifty pages later: "Along the hedgerows the honeysuckle had collapsed beneath the weight of its own perfume."

GENERAL

New York Intellect: A History of Intellectual Life in New York City from 1750 to the Beginnings of Our Own Time, by Thomas Bender (Knopf; $25). This remarkable history—superb in research, insight, and interpretation—starts in a town without a library, where a small group of intelligent young men understood that to improve their minds they had to create civic institutions. Most of the leaders of New York's early intellectual life were members of the learned professions and, frequently, political figures. In the nineteenth century, this band of amateur do-alls expanded to include new groups—university professors and professional writers, for example. New York's intellectuals had several advantages: the city was less sectarian than many other cities, and its cosmopolitanism was enhanced because it was the port of entry for European ideas and immigrants. The book is full of fascinations, among them a reconsideration of the nineteen-thirties. Mr. Bender suggests that historians have overemphasized the political involvements of the city's literary intellectuals, and he examines the decade to pick out the contributions of modernists in architecture, dance, music, painting, and photography. These, he believes, assured the city's emergence as a leader of world culture.

The Arabs: Journeys Beyond the Mirage, by David Lamb (Random House; $19.95). The author was for three and a half years, ending in 1985, Cairo bureau chief for the Los Angeles *Times*. This book is a thoughtful closeup study of the Arab peoples, based on firsthand observation and on knowledge of their history. Mr. Lamb believes that misunderstanding of the Arabs on the part of the West has created most of the dangerous mischief in the Middle East. He faults the Arabs for failure to explain themselves—Arab governments are notoriously indifferent to public relations—but he finds Americans' almost willful ignorance of Arab culture, motives, and aspirations even worse. He deals here with most of the issues that vex the Middle East today—the spread of religious extremism, the politics of oil, the changing image of Israel, the nature of Arab terrorism (with considered suggestions on the most effective measures for stamping it out). An excellent piece of writing, and persuasion.

George C. Marshall: Statesman, 1945-1959, by Forrest C. Pogue (Viking; $29.95). When the fourth, and final, volume of Dr. Pogue's biography opens, in November of

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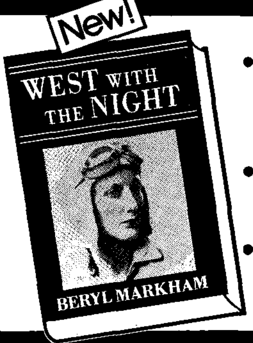

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1945, the Second World War has ended and the Army Chief of Staff retires—into a peaceful old age, he thinks. The next day, the President telephones, and orders him to China on a thankless and ultimately unsuccessful mission to avert civil war. Marshall was Secretary of State from 1947 to 1949, during the onset of the Cold War, and his responses included the European Recovery, or "Marshall," Plan and NATO. After war broke out in Korea, in 1950, he was called back once more, this time as Secretary of Defense. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953. The biographer emphasizes the selflessness and self-control that earned Marshall the respect of those who commanded him and those he commanded. More impressive, perhaps, was Marshall's almost unfailing practical judgment, his ability to read men, circumstances, and institutions. Photographs.

A LIFE IN MOVIES, by Michael Powell (Knopf; $24.95). The first volume of an autobiography of arresting depth, breadth, and vitality. The author, a veteran English moviemaker who directed his first film in 1931, at the age of twenty-six, threads his story through what amounts to a history of British cinema from the advent of sound to the making, in 1948, of his up to then masterpiece, "The Red Shoes." He tells us how he got his first job in films, as a prop boy in Rex Ingram's now fabled studio in the South of France, how he apprenticed under Alfred Hitchcock in England, and how, in the early nineteen-thirties, he became a writer, director, and producer of "quota-quickie" films (which were budgeted at around five dollars a foot). Mr. Powell is candid about the reasons for his steady and fairly steep ascent in filmmaking: he was good at it—imaginative, daring, competent, and fast. His book is stuffed with anecdotes, adventures of filming on locations like the Canadian Far North and the Orkneys, and portraits of people he has worked with—Conrad Veidt, Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Deborah Kerr, Moira Shearer, Alexander Korda, and Arthur Rank.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PALE KINGS AND PRINCES, by Robert B. Parker (Delacorte; $15.95). Spenser, the allusive Boston private investigator, his formidable black sidekick Hawk, and his brilliant girlfriend Susan Silverman assemble once again—this time in a cocaine metropolis in central Massachusetts that Mr. Parker calls Wheaton. Spenser is first on the scene to investigate the murder there of a young regional newspaper reporter. His nosy presence stirs things up a bit, and two more murders occur. Spenser needs help, and first he summons Susan, and then his trusty Hawk. This is better-than-average Parker. The action moves at a good and credible pace, the dialogue (mostly sharp one-liners and thrusts from Frost and Hemingway and, witness the title, Keats) is genuinely apt and amusing, and Susan, for once in a great while, has thrown off her moods and sulks.

THE VENETIAN MASK, by Mickey Friedman (Scribners; $18.95). Venice in the last days of Carnival—rain, a chilling wind, moments of misty sunlight, the *acqua alta* flooding the piazzas and the crumbling palazzi. Among the revellers is a cosmopolitan group from Paris: Tom, an expatriated American leftist in his forties; a young American couple from Florida, Brian and Sally; Jean-Pierre, a French homosexual and just discarded lover of Brian; Rolf, an English-speaking European of uncertain origin; and Francine, French and a disciple of the works of Sartre. As a kind of game, they arrive separately in Venice and dress in costumes unknown to each other. They are casually joined by a German lesbian named Ursula and, later, by one Michele Zanon, a rich Venetian count. Brian, disguised as Medusa, is murdered and his body thrown into a canal. Sally senses that she was the intended victim, and that the murderer will quickly realize his (or her) mistake. Miss Friedman is an enthralling entertainer, and one familiar with every nuance of Venice and Carnival time.

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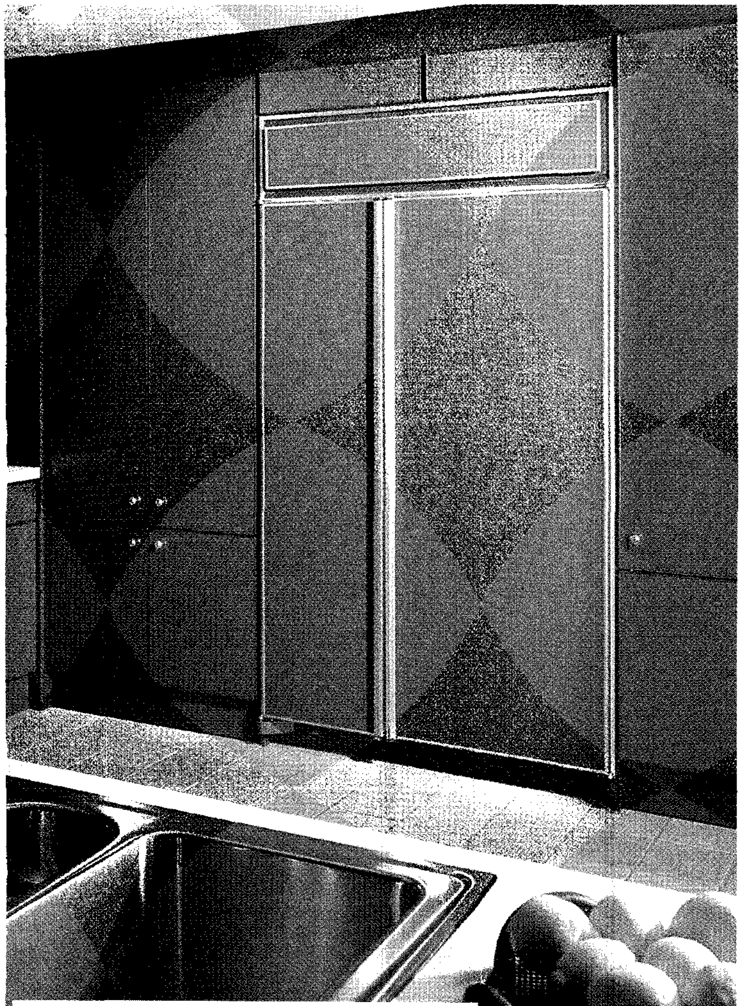

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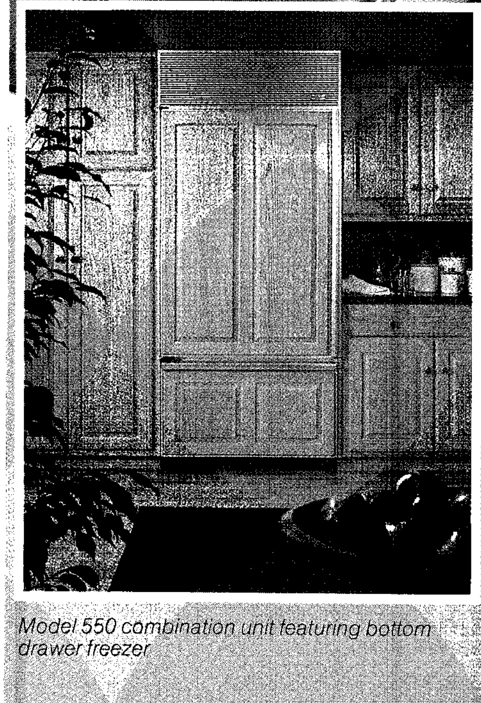

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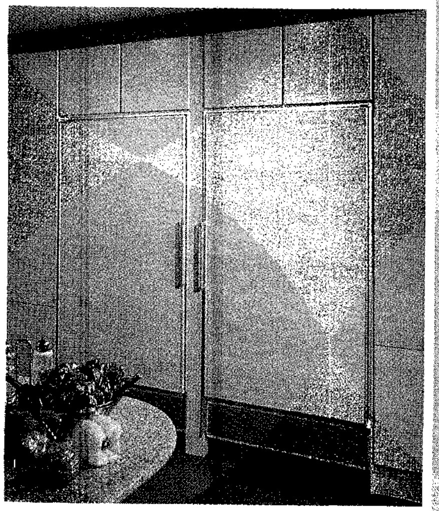

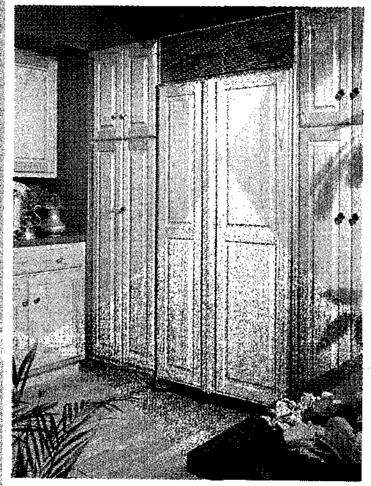

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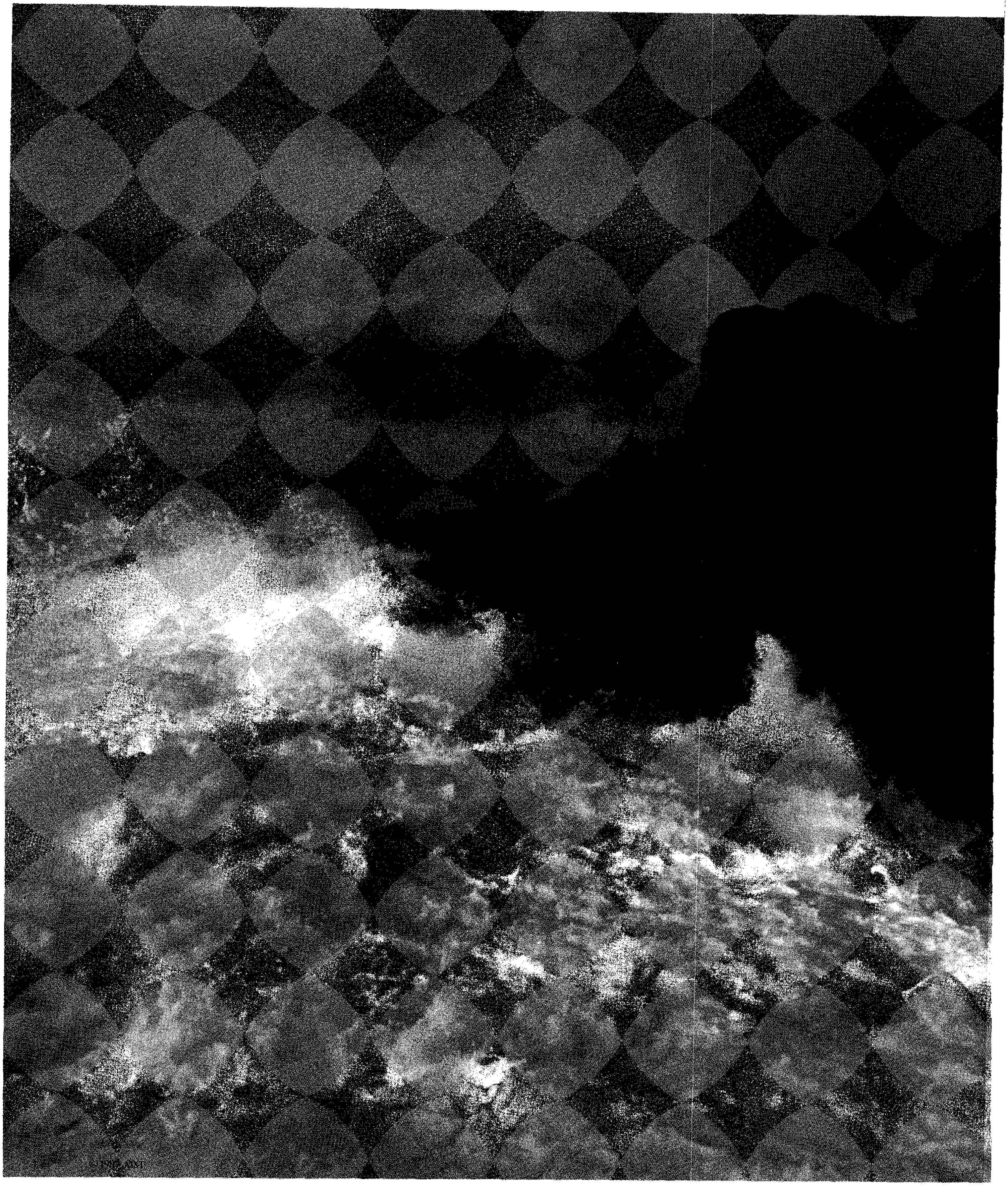

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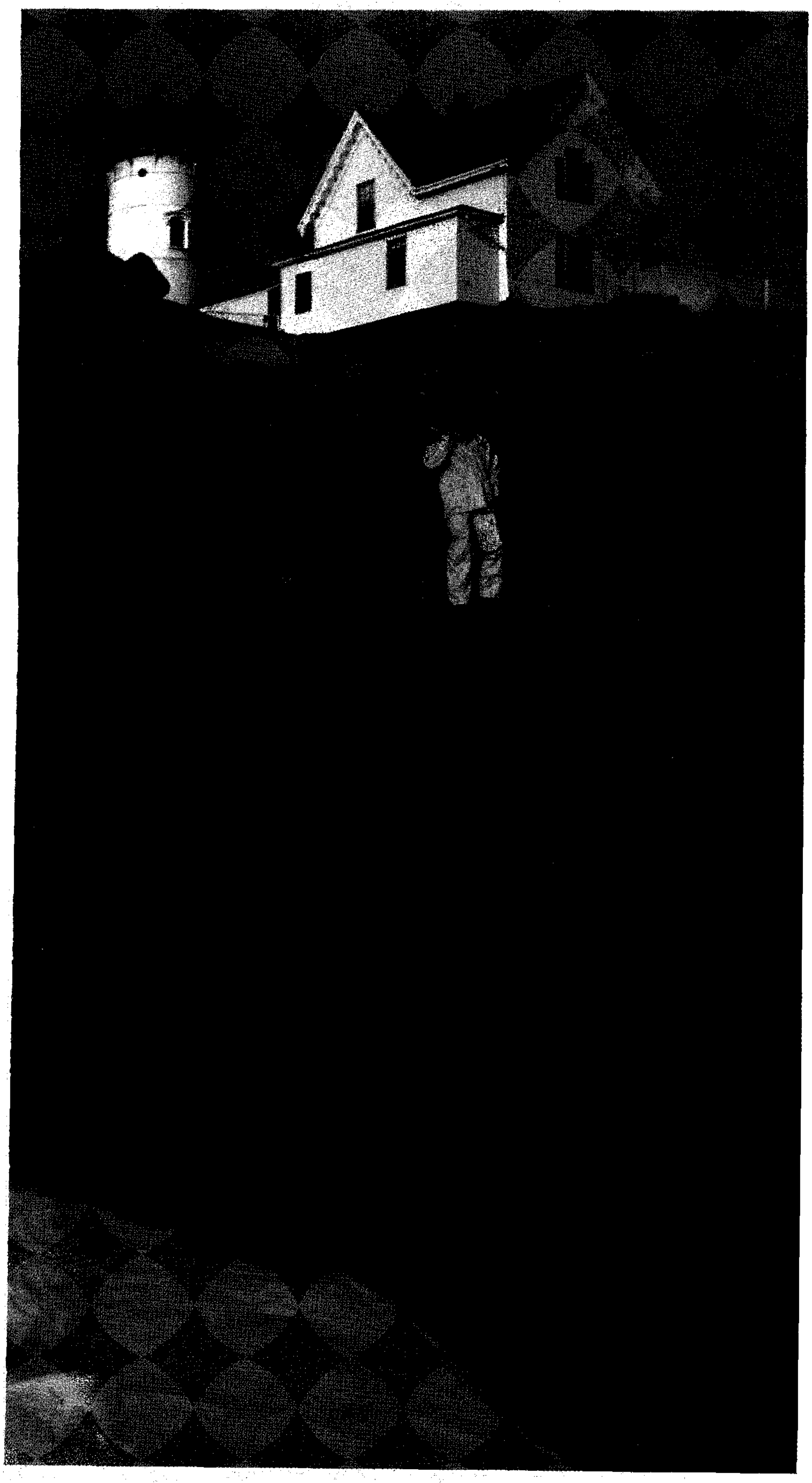

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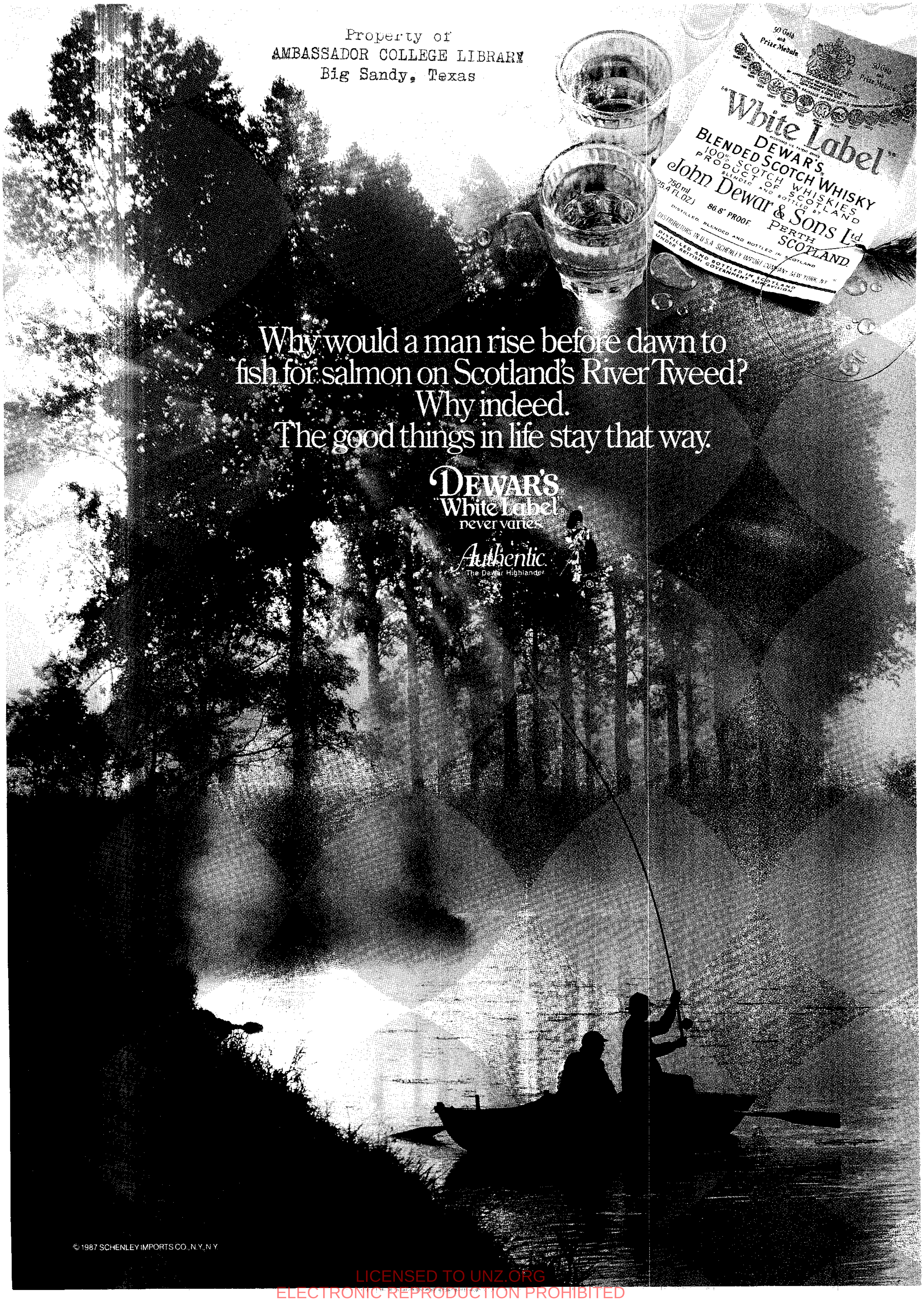
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